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NARRATIVE

OF

A YACHT VOYAGE.

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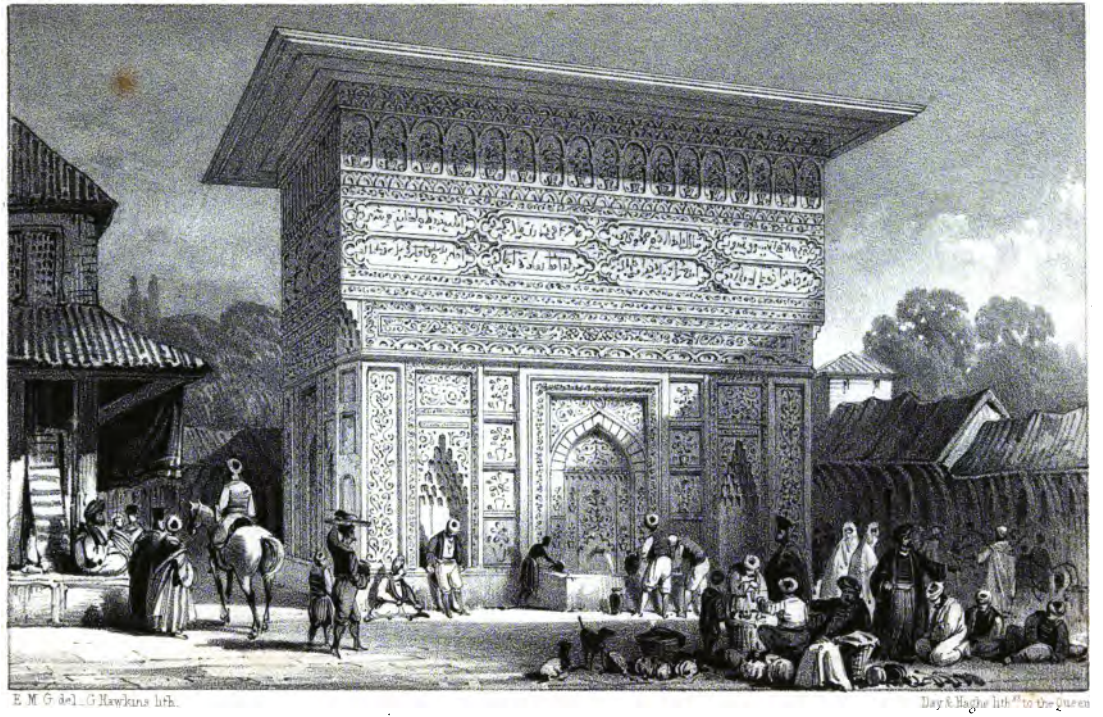

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FOUNTAIN AT TORNANA.

NARRATIVE

OF

A YACHT VOYAGE

IN THE

MEDITERRANEAN

DURING THE YEARS

1840—41.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Elizabeth M. Leveson-Gower, 2d marr. of Westminster

VOL. I.

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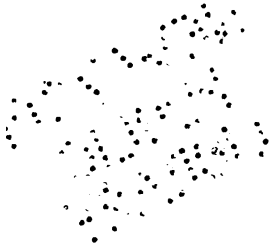

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THOMAS GRENVILLE.

DEAR MR. GRENVILLE,

When you expressed a wish to see my journal upon our return from abroad, I was only prevented from sending it to you immediately, by perceiving that it was little fitted to meet any eye but my own, from the illegible and confused state in which such a manuscript was necessarily written, with the unpropitious accompaniments of a tossing ship and a rolling sea.

This gave me the idea of putting the account of our voyage into a clearer shape, and of offering it to you with less of repetition and detail than in its original condition. At the same time I have endeavored to render it not wholly useless to those who may meditate the same sort of expedition with ourselves.

But I must remind you that not having staid anywhere long enough to make observations of much research and consequent value, my only hope can be to give you a few hours' amusement, without attempting to add a volume to your library.

You have been a cordial partaker in the many joys, and the few, though deep, sorrows of my life; and it is a pleasure to me to offer this account of a very amusing portion of it, to one who, where he is best known, is most honored and beloved.

In this feeling I remain,
Dear Mr. Grenville,
Yours most sincerely,
E. M. GROSVENOR.

Motcombe House, Shaftesbury,
8th November 1842.

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NARRATIVE

OF A

YACHT VOYAGE.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—THE LIZARD—BAY OF BISCAY—COAST OF PORTUGAL—STORMY PETRELS—ROCK OF LISBON—BARQUE IN DISTRESS—NORTH PASSAGE—FORT ST. JULIAN—CASTLE OF BELEM.

"——— and they were gallant barks
As ever through the raging billows rode."

Southey.

On Friday, October 2, 1840, we left Plymouth in our yacht "The Dolphin," of 217 tons, with a captain, mate, and carpenter, a crew of ten sailors, a cook, cook's mate, and steward.

The vessel was conveniently arranged, and contained our two selves, four children, a maid, and a servant; it had moreover the convenience of a bath, and was in all respects as agreeable in point of light, air, freshness, and comfort, as any mode of marine conveyance could be.

For the final fittings-up, and during subse-

quent bad weather, we had already been detained at Portsmouth, Portland Roads, and Plymouth, since the 10th of September; it was therefore with no small degree of satisfaction that we seized the first symptom of a favourable wind, and, though compelled to leave unaccomplished a visit we were just stepping into the boat to make to Sir Graham and Lady Moore at Devonport, we weighed anchor at two o'clock P. M. A vessel full of emigrants for Van Diemen's Land, got under weigh at the same time, and it was impossible not to be struck with a melancholy feeling of the various sentiments which must have agitated the breasts of those voluntary exiles, who were then leaving their homes and their country most likely never to return. Probably to drown the mournful recollections which weighed heavy on the hearts of many, they were joining in a choral farewell, which resounded over the waters as we floated slowly by them. The breeze increasing, we passed the Falmouth lights at nine in the evening, and the Lizard at midnight, going at the rate of eight knots an hour.

Oct. 3.—A great deal of swell occasioned a proportionate degree of rolling, but the weather was fine; by noon we were one hundred miles from the Lizard.

Oct. 4.—Still continuing at about nine or ten knots an hour; a very fortunate passage through the boiling whirlpool of the Bay, with the accompaniments of a heavy swell and tremendous rolling. Some of the party were able to perform Divine service at half-past ten, and also prayers in the evening, at which the ship's company were present.

Oct. 5.—Several little land birds came about the ship to-day, which is always a melancholy sight, as at such a distance there is no chance of their reaching land again. At midnight we passed Cape Finisterre, distant about fifteen miles.

Oct. 6.—Our fair wind forsook us, and turned to S.W. so we were obliged to proceed solely by tacking, which, to those who do not love the sea for its own sake, is the most tiresome of all deliberate modes of torment; with the pitching, the various noises and creaking of the ship also increase to a wonderful degree. We were off Oporto this afternoon; a very wild and stormy setting sun, violent wind and rain about seven o'clock in the evening; most of the sails were taken in, but a wave burst over the fore-stay-sail, and split it from one end to the other. Four sailors were on the bowsprit, when it dipped completely in the sea, and their com-

panions were much relieved when their heads again rose above water. The wind abated by degrees, but the rain fell in torrents all night.

Oct. 7.—Wind equally adverse; we tacked backwards and forwards, gaining very little ground, advancing about one knot per hour, impeded by the continual heavy swell. Several porpoises and grampuses seen to-day, and an unpleasant train of stormy petrels following the ship. These little birds appear always running, with extended wings, on the top of the water, and only show themselves in the roughest weather. A most unpromising sunset, and the moon enclosed in a dismal sickly-looking white halo, portending wind and rain.

Oct. 8.—Having steered in the night towards Oporto, we found ourselves off that place in the morning, and would fain have sheltered ourselves within the harbour from the perverse and contrary wind; but a tremendous surf raging over the bar of sand at its mouth, with rocks both above and below water, made it too dangerous to attempt getting in; we therefore stood off again, and continued pitching about all night, with violent rain.

Oct. 9.—Wind the same, but the weather finer: the sailors partook of the amusement of angling for seagulls, but luckily had no success.

At dusk the rain and wind recommenced, and continued, with furious thunder and lightning, all night.

Oct. 11.—At last the weather moderated, and the wind veering to the east, we were enabled to continue our course at about six knots an hour. Beautiful moonlight, and we stayed on deck till ten o'clock in comparative quiet.

Oct. 12.—Sea calm, and we sailed gently on. Great interest was excited in our ship to-day, by the appearance of a vessel in distress, and apparently attempting, but evidently with great difficulty, to get into the Tagus. At two o'clock P. M. we were in sight of the Rock of Lisbon, and got under the shore to tack into the river. A beautiful moonlight evening ensued, as mild as June. A Portuguese pilot offered his services, which were not accepted, and we recommended him to try his luck with two merchant brigs which were coming in behind us.

We were occupied from about five o'clock P. M. till eleven, in tacking in by the North passage, between the North Cachop shoal and the shore, the wind being against, but the tide with us;—a business of great nicety, effected only by following the charts with accuracy, and which obliged us to tack innumerable times; at last,

we got round the light-house of St. Julian, entered the river, and anchored, unharmed, westward of the old Tower of Belem. There was a peculiar fragrance in the air this evening, arising from the aromatic shrubs and plants, which grow plentifully on the shores of the Tagus.

CHAPTER II.

LISBON — MARQUIS DE POMBAL — POLICE — DOGS — CINTRA — CONVENT OF NOSSA SENHORA DA PENHA — CORK CONVENT — COLARES — MONSERRAT — OLD PALACE — MARIALVA VILLA — RETURN TO LISBON — SAN JERONIMO — AQUEDUCT — BRIGAND — ENGLISH CEMETERY — BLACK HORSE SQUARE — PUBLIC GARDENS — CHURCH OF SAN ROQUE.

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,
In variegated maze of mount and glen."

Byron.

October 13.—Some official authorities from the "Braganza" Portuguese frigate, stationed in the middle of the river, a little above Belem, came early on board, to inquire our numbers, the name of the vessel, and of its owner, and to put other questions, according to the usual routine. Our boat went ashore to the Health office by the castle of Belem, and on its return we weighed anchor and proceeded up the river.

The appearance of the town is extremely beautiful, covering a long extent of steep rocky hills on the right bank of the river, with old

and picturesque buildings, surrounded by gardens. The unfinished palace of the Ayuda is a conspicuous object on the heights above, and the convent of San Jeronimo, close down upon the shore, is a beautiful specimen of singularly and richly ornamented gothic.

The palace of Las Necessidades, where the king and queen reside, though painted red and yellow, is not unpicturesque, standing amidst a mass of surrounding buildings, backed by gardens and a small wood; but it has no pretensions beyond that of a comfortable residence. The Estrella church, surmounted by a handsome cupola, crowns the hill above the palace, and is the only object or point in the whole town to break the outline of the mass of buildings.

We were anchored immediately opposite to the house of the famous Marquis de Pombal;—now grey and ruinous, but with the appearance of having been handsome, and in a beautiful position, looking down on the Tagus—magnificent, but "yellow," not with gold, but mud —over to the opposite shores, which are very beautiful, being a succession of undulating hills and valleys, covered with vineyards, and enlivened with villages. Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, afterwards Count d'Oeyras and Marquis

de Pombal, was born in 1699, at Soure, a village in Coimbra. During the reign of John V, king of Portugal, he was sent to England as envoy extraordinary, and filled that post from 1739 to 1745; upon the accession of Joseph, in 1750, he was appointed one of the three secretaries of state, and from that time became a leading character in the government of Portugal. The principal feature in his administration was the expulsion of the Jesuits, which took place in 1759, a few months after the execution of the Tavora family, who had been condemned for an alleged conspiracy against the life of the king, the truth or falsehood of which cannot now be discovered. The Jesuits, against whom Carvalho had always entertained a hostile feeling, were accused of being participators in the plot, and were, in consequence, conveyed in a summary manner out of the kingdom to the dominions of Pope Clement XIII, and landed, without consulting his pleasure, at Civita Vecchia. Pombal retained his post of prime-minister during the life-time of King Joseph, and upon the accession of his daughter Maria, who had married her uncle Pedro, he was honourably dismissed, with a large pension. The five last years of his life

were passed in retirement, and he died in 1782, at the age of eighty-three.

He has acquired renown by the wise and vigorous measures he pursued for the reform and improvement of his country; but the barbarous punishments which he inflicted on many individuals show that his character was strongly tinctured with cruelty.

We have the English ten-gun brig of war, the "Espoir," for a near neighbour; there is also a French brig, "La Coquette;" the Portuguese seventy-four, the" Don John;" and two or three smaller ships of war were lying dismantled at anchor. The English sixteen-gun brig, the " Trinculo," was going out of the river as we came in, to assist the barque we had seen the day before, which had been signalised from the light-house: she was bound for Sydney, New South Wales, with ninety emigrant passengers, and was towed into the Tagus by a Lisbon steamer, for which service her captain paid the enormous sum of £350.

We find it is not the common practice to enter the Tagus by the North passage without a pilot, it being one of great intricacy; and what few, with a contrary wind, would wish to attempt. Nothing but the accuracy of the

charts and the brightness of a clear and moonlight night could have excused our doing so: there were breakers immediately upon our track; but—*Finis coronat opus!*

Oct. 14.—Though the morning of yesterday was very hot, there was so much rain, we were obliged to check our impatience to land, which was great; and it was not till this morning that we took the boat, and went ashore about half a mile up the river, near the Fish Market. We found the quay covered with the boatmen of Lisbon (a race very like the lazzaroni of Naples, but on a smaller scale), with mangy dogs, sleeping in the sun. After a visit to the consular office, we took a walk along the town to our minister's; and found that it is much to the advantage of Lisbon to be viewed from the river only, whence it looks gay and beautiful: the interior is a mass of dirt, and most miserable decrepid looking houses, many painted in tawdry colours. Not one handsome building appeared in all our course; every thing looked the picture of ruin and desolation.

The streets are narrow, horridly paved, with generally a drain in the centre, up and down steep hills, where strings of loaded mules are perpetually skating. These streets are slippery, both in dry and wet weather, and many

are impracticable for carriages: they are, however, considerably improved from former times, by its being now forbidden by law to throw any thing out of the windows, except from eleven o'clock at night till four in the morning, between which hours this method of cleaning the houses is legally practised.

The carriages are a curious specimen of non-improvement for the last two hundred years, and are suited probably to the roads over which the miserable quadrupeds have to drag them. They are a species of phaeton, small, high, and rickety, with large, nodding, overwhelming heads, big enough to hold two diminutive Portuguese, and are drawn by two half-starved ponies, or bony refractory-looking mules, with large sharp bits, governed by a disproportionately tall postilion, occasionally decorated with a cocked hat.

We descended to another landing-place, called the Packet Stairs, immediately opposite the yacht, by a curious passage for a civilized town, being a steep alley, like a drain on a large scale, partly covered in, and a most elegible place for robbery and murder, both of which, by all accounts, are in a very flourishing state in this ill-regulated country. There is a tolerable military patrol in the town, but no police in the country; the authorities are afraid to

act, through intimidation; and felons guilty of the most atrocious crimes escape unpunished. The laws are so ill enforced, that at this moment a notorious ruffian, who has been proved to have committed ten or twelve murders, has been in prison eleven months without being executed, and it is supposed, from the laxity of the law, and the many opportunities of appealing, that he has even a chance of escape, and of being again let loose upon society.

In towns with a dirty population, the quadrupeds have frequently an air superior to the human race; but here, even the dogs are of a degraded kind;—the most wretched mongrels, sprawling over the pavement, suffering alike from leprosy and famine, looking silly and apathetic, with none of the usual merits of their kind belonging to them. Finally, the shops offer no temptations, and we were rejoiced on returning to the yacht to be independent of sleeping on shore.

Oct. 15.—We were glad to see a fine morning for an expedition to Cintra, for which, through the kindness of the vice-consul, we had made all our arrangements yesterday, and on proceeding to shore about ten o'clock, found two carriages waiting for us in the street near the Packet Stairs landing-place; the larger one, called by

courtesy "the coach," resembled an exceedingly shrivelled postchaise, just wide enough to hold two persons, and a small seat opposite for a third: in this we packed three of our party, and two of us clambered into the "open carriage," which was one of the old phaetons—very rickety, and perched on exceedingly high wheels. Both were drawn by a pair of mules, and driven by a man in a large tattered cloak, riding as postilion. In this guise we pursued our jingling course, up and down the very hilly lanes, called "streets," of Lisbon, the pavement being so slippery, that were it not also uneven, the animals could not keep their feet, and thus it continued almost all the way to Cintra.

We observed a number of wretched villas by the road-side, miserably out of repair, varied with vineyards and ill-kept gardens of oranges and lemons, but not a blade of grass at this season (or any other, I believe), and as the harvest was over, the ground was covered with a meagre brown stubble; the country is dotted with windmills.

The approach to Cintra is marked by several crosses near the road-side, in commemoration of various murders. This town occupies the north-east side of the Rock of Lisbon, and is singularly beautiful, as testified in too many

descriptions, both in poetry and prose, for any details to be necessary here. The scenery is a mass of rocks, mountains, pathways, heaths, with woods of orange and lemon trees, hedges of geranium, aloes, and every sort of aromatic shrub, all growing one over the other. The street of the town strangely steep and narrow. On the descent of the hill, about a mile farther on, we found a very comfortable set of apartments prepared for us at Madame Bento's hotel; and then, thinking we could walk faster than donkeys could carry us, we set out at three o'clock, with a wonderfully unintellectual guide, and mounted by a long ascent to the convent of Nossa Senhora da Penha, on the highest peak of the highest rock. An extremely fatiguing and steep, but well managed zigzag road, leads to this curious old convent, now being restored in good taste by the present king-consort, as a sort of villa for himself and the queen. The view from it is very fine, extending over an immense plain, in the midst of which, like Palmyra in the Desert, stands the gigantic edifice of Mafra; and beyond, the view extends, on one side, over a wide expanse of bare and arid country, dotted with poor looking villages as far as the ridge of Torres Vedras; and in other directions, over Lisbon, the Tagus, and far over the Atlantic.

From the top of this rock, King Emanuel, after long expectation, witnessed the return of Vasco de Gama's ships in 1497, after the discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope; and, in consequence of a vow he made at the time, the convent was built; it is constructed of the gray stone of the rock.

From thence we descended by a delightfully wild path, a sort of sheepwalk, amidst heath and rock, and over many succeeding hills, towards the Cork convent, which was farther off than we expected, or indeed wished, as rain coming on brought early darkness with it; however, it was impossible to make our guide comprehend that we wished to return by a shorter way, if there was one, which I believe there was not, and we therefore proceeded by steep rocky paths to the Cork convent, through increasing rain, but still admiring the beautiful views over Colares, Mr. Beckford's villa of Monserrat, and the exquisite country around. But it became so dark by the time we got to the convent, the rain descending in torrents, that we were obliged to make the best of our way, and bad was the best, through holes, squashy puddles, over slippery rocks and stones, to the Marialva Villa, and then at last we attained our inn, where we found lights, good fires, a good dinner, and good repose.

Oct. 16.—From the inn the old palace looks very pretty and picturesque, being a collection of the most singular-looking chimneys, turrets, and domes, of all shapes and sizes; and we regretted not having allowed ourselves time to visit the interior, which is said to be interesting.

After breakfast we again walked to the Marialva villa; the views from it, over the mountains and Monserrat, on to the sea, are most beautiful; the place itself, as usual, was miserably untidy and ill kept, all except one small and green-looking garden of box hedges in patterns, with a fountain in the centre, on a sort of terrace, overhanging the immense plain below, and very pretty.

We set out at one to return to Lisbon—called at Lord Howard de Walden's on our way,—found him and Lady H. in the garden of their villa—and then returned by the same execrable road, which, bad as it is, is the best in Portugal, inasmuch as it is, literally, the only one existing in the kingdom. As may be imagined from this circumstance alone, the condition of the interior of the country is wretched;—none of the nobility who have estates ever go near them. There is no authority or power to execute law or justice, and all is poverty, starvation, and robbery.

Oct. 17.—We rowed down the Tagus, and landed to see San Jeronimo, formerly a convent of great wealth, now converted into a school for four hundred children, where various languages and trades are taught. It seems really well arranged, and calculated to do good. But the most striking part is the exquisite beauty of the architecture, both of the cloisters and of the church. The monastery, now used for the school, was of great extent; having, as usual, long corridors round the centre, which is laid out as a garden, in beds of flowers, intersected with small pieces of clear water: the beds are in compartments of coloured tiles, and the walks are carried on raised stone piers, between the little canals, with a few narrow bridges, conducting from one to the other. This might be very successfully imitated in any garden, where there is a good command of water.

The tracery of the surrounding cloisters is of great beauty and delicacy, consisting of the richest foliage and arabesque patterns, twisted up with serpents, and all sorts of grotesque designs, in the most graceful and fairy-like combinations. The cloisters are much ornamented with coloured tiles, which have a beautiful enamel-like effect. The interior of the church

also is of equal beauty, richness, and singularity. Round the high altar are the tombs of some of the kings of Portugal. We were shown it from an upper gallery, where the boys attend service daily;—our little guide seemed very intelligent and obliging, as were also all the attendants. The ancient dormitories and refectory of the convent are used for the same purpose by the boys. All is kept very clean, and the boys appear well attended to and happy.

This monastery was founded by King Emanuel, in 1499, in honour of the discovery of India, by Vasco de Gama: and on the suppression of the monasteries, it was converted into a school.

The aqueduct is about an hour's walk from the Packet stairs;—it is a stupendous work, erected to convey the water from the neighbourhood of Cintra for the supply of Lisbon, and is conducted over a very deep valley, by a single row of wonderfully high and solidly built arches, thirty-five in number, fourteen of which are pointed, and the rest semicircular, which detracts from the beauty of the effect: the centre arch is two hundred and thirty French feet high; and this stupendous height is best judged of on seeing it from below: but there is also a solid walk above, guarded by a stone parapet,

which runs along on each side of the conduit for the water, and from whence the view, on looking down, is very striking. It was built in 1738; and it is singular that no part of it should have been affected by earthquakes, which have so much injured the town at various times. In the late contentions, the Miguelites occupied the heights beyond the aqueduct, and the Pedroites those on the Lisbon side; and the lines thrown up by the latter still remain.

A short time ago the aqueduct was infested by a brigand, who used to attack single travellers on the wall, murder them, and throw them over: he is now executed, and the passage is considered safe, still, a party of two or three are more secure than one passing alone.

Oct. 18.—Near the Estrella Church is the English Protestant Church, where the service is well performed; the burying ground is filled with large cypresses, the Judas tree, and other shrubs, and contains, among others, the tombs of Fielding the novelist and Dr. Doddridge. The inscription on Fielding's tomb is as follows:

HENRICUS FIELDING

LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DATUM

FOVERE NATUM,

1754.

Walked in the afternoon about the streets in the neighbourhood of Black-horse Square, on the border of the river. This square may hereafter be handsome, but it is only half built, totally unfinished, and does not appear likely to be soon completed. On ascending into the town we saw the shell of the treasury, which still stands; all the interior being burnt down: —it appeared a fit type of the finances of the kingdom. Behind it is a handsome public garden, with a fine fountain and parterres, and well laid out in shady walks of trees: this is the lower garden. There is another public garden, extremely pretty, made on a high terrace, overlooking this lower one. The Church of San Roque contains three good pictures in Mosaic, copied from Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Guido, and given by John the Fifth to the Jesuits.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM LISBON—BUGIO FORT—CAPE ST. VINCENT—ROTA—CADIZ—CATHEDRAL—MARKET—DRESS—"TRAJANO" STEAMER—BANKS OF GUADALQUIVER—SEVILLE—TORRE DEL ORO—HISTORY—CASA DE AYUNTAMIENTOS—CATHEDRAL—COLUMBUS—TOBACCO MANUFACTORY—BULL ARENA—CHRISTINA GARDENS—ALCAZAR.

"Yet not alone to vale or mountain stream
Hath beauty lent her consecrating beam;
Lo! where the city lifts, as if in scorn,
Her airy turrets to the opening morn."

Graham.

Oct. 19.—A beautiful and very hot day; we floated down the river with the tide at eleven A. M.; and soon after leaving the Bugio Fort (which serves the double purpose of a prison and lighthouse), we overtook the "Espoir," which had started about an hour before us, and sailed gently in company with her all day. Nothing could be more charming than our progress;—a glowing sun, a cloudless sky, and a very soft breeze, just enough to carry us on at about four knots an hour throughout the day;

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and at sunset rather a stronger wind sprang up, which carried us out of sight of the "Espoir" by morning.

Oct. 20.—Continuing as pleasantly as yesterday; and the same beautiful weather. About eleven A. M. we passed Cape St. Vincent,—a very fine and striking headland, with an isolated and now deserted convent on the top, looking down on the Atlantic;—in winter, it must be the abode of desolation and storm. The shores appear rocky, barren, and steep. Many porpoises and birds to-day.

Oct. 21.—We hove to for a couple of hours before daylight; and on waking this morning, found we were off the little town of Rota, just entering the bay of Cadiz; the weather like summer. A pilot came on board,—which is an affair of routine; a far more respectable-looking species of individual than the Portuguese who offered themselves in the Tagus. There are some dangerous rocks at the entrance of the roadstead. We dropped our anchor at half-past nine o'clock withinside the town, which looks beautiful, white, and gay, from the sea. Lord Exmouth's yacht, "The Flower of Yarrow," was lying near us. The "Espoir" came in at half-past twelve.

The first remarkable domestic feature of

Cadiz is the bread, which, though "lovely to the eye," is not so "sweet to the sense." It is perfectly white, and like a close mass of pounded marble;—very heavy, and utterly tasteless;—but at first sight, being baked of a pretty colour, and in pretty shapes, it is rather fascinating. We had several walks in Cadiz during the time we remained there: two days, or indeed one, would suffice for the town, there being nothing to see in it beyond the streets, which are certainly very beautiful and picturesque, and the shade caused by their extreme narrowness is very agreeable in the usually glaring and burning heat of the sun. The cathedral is large and handsome, of Grecian architecture, with fine clusters of Corinthian columns, but with a very bare and unfinished appearance, which is not surprising, as all the Church revenues have been confiscated, and the bishop has had great difficulty in putting it into a state of tolerable repair. The two last pictures that Murillo painted are to be seen in the Capucin convent, and there are some fine palm-trees in the old garden adjoining.

Cadiz is a little gem of a city, dazzling in whiteness; and from the narrowness of the streets, it reminds one of Venice and Genoa. The houses are tall and picturesque, covered

from top to bottom with grilles, jalousies, and balconies, filled with plants and flowers. The top stories of opposite houses appear almost to touch, and must afford awkward facilities for looking into one another; still all seems gay and pleasant:—the pavement is good,—not a carriage to be seen,—and scarcely a mule or donkey;—there would barely be space for a cart:—altogether a strange silence prevails, again recalling the dreamy quiet of Venice. However, with all its charms, there is an absence of space about the town which would be very tiresome for a continuance, shut in as it is on three sides by the sea, and on the other only joined to the Isle of Leon, by a long, treeless, broiling road of seven miles in length, which must be traversed before anything like country is reached.

A foreign market is generally amusing, and the one here was well filled with grapes, tomatas, melons, chesnuts, and various vegetable productions; the most numerous commodities, however, were the onions and red mullet, which were literally piled in hillocks. Amidst the animal productions hanging up for sale, were numbers of what at first sight appeared to be cats, but they turned out to be young kids.

The people seemed in general staid in man-

ners, and cleanly in appearance. It is to be regretted that the women are leaving off the national and beautiful dress of the basquiña and mantilla; or at all events only wearing the latter with a gown, French and English fashion, which much diminishes the grace and beauty of their appearance, and their complexions do not stand a bonnet.

The position of the ancient town of Gades, whose origin is of course, from deficiency of historical information, ascribed to the Phœnicians, is extremely doubtful; some old writers suppose it to have been the same as Tartessus, the Tarshish of Scripture, and to have stood upon the Isle of Leon. Under the Romans, Gades was a municipal city.

The modern town became the see of a bishop, in the reign of Alphonso the Wise. In 1596 Cadiz was taken, pillaged, and burnt, by the English, under the Earl of Essex, who stormed it by an assault on the land side. Sir George Rooke was not so successful in an attempt he made to take it for the Archduke Charles, in 1702.

It was not till the year 1720, when the commerce of the New World was transferred from Seville to this place, that Cadiz attained any degree of wealth and mercantile importance.

Not far from Port St. Mary's, opposite Cadiz, is the town of Xeres, in which are the enormous vaults containing the wine vats of sherry annually transported to England.

Oct. 23.—We were ready by eight o'clock to embark in the "Trajano" steamer, for Seville; on a beautiful but very hot morning. We remained on deck the whole way, shaded by an awning. There were a great number of passengers;—one English acquaintance of our own, the rest all Spaniards or foreigners;—one family among them, in a regular Spanish costume, was reported to be that of a robber, and truly no one ever looked a more complete personification of a brigand on the stage, both in air and appearance, than the head of that well-dressed family.

The distance from Cadiz to Seville, by the Guadalquivir, is about seventy miles. The engines were stopped for about a quarter of an hour, to wait for the clearing away of a fog, previous to passing a shallow bar of sand across the mouth of the river. At some distance is the port of St. Lucar, where we stopped a few minutes, to disembark and take in passengers. Fine orange groves, with a few palm trees in flower, were growing in the bare sand on the banks. As we proceeded, the sides of the river

were absolutely hideous; exhibiting perfectly flat and boundless districts of hardened mud, with a few large droves of cows and horses grazing on a very scanty vegetation: it altogether gave the idea of the banks of the Nile after the inundation. The number of birds was something prodigious; herons, plovers, ducks of various kinds, snipes, kites, eagles, and flocks of unknown species. The water of the river is very muddy, and in winter it overflows its banks, which become to a great extent one large swamp, as could easily be perceived from their present condition.

There were several small English merchantmen, chiefly schooners, at anchor in the river, a few miles below Seville, waiting for a supply of oranges, which grow ripe in the course of the winter, but were not as yet quite ready for exportation. They do not, however, give them time to arrive at maturity, as the early oranges are packed while still quite green, and ripen during their voyage to England, with the hot-house action of their cases. We reached Seville at half-past four P.M., and after a punctilious examination of the baggage by the custom-house officers, disembarked near the Torre del Oro, an old tower, said to be Roman, with twelve sides. The approach to Seville from

the river is disappointing, as you hardly perceive even the tower of La Giralda till you are very near it, and the town being on a flat, there is no eminence or distinguishing point to mark it, and it is not till you enter the gates that its old grandeur and its still existing singularity and charm are discovered.

Seville, anciently called Hispalis, was supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians. When the Romans took possession of it, they gave it the name of Julia, and after many corruptions it received its present appellation of Sevilla.

The Gothic kings resided there for some time, until they transferred their court to Toledo; and Seville was subjugated by the Moors shortly after the defeat of Rodrigo at Xeres, in July 711. In 1027 it became an independent monarchy, but was overcome in 1097, by Yusuf Almoravides, an African chief. Finally, in 1248, it was taken by Ferdinand the Third, after a year's siege, and many hundreds of the Moors were expelled. Notwithstanding the great depopulation occasioned by this event, it continued to be a city of considerable importance; its inhabitants gradually increased in number, and many magnificent buildings were erected.

Soon after the discovery of America, Seville attained its highest degree of wealth and splendour, being the emporium of the valuable productions of the New World.

But after the lapse of two centuries, the navigation of the slowly-flowing Guadalquivir was impeded, the stream becoming too shallow to admit of vessels of any size: Cadiz, owing to the superiority of its situation, became the seat of commerce, and Seville gradually lost the name and the advantages of a seaport town.

After having secured our apartments at Naish's hotel, we went straight to the cathedral, which, in magnificence, and gloomy and mysterious grandeur, surpassed all our expectations. The rich colouring of the glass windows adds to the solemn and romantic effect of the whole; but it was too dark to do more than walk around it, without attempting to look at the Murillos.

The Casa de Ayuntamientos, or Court House, built by Charles the Fifth, in the Grande Place, is a handsome building, with much external decoration.

Oct. 24.—After an early breakfast of chocolate, we set forth with a very good guide, M. Peichler, who spoke German and English, as well as Spanish; being German by birth, En-

glish by education, and Spanish by marriage and residence. We returned to the cathedral, which is of the most elaborate Gothic work, on the site of a Moorish mosque; but the only bit of real Moorish work left, is an old archway of very minute sculpture, which leads into the Patio, or square court, filled with orange trees, and a fountain in the middle. The verdure and freshness seen through this old and beautiful arch had an extremely pretty effect.

The cathedral was founded by Don Sancho the Brave, about the close of the thirteenth century, and finished by John the Second about a hundred years after. It is 420 feet in length, 263 in breadth, and 126 in height. A small part of the roof of the cathedral is of the finest Gothic carving, but the rest, and the tops of some of the arches, are left plain. Large chapels are, as usual, placed all round. The only drawback to the effect of the interior is that the choir, of heavy carved mahogany, is placed exactly in the centre. This choir is very large, with two richly ornamented organs above, opposite to each other; one of them said to be the finest in the world.

A space is railed off for the priest to pass from the choir to the high altar, which is in itself most splendid, there being a high wall of

the richest work in brass, as a sort of screen, behind it; giving an idea of the gorgeous beauty of Solomon's temple. At the foot of the flight of steps, in front of the high altar, is a large screen of silver gilt; and all the lamps in the cathedral are of silver. The windows, eighty in number, of fine painted glass, of immense value, the work of Arnold of Flanders, give an awful and gloomy beauty to this vast interior, which is very impressive, and quite indescribable. We were fortunate, more than once, in hearing the finest of the two organs, unequalled in beauty of tone, softness, and power.

Five hundred masses are performed daily at the eighty altars which are contained in the cathedral. Eleven mitred dignitaries, forty superior and twenty inferior canons, eight other priests, a superior officer and four assistants, two beadles, twenty singers and three assistants, and twenty-seven musicians, render the celebration of high mass in this gorgeous edifice of a very imposing character.

The sacristy contains, among many pictures of no worth, one exquisite Murillo—the head of the Virgin and Child; and another singular and fine picture, the head of a nun. Two fine Zurbarans, of full lengths of saints; one, in

particular, a very remarkable picture. Some of the chapels in the cathedral are hung with most precious Murillos; but these are ill seen from want of light: yet, as they were painted for the place, one cannot wish that they should be removed, neither could one desire that more light should be admitted, to spoil the effect of that solemn gloom which so peculiarly becomes this gorgeous edifice. The best of the Murillos are:—

St. Thomas of Villanueva giving alms to a beggar. The head and expression of St. Thomas are quite beautiful.

St. Felix, with our Saviour, as a child, in his arms, and returning him to the Virgin.

St. Joseph, with our Saviour as a child, and seated on a book. Both these pictures are very fine.

St. Francis,—a very large picture,—with our Saviour, again as a child, appearing in a vision, surrounded by angels. The grouping very beautiful, but the figure of Christ rather stiff.

Two fine full length figures of Sta. Justa and Sta. Rufina, the patronesses of Seville.

A guardian angel leading a child.

All these are splendid pictures.

The Assumption, in the cathedral, must not

be omitted; but it is hung much too high to be seen to advantage.

Here are also several striking pictures by Spanish masters, whose names are almost unknown in England: for instance, the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Vargas; a small picture of a Madonna and Child, by Alonzo Cano; one of St. Francis, by Hereda el Mozo, with a large recumbent figure in the foreground; St. Thomas, and many figures, by Zurbaran, which picture was taken to Paris, and restored to Seville; also a St. Bruno, by Zurbaran, which is reckoned his best work.

The royal chapel, behind the high altar, is magnificent. St. Ferdinand, who conquered Seville from the Moors in 1248, and died in 1252, is buried there, in a silver coffin; as are also his wife and his son, Alphonso the Tenth, surnamed the Wise, with his wife, Violante of Aragon.

In the pavement in front of the choir is a flat stone with a short inscription, in commemoration of Christopher Columbus:—

"A Castilla y á Leon
Mundo nuevo dió Colon."

It was from the little port of Palos, at the mouth of the small river Tinto (from which Tent wine derives its name) where it flows

into the Bay of Cadiz, that Columbus took his departure on his first voyage, after a journey to Santa Fé, to solicit aid from the Spanish sovereigns then encamped before Granada, to enable him to carry his vast enterprise into execution; where having long combated the difficulties raised by the over-prudent Ferdinand and his ministry, he obtained from the noble-minded Isabella aid sufficient to provide three vessels. The whole armament consisted of one hundred and twenty persons, and with this small and inefficient fleet he proceeded on his course. Far different, however, were the prospects with which he descended the Guadalquivir on his second departure the year following. Assisted by the munificence of the king and queen and the nobles, who became convinced of the solid foundation of his hopes, he had assembled a fleet of seventeen vessels, manned by fifteen hundred persons, among whom were several of the nobility, all eager to enlist in a cause which promised so much glory to their country, and profit to themselves.

Columbus died on the 20th of May 1506. His remains were first deposited in the convent of St. Francis at Valladolid, and six years afterwards removed to Seville, from whence his body was transported in 1536 to St. Domingo, which

he had himself discovered, and on the French obtaining possession of the island in 1795, his remains were again removed to Cuba, where they now repose in the Cathedral.

Adjoining the stone inscribed to Columbus, is the tomb of his son Ferdinand, with a long epitaph recording his literary attainments.

The tobacco manufactory is worth seeing, from its immense extent, though it is now much reduced; four mills were going below, worked by mules, and many more were unemployed. Five thousand people are still engaged in making the cigars,—two thousand men and three thousand women; the latter all working in one enormous hall, seated at rows of small tables, twisting cigars, and employing all their powers of conversation. The din, as well as the overpowering heat and smell of tobacco, made us glad to get away. The air was filled with particles of red dust. Along the front of the building lay a range of brass cannon, cast at the adjoining foundry, without carriages; among them are two enormous mortars, made by the French, to fire shells upon Cadiz, from St. Mary's, a mile and a half across the water.

The houses at Seville are all constructed on the old Moorish plan, well suited to this hot climate; they are built round a 'patio,' or square

paved court, with a fountain and plants, myrtles and orange trees, surrounded by arcades. The Patio, with an awning spread over it in the summer, makes the sitting-room of the family. An open gallery goes round the first floor of the court, the apartments of which form their winter residence. It being now the month of October, this season was with them already begun; their ideas of winter being very different from ours, the weather being still considerably hotter than June is generally in England.

The Bull arena is calculated to hold fifteen thousand people, with very complete accommodation and space for the spectators and combatants. The exhibitions were over for the summer.

In the Christina public gardens there is a large platform or ball-room, in the open air, without a roof; the effect of these al fresco ballets, in the hot nights of the south, must be very pretty and magical. Only small trees, such as acacias and stunted wych elms, will grow here, owing to the dryness of the soil.

We next went to the Alcazar or Moorish palace, built by Pedro the Cruel, in imitation of the Alhambra, about 1353, and second only to the palace at Granada in the peculiar beauty of that style of Saracenic architecture. The Alcazar covers a great extent of ground, (indeed our

hotel was formerly a part of its appurtenances), and is divided and subdivided into various courts, and intricate passages, and arcades, succeeding each other. The interior contains long suites of beautiful rooms, half in decay, and ornamented with what at first appeared to be petrified lace, of the most elaborate work and minute and rich patterns, in the species of composition or stucco said to be made of lime and white of egg. The ceilings are like the finest enamel, in relief with much gilding, and in every variety of pattern and colour, with inlaid devices of all kinds, having altogether a most brilliant and refined effect; indeed all other ceilings, whether in France, England, or Italy, appear coarse and common in comparison. Some of these ceilings had been refreshed lately, but in precisely their original patterns and colours. The hall of the ambassadors has the same honeycomb ceiling as has been often described as characteristic of the Alhambra, the centre of each cell appearing like a mass of gold, and the niches in the corners of the room decorated as if with stalactites of snow, tipped with gold and azure. Around the top of this hall, there is a row of portraits, in panels, of all the kings of Spain, beginning with the Moorish monarchs, and ending with the worthless Ferdinand VII; small latticed windows in fret-work look down from above, from

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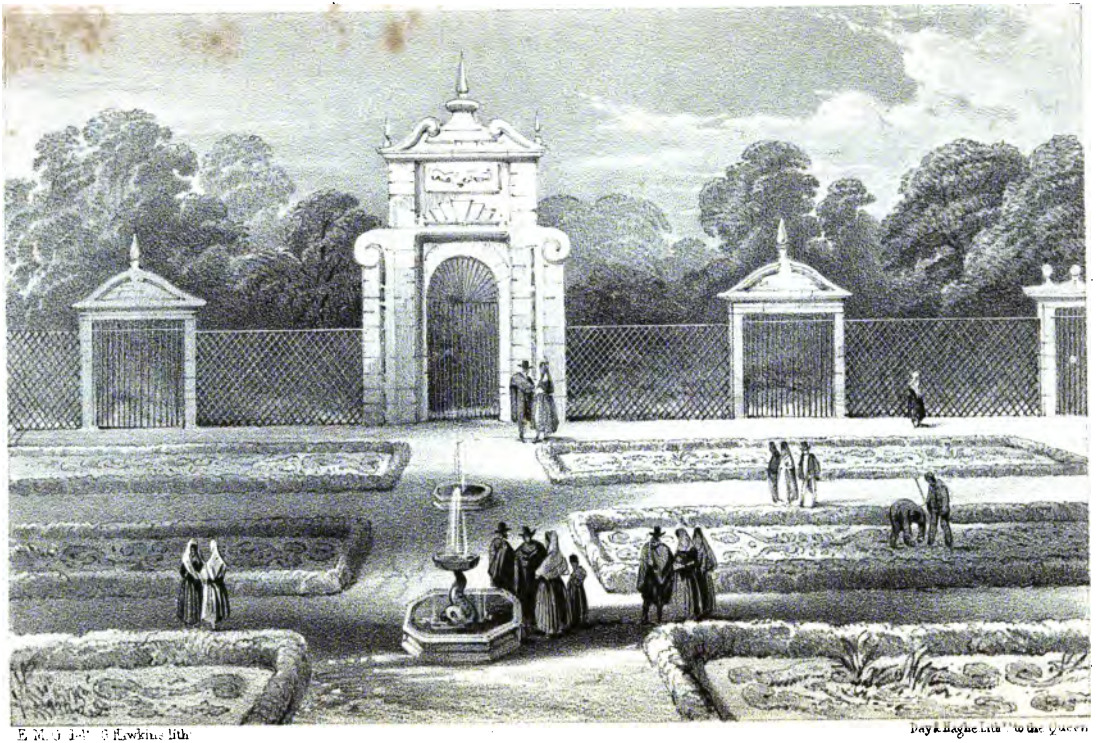

E.M.G. del. S.Lewis lith. Day & Haghe Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE ALCAZAR GARDEN, SEVILLE.

whence ladies could see the ceremonies of the reception of the ambassadors without being visible themselves; these loopholes were attained by small galleries running round. We looked down from open windows in a higher gallery. Many of the rooms on the ground-floor had marble fountains in the centre.

From this Arabian-Night scene of luxury and beauty, staircases conduct to the gardens, which are quite worthy of the palace: they are subdivided into parterres, surrounded by thick and low-cut hedges of small-leaved myrtle, geraniums, and roses, plants of the Poinsettia pulcherrima, with its glowing scarlet leaves in the centre, as large as lilac bushes in England, and enormous double hybiscuses, of the size of moderate Portugal laurels, covered with flowers as large as cabbage roses, of crimson, white, and every shade of pink, on the same plant.

The walks are all paved, and whenever four paths meet, there is a fountain, surrounded by seats made of coloured tiles. The large garden, of which the centres of the beds are of small-leaved myrtle, cut into the most complicated patterns, and always green, is divided off from other gardens by handsome gilt iron railings, which have a very good effect,—and gateways and arches, though not themselves in the best taste, look very ornamental, and might be imi-

tated with advantage in England, where, if a garden is of any size, it is generally bare and undressed.

The other gardens consisted of thickets of orange and lemon trees, equally encircled by hedges of geranium, with pavilions lined with enamelled tiles, fountains, and reservoirs. There are also several smaller gardens, all communicating, and filled with Spanish jessamine and many other plants. In one of them was a singularly large and beautiful acacia. Along one side of the garden runs a narrow ornamental building of great length, with a covered gallery for walking below, and an open one above, from whence there is a view over these exquisite gardens, the Moorish walls, and to the "Las Delicias" gardens by the side of the river. This garden is beautifully kept, which is very uncommon abroad. There is also a kitchen garden belonging to the Alcazar, of very great extent.

At the end of the Peninsular war, Sir John Downie, an Englishman, was made alcayde of the Alcazar, which he inhabited till his death, and the renovations that were made were effected by him; since which time it has been under the care of an administrador.

CHAPTER IV.

ALCALA—LA CARIDAD—MURILLOS—LA GIRALDA—ALAMEDA VIEJA—CASA DE PILATOS—GRAVE OF MURILLO—MAJO DRESSES—LADIES—LONJA—RETURN TO CADIZ, AND DEPARTURE.

"Fair is proud Seville, let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."
BYRON.

October 25.—HEARD some very fine chanting in the choir, with deep bass voices, at high mass in the cathedral. Drove at half-past twelve to Alcalá, about seven miles off, to see the ruins of a Moorish fort. Our vehicle was a species of open calèche, without springs, drawn by three horses, driven by a man sitting considerably below the tails of the two wheelers, and with but small control over the isolated leader, who, however, conducted himself very creditably. We proceeded, at a sharp trot, down the rugged pavement and narrow streets, at risk of being jolted out of the carriage before we left the town. The road passes under the great

aqueduct which brings the water from Alcalá, and continues very jolting, although said to be one of the best in Spain, over a sandy, dry, arid, burning country, through thin woods of olives, with hideous hedges of aloes and cactus, mingled with beautiful stone pines and cypresses. We stopped to look into an enclosed orange and lemon grove, which is certainly very pretty, filled with fine old flourishing trees loaded with fruit, though yet unripe; the oranges will remain on the trees till February, but rarely later; they then dry up and fall. The sun was oppressively hot, and in about an hour and a half we arrived at Alcalá, a town prettily situated, with the river Guadaida running below it, amidst gardens of oranges and pomegranates. The village we found to be, as usual, a congregation of whitewashed cottages, with flat roofs and hardly any windows. We walked up to the Moorish ruins, which are curious, and of great extent, entirely covering the summit of a high rocky hill. The large towers and the citadel are still very perfect; the walls surround the space which enclosed the town; the view is very extensive, and gives a good idea of the brown, parched, and desert appearance of the interior of Spain, refreshed by little but the dusty green of the olives. We returned as

we went, well dusted and jolted, and stopped to walk home by Las Delicias, a public walk by the river, continued from the Christina Gardens; but as it was growing dark, the promenade was nearly deserted.

An Olla Podrida appeared to-day at dinner by way of experiment; it consists of stewed beef, bacon, two species of sausages, cabbage, and Indian corn;—it is eatable, but not a good composition.

Oct. 26.—The Hospital de la Caridad is an excellent institution, for infirm old men, of whom there are now about one hundred in it, and it appeared very clean and well arranged. It was founded two hundred years ago, and was largely endowed; it is also supported by voluntary contributions. The two finest works of Murillo are in the chapel of this hospital,—"Moses striking the Rock," and its companion, the "Miracle of the Loaves:" they are both magnificent pictures. In the chapel also are the blank places of two other pictures by the same artist, taken by Marshal Soult to Paris: "The Prodigal Son," and "Abraham entertaining the Angels," which were purchased from the Marshal by the Duke of Sutherland, and are now at Stafford House. Where these pictures were suspended, the nails still remain: a

melancholy memorial of French rapacity. Another Murillo,—"St. Elizabeth," was also carried off, but would have been restored, had it not been detained on its return homewards by the Spanish government, under pretence of defraying the travelling expenses of the others, and is now at Madrid. "St. John of God," by the same master, was never moved, and is still in the chapel. There is also a fine picture by Vargas, of the "Annunciation."

The great tower adjoining the cathedral, La Giralda (pronounced Hiralda, as the *g* in Spanish is sounded as an aspirated *h*), was built by the Moors for astronomical purposes, and was begun in 1196. The architect was Al Geber, the inventor of Algebra. The upper part is of later construction, by the Christians, but the whole is of the light and graceful Saracenic architecture, and is three hundred and fifty feet in height: it takes its name from a colossal statue, in bronze, of a female representing Faith, placed on the summit, which turns with the wind. A very easy ascent, by a winding passage without steps, conducts to a height of two hundred and fifty feet, where there are thirty-seven bells suspended, each named after a saint: the largest is called Santa Maria. The tower was much injured some years ago by lightning, of

which the scars still remain. The view from the top more than repays the slight trouble of the ascent: it extends all over Seville, and the level country surrounding it, in which the course of the Guadalquivir is traced up the valley by Cordova to the fine range of the Sierra Morena.

The streets of the town are so narrow, they appear like small threads intersecting it; and the mass of white houses with coloured balconies, diversified with domes of churches, produces a singular and pretty effect, seen from so great a height. On the opposite side of the river is the suburb called Triana, where may be seen the house where, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Inquisition was first established. Being, however, so near the river, the house was frequently inundated, and as in that institution they preferred fire to water for ordinary use, it was transferred to a building near the Alameda Vieja, which it is not advisable to visit, as it is now inhabited by millions of even more venomous creatures than inquisitors.

We walked through a market-place,—prettily decorated with colonnades and fountains, and well filled with the productions of the climate,—to the Alameda Vieja, at the entrance to which stand two Roman colossal statues of Hercules and Julius Cæsar: the latter much

damaged; and the body of Hercules has been divided and placed somewhat crooked upon his legs, to enable him to lean more conveniently, but rather incongruously, upon a Spanish shield.

The Alameda is a pleasant shady walk, with rows of wych elms on each side, and three fountains down the centre, frequented by water-carriers, who fill large glasses with cool sparkling water for the benefit of the passers by. Our walk carried us round the town. We looked into the pretty little church of St. Isidore, with a large altar-piece by Roilas; and then proceeded to the Casa de Pilatos, so called under pretence of having been built after the model of Pontius Pilate's house at Jerusalem. It is an old Moorish palace, belonging to the Medina Cœli family, in the style of the Alcazar, but in sad decay, and inhabited only by an administrador.

In coming back we passed through a small open square, where Murillo is buried; but nothing now remains to mark his grave. Formerly there was a small chapel, which was destroyed by the French. The house in which he died stands close by.

The best shop in all Spain for the Majo dresses (worn by the Picadors and Matadors at the bull-fights) is in a little street near the cathedral. There was one making for a mata-

dor at Madrid,—the jacket of dark-brown cloth, richly embroidered with silver, and very handsome; the entire dress costs about forty or fifty pounds. Though this shop is so famous as to supply the matadors of Madrid, it is of so small a size as hardly to accommodate above two customers at once, and of the same calibre as all the other shops in Seville, which are little mean places, entirely open to the street, in the Moorish fashion, and the artificers of all kinds sit cross-legged on a board or slab of marble at their occupations,—another trace, by the way, of Moorish origin. Here also is made the formidable peasant's knife, the "navaja," with a catch to prevent its closing: a deadly weapon, used both in cutting their food, and as a prompt resource in quarrels.

The Spanish ladies are, by all accounts, wholly uneducated, and pass their time principally in eating and dressing, to both of which occupations they are deeply attached. They consider corpulency to be no disparagement to their beauty, and they sometimes take so much exercise as to walk the length of one of the very dirty streets, in evening dress, with very tight black satin shoes, and armed with their constant accompaniment, the fan, which they handle with peculiar grace and skill. If they would

eat less, and adhere to their national costume, nothing could be prettier or more graceful than their general appearance, shrouded under the black mantilla.

Oct. 27.—The Lonja, or exchange, built by the architect Herrera in 1598, is a handsome Grecian building, with a beautiful red marble staircase. The Patio is very large and paved with marble; around it run two tiers of open corridors; the lower colonnade being of the Doric, the upper of the Ionic order. It would make an excellent country-house. In some large rooms on the first floor, are kept all the original documents relative to the discovery of America; and all the plans, charts, and correspondence of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro; but they are not publicly shown.

At the house of Dean Maestre are some Murillos; one much thought of here, an indifferent picture of St. Francis; and a good half-length of St. Catherine.

The evening passed most pleasantly in the Alcazar Garden, which appeared, after a hot day, like a dream of beauty and freshness.

Oct. 28.—We were safely deposited in the steam-boat to convey us back to Cadiz, by seven o'clock, leaving Seville with all the regret which a beautiful and romantic place, one has

little chance of seeing again, must inspire. It rained the whole way, but as there were not many passengers, the cabin had few occupants. When we got into the open sea, it was very windy, rolling, and disagreeable. The yacht was by no means a quiet asylum, for the bay is too open to be pleasant in rough weather, which now visited us for some days, with the addition of flies innumerable in the cabin.

Nov. 1. — We yesterday left the Bay of Cadiz and made an ineffectual attempt to get to sea, for the wind was so high and adverse, and the weather so disagreeable, that after having run out about twenty miles we returned, which gave us the opportunity of taking a walk about the town this evening; to the cathedral, and the deserted Capucin Convent. We fell in with a long procession in honour of All Saints' day,—the troops of the line, and priests carrying large lanterns with lights in them, and a canopy over a large wooden image, dressed in a mass of tawdry finery, representing the Virgin, with crowds of people attending it. This edifying spectacle kept us so long, that as we were passing the cathedral on our way back, the clock began slowly to strike six, at which inconvenient hour, it being sunset, the gate is closed till nine o'clock, when it is opened for

ten minutes, and again at eleven for the same time. When we reached the gate, the sentinel was in the act of shutting it; but fortunately for us a peremptory peasant insisted on forcing his way in, which afforded us a moment to rush out.

Nov. 5.—The weather continued very bad,—wind and tide making an awkward collision in the bay,—till to-day, when a slight improvement allowed us to set sail at eleven A. M. There was hardly wind enough to make the vessel go ahead as we passed within a stone's throw of the dangerous Puercas rocks, barely rising above the water's edge at the entrance of the roadstead, and we were becalmed for a few hours, but by good luck not till just after we had cleared them. We then proceeded on our course gently and quietly, the weather turning out very warm and fine. A procession of Guy Fawkes was made by the sailors, as it is the custom in all ships to celebrate this anniversary: the effigy of the hero, after being promenaded in due form round the deck, was pulled in pieces, and thrown into the sea.

CHAPTER V.

CAPE SPARTEL—TANGER—MOORS—COSTUME—RHAMADHAN — MOSQUE — MARKET — OLD WALLS—CAMELS—MATAMORES—FESTIVAL OF THE LAMB—ANCIENT MOLE—JEWISH CEMETERY—CLOSING THE GATES—PILGRIMS—CARAVANSERAI—PLAIN—AQUEDUCT — CASTLE — CRUELTY — FUNERAL—DEPARTURE FROM TANGER—STRAITS—GIBRALTAR.

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?"
Hemans.

Nov. 6.—A STRONG breeze, with light rain, had sprung up at half-past five, and at half-past six we found ourselves within two miles of the fine headland of Cape Spartel, above whose summit the clouds had curled themselves up, and the sun rose majestically between the Pillars of Hercules. The sight of this magnificent range of steep rocky mountains, carpeted with green turf and shrubs, descending in glades down to the sea, was one of the most striking scenes possible. A fine breeze took us rapidly into the Bay of Tanger;—the white town, enclosed in its fortified walls, sloping

down to the sea: the bay is small and quite open, and, in bad weather with a north-wester, would be very insecure. There were only one French and two Morocco brigs in the bay. At eleven, A.M., we embarked in the gig to row about a mile-and-a-half to the town: the sea being very rough, and the wind straight against us, we were plentifully sprinkled with salt water, and when we arrived at the shore, found only a shelving gravelly beach to land upon; as to the method of effecting which, some doubts were raised in our minds, added to which a strange, uncouth-looking race were drawn up on the shore: but with the encouragement of the Captain of the Port, a tall old man in the Moorish dress, with a long white beard (well described as an old lion by a former traveller), we at length accomplished it, but were obliged to be carried through the surf by our sailors, and were deposited on the beach, in the midst of a most curious scene. Groups of wild-looking negroes and moors were lying about in all kinds of picturesque dresses; some wrapped up in white woollen garments, called 'haiks,' of which they draw a fold over their heads; others in brown and white striped pelisses, with a 'bournous,' or peaked hood, which is an admirable protection against sun or rain. Many of the

Moors were handsome, but fierce-looking, with sharp white teeth, and gleaming black eyes: they appeared as much interested by our appearance as we were by theirs, and, I suspect, would have had small scruple in strangling us wholesale, from their dislike to Franks, — these Moors being peculiarly bigoted.

The town becomes very pretty and picturesque on a nearer approach: the old Moorish walls surrounding it, with the citadel and pacha's palace on the summit, various ruined towers of the fortifications, the mosque, and the Moorish houses, all beautifully grouped under a steep hill, and covering its side, have, to European eyes, a most striking and uncommon appearance.

We were, however, at a loss to know how it would be possible to enter it, no entrance, street, or road, being visible from the beach. The "old lion" having, however, first ascertained, by signs and some names of places, where we came from, showed us a way by a sort of custom-house,—a little arched building,— and on turning to the left under a narrow gateway, pointed out Mr. Hay, the British Consul-general, who was coming down to meet us. Mr. Hay's kind reception made us feel as old acquaintances, and we accompanied him to his

house, where we found Mrs. Hay and her daughter, sitting in a very pleasant room furnished in the English manner, opening to a verandah, and looking into the garden, which, though not large, was full of treasures to English eyes;—a datura, as large as a Portugal laurel, and absolutely covered with its pendent white bells, in all their size and beauty; a very large poinsettia pulcherrima, a palm tree, an enormous yucca draconis, a banana, pepper trees, and many others to us equally "rich and rare." I must not forget two large and handsome trees, 'bellas sombras,' with thick dark-green foliage, of which we afterwards saw many in the south of Spain.

We had but little time to lose if we desired to see the town, as the gates close punctually at sunset; and as this was the fourth day of the Fast of Rhamadhan, the hour of closing was, for this reason, likely to be slightly accelerated.

The fast is most rigidly observed by the Mahommedans, who, during its continuance, never eat or drink till after sunset,—no wonder, then, that this moment is anxiously looked for.

The Turkish month being lunar, the recurrence of the Rhamadhan differs in each year, and in the course of thirty-three years it makes the circuit of the seasons. Accompanied by

Mr. Hay's guard (a soldier in a Moorish dress), whose protection is necessary for those of our persuasion, to prevent insult, we presently set out and passed a small mosque, which of course, as Christians, we were not allowed to enter, but we looked in at the gate, and observed some Moors very devoutly performing their ablutions at a fountain in the centre of the court, before beginning their prayers. Their slippers were all left at the door. The gateway of the mosque, and the tower, were of the usual Saracenic architecture, but not very highly ornamented. Opposite the mosque was a little door, at which a number of people were talking and disputing: this we learnt was the entrance to the Court of Justice.

Though it was not one of the best market-days, which are Thursdays and Sundays, the market presented a very curious scene, from the groups of Moors, Arabs, and Jews, standing, sitting, and lying, huddled up in their bournouses, buying and selling. Some look gentle, but the generality have a wild and ferocious expression. The women are completely covered up in their dirty white drapery, and conceal their faces, so that nothing is seen but one eye and their hands and feet, the latter being coarse and

ugly; but it is to be observed that we only saw the lower classes, as the ladies always remain shut up at home.

The principal articles for sale were 'comestibles,' innumerable kinds of grain, onions, tomatas, dates, raisins, egg-plants, and jars of an oily white-looking ointment, which turned out to be butter, perhaps two or three years old, which is supposed to improve the flavour. On the open counter of nearly every shop, there was at least one cat, which the owners keep as a sort of brush to wipe their hands upon; as after measuring out soft yellow soap with those natural implements, they do not scruple to give a handful of raisins, or flower, or rice, all handed out in the same sweetly simple manner, which creates an occasional necessity for an apology of a towel. Almost all the natives had the hair shaved; some wore a large tuft on one side, occasionally lengthened into a plait. The negroes who come from the interior were singularly frightful, in all their varieties, which were many.

We mounted by very narrow, tolerably dirty, and shockingly paved streets, to what had been the treasury, a Moorish building, with a cloistered arcade round a court, now in a very ruin-

ous state; thence up to the citadel, where we saw traces of the original walls of Tanger, and so on to a graceful and beautiful gateway, looking down a steep hill to the lovely country surrounding the town. The mountains in the distance are covered with low wood, sheltering wild boar; and in the foreground are thickets of stupendous cactuses, with stems like small forest trees; carobs, or the locust tree; fig trees, palmettos, and many other shrubs. The growth of the cactus proceeds from fresh leaves growing out of the old ones; and as they increase in age, the original leaves become hardened into a solid stem, with all the consistency of bark and wood, and the size and solidity of a small timber tree. We measured the trunk of one at two feet from the ground, and found it three feet in circumference. In a large ditch below the old walls, in the midst of all this beauty, was a horrid sight and smell, of the carcasses of horses and mules left there to decay.

The ordinary Moorish houses are small, square, whitewashed edifices, with flat roofs; no windows to the outside, only occasionally a very small jalousie, all the windows being to the court within, and almost every one has its

fig or olive tree in a corner of the court, affording the repose and shelter referred to in the Scriptures. We passed by a large fig tree, which is esteemed as a sanctuary for people of all religions, and there the offender, whether a Christian, Jew, or Mahommedan, may find a temporary refuge. From many points on the walls the view is strikingly beautiful; from one part it overlooks the town, and the first range of the mountains of the interior, on to those forming the root of Atlas; more to the left rises the sharp summit of Mount Abyla, commonly called Apes' Hill, opposite to which, across the straits, Gibraltar was clearly visible,—a view of singular extent and beauty, seen through the clearest of atmospheres, and beneath the deep blue sky, the sun glowingly hot.

On returning, a string of camels, loaded with corn from the interior, passed us; and on proceeding to another market place, on a large sloping hill outside the walls, we found about two hundred camels and their drivers. These were unloading the corn they had brought; and to make the camels kneel down, the driver seizes them by the throat,—on which they make a sort of groan, and kneel directly. The poor animals give the idea of suffering from ill-treatment; but generally, animals, even in-

cluding the horse, appear miserably ill-managed, as the Moors are very brutal. Over all the ground of this market-place, which is much trampled by being the usual resort of the camels, are little mounds of earth, the entrances to the Matamores, or subterranean granaries, where the Moors have kept their grain from time immemorial, and the custom still continues. In these large holes, lined with straw, and about twelve feet deep, the corn, well covered up, keeps good for many years. It is a point of their religion not to steal or profane anything relating to bread or corn. I saw a Moorish woman in the street pick up a bit of bread from the ground, kiss it, and put it in a hole in the wall, under the idea that it might not be lost, but that a bird or something might profit by it.

From this corn-market a wild path leads, by a rather steep acclivity, to a mosque, where the "Festival of the Lamb" is annually kept; this feast would appear to have been derived from that of the Passover. It is, however, a strange and horrid ceremony, and consists in half cutting the throat of the animal, and a man, throwing the bleeding body over his shoulders, instantly runs down with it to the mosque in the town: if the wretched victim

prove still alive when he arrives there, it is considered a good omen for the coming year. The man so officiating wears a leather covering on his shoulders as a protection, being severely pelted by the boys to make him go the faster. They frequently kill animals as a sacrifice at the entrance to their houses; and if a great man is to be appeased, they offer up a bullock at his door.

We descended by a wild winding path, through thickets of the castor-oil plant (*palma Christi*), aloes, and enormous trees of the prickly pear,—through more horrors of dead animals lying scattered about to the disfigurement of an otherwise beautifully picturesque road, along a pass where some immense masses of wall had fallen down three or four days before, and commanding a fine view of the ruined mole. This mole, had it been kept in repair, would have made this a fine port, but the Moors never bestir themselves in the way of preservation or improvement. Tanger was anciently called Tingis, and gave its name to the province of Mauritania Tingitana; in 1471 it was taken by Alphonso V, king of Portugal, who by this and similar exploits, earned the surname of "The African." It was part of the dowry of Catherina of Portugal, when she was married

to Charles II; and when it was afterwards restored to Portugal, the English, on departing in 1684, blew up the mole. There are many relics of the Portuguese tenure of the town in the buildings, and there is a stone at the bottom of the wall on the sea shore, with a date and Portuguese inscription, half embedded in sand, and now difficult to decipher.

We returned through the Jewish cemetery, where several people were mourning, with apparent sincerity, over the tombs of their relations. The tombstones are all placed, according to the Israelitish custom, flat on the ground, with Hebraic inscriptions.

Passing by the tanpits, where the "Morocco" leather is prepared, we returned, after this most interesting walk, to the house of Mr. Hay, who is a most valuable cicerone, from his knowledge, information, and excellent taste, combined with the interest he evidently takes in a scene, which, though it is well worth all his admiration and research, can be no longer a novelty to him.

Our dinner was eaten in haste and anxiety, not from the fear of a railroad or steamboat departure, but from the equally agitating punctuality of the shutting of the town gates. Mr. Hay hurried down with us, and we escaped through the gate, attended also by the captain

of the port. We found the tide so low, that the boat had to be pushed far into the water, and the whole of the party to be carried into it by the sailors, to the accompaniment of a sackful of wadding fired over our heads by the evening gun.

We found the sea smoother than in the morning, but the wind was still blowing, and there was every appearance of rain. It was no easy matter to climb into the yacht, as it was rolling incessantly; and this motion continued the whole evening.

Nov. 7.—We were rejoiced to see a beautiful morning, which enabled us to fulfil an early engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Hay. We landed soon after nine o'clock, much more easily than yesterday, as the tide was high; and found Mr. Hay awaiting us on the beach, the progress to which is much impeded by large fragments of a vessel which was wrecked here a short time ago, in assisting the French corvette "La Coquette" that had got ashore; and the fragments are allowed to remain drifting about, close to the beach, and some of them precisely in the way of the natural landing place. On setting foot upon the shore, we found it crowded with very dirty, but well meaning, pilgrims, about to embark for Mecca: they are packed in small

vessels, so close that the hold and deck being quite filled they can hardly move, or change their clothes the whole voyage; and as the garments in which they visit Mecca are for ever sacred, they are not put off on their return, but are burned at the death of the pious wearers;—a fortunate circumstance for the survivors. The pilgrims provide themselves with muskets for their journey; these arms are very long, and of a peculiar shape. The Moors, be it observed, are remarkably good marksmen. Mr. Hay conducted us through this large assemblage, and we proceeded to his house, and found breakfast ready, with butter from his own dairy, marmalade of his own oranges, African honey, and a dish of kiscosou, a sort of semolina, much eaten here, and dressed in a variety of ways: it was now dressed like rice milk.

After an excellent breakfast, and having purchased some of the common Moorish pottery, we first went by the market-place, and stopped to look into a caravanserai, for which two minutes were amply enough, as it presented such a mass of dirt and dust as is seldom seen. On the ground floor were Moors and pilgrims to Mecca, some sitting, and some lying coiled up on the floor, under the arcades round the court; these arcades apparently serve also for stable

and stall, as mules and horses were partaking, with their much less clean human associates, the same habitation, which looked as if it had never been swept since it was built,—and this indeed was probably the case. We were glad to hurry out again, and were told that the first floor was in a still more revolting state of dirt.

We proceeded by a very rugged pavement up the narrow lanes to the castle, where the reigning pacha resides; but as there was then an interregnum (the last pacha being dead, and no new one yet appointed), Mr. Hay had obtained permission for us to see the residence of these great men,—a favour but rarely granted. Our guard found out the people left in charge, one of whom had been a gardener to Mr. Hay, and the other was his son; and they arrived with a bunch of about thirty enormous rusty keys. Having reached the first door, by a dirty covered passage, key after key was applied to the lock, but in vain; and though this was the great entrance, and the castle the residence of the emperor of Morocco when he chooses to come here, there was no hope or probability of guessing which was the right key, the gate literally never having been opened since the day the last pacha's effects were removed, a month before: much less had the passages been swept,

or the interior put to rights. Our time being precious, and there seeming no end to the struggle between the keys and the lock, we left the Moors to find out the right ones by the time we returned from our walk. Passing by the beautiful gate we saw yesterday, and over the bridge looking down into the great ditch full of the bones of animals, and where executions usually take place, we continued by beautiful little paths through thickets of old cactuses grown into trees, aloes, fig-trees, carob-trees, large canes, and abundance of periwinkles. By these pleasant paths we walked the distance of about a mile, and at length emerged on a plain, where the emperor of Morocco sometimes encamps; it overlooks the sea, and with views on all sides, the beauty and vastness of which it is difficult to describe. To the south is seen the district of wooded hills behind Tanger, over tiers of mountains called the Riffe Hills, reaching to the chain of Atlas: on the west, a beautiful valley with a stream, bordered by orange groves, and rising to fine hills covered with copse, the resort of wild boars: to the north, an immense expanse of open sea washing the foot of the steep precipice of rock on which we stood,—the coast of Spain distinctly visible opposite, and terminating with the shoals of Trafalgar; on

the east, the rock of Gibraltar, and the magnificent mountain of Abyla, on the African side, rising above all the others against the clear sky, and, what is uncommon, without a cloud on its top. It is impossible to give a notion of the splendour of this prospect, improved as it was by our fortunately arriving between "the former and the latter rain," which had given to the verdure and foliage the richness and freshness of spring. The day was extremely hot, with a light south wind, which did not raise a cloud, but left the sky and the sea alike of a brilliant turquoise blue. Over the plain were scattered the remains of aloe hedges, many of the gigantic plants being in flower:—these hedges were formerly the boundaries of gardens which once covered this beautiful spot, but when the emperor was here a few years ago, he took a fancy to encamp on this plain, and without any ceremony had all the gardens swept away at a stroke, without of course any compensation to the owners. On this spot were four twenty-four pounders, given by George III to the Sultan of Morocco, and half buried in the sand, their carriages having fallen to pieces. From the edge of the very steep precipice overhanging the sea we looked down on an immense mass of rock which had given way and fallen a year before. An eagle's

nest having been seen in one of the crevices of the then standing rock, three Moors went to secure it for one of Mr. Hay's family, who was making a zoological collection. The rain had probably penetrated some fissure of the rock, and loosened an enormous portion of it, which fell with a noise like thunder, and was heard in the town, burying under it two of the unfortunate Moors, whose bodies have never been extricated, and severely maiming the third, who however escaped with his life.

We continued upon our way through wild paths and thickets to look at the remains of an aqueduct, older than even the Roman period, and supposed to be Mauritanian; it stretches across a beautiful valley, called the Valley of the Jews, bordered with woods and gardens. On the top of a neighbouring hill is a white building, the burying place of a saint, and the ground round it is filled with the graves of his followers, who always prefer such a holy spot. We returned by a long and pretty path, with purple crocuses growing among the grass, through the gateway, and retraced our steps to the castle, where the guardian had not given himself much trouble as to discovering the right key, but, after puzzling and trying for some time longer, we at length effected an entrance into this strange

and inexplicable labyrinth of dusty passages; small rooms covered with cobwebs; courts, fountains, and corridors full of pigeons; strange, steep, narrow, and winding stairs, ending in very small rooms, in which were perhaps one bench, and an alcove in the wall, in which they pile cushions, and that seems to constitute all their furniture, without any farther additions, or the use of a brush or broom being thought of. The ceilings were almost all prettily inlaid and worked in the Alcazar style, though far inferior; but some of the plaster lace-work, and the coloured tiles in the walls and arcades, were very beautiful, though sadly spoiled by being coarsely whitewashed, part of the pattern being thereby clogged and defaced. The whole was in a state of dust and dirt beyond description, the walls mouldering away, and pigeons flapping about as if in possession of their natural abode.

We ascended into a small room with two steep wooden steps mounting to a common-looking window closed by shutters,—this was called the "sultan's seat," and the selection showed good judgment, in so far that when opened it led to a small balcony with a verandah, looking straight down from an immense height on the sea dashing at the foot of the cliff on which the palace is built, and ex-

tending over the glorious view, which I have before described, of Tarifa, Gibraltar, and the African mountains.

We passed through one or two small and neglected gardens, one of which, surrounded by high walls, had been appropriated to the ladies, whose apartments we wished to find; but here was the difficulty! our guide was utterly guiltless of any insight into the intricacies of the place, and rambled in one direction while we wandered in another, up and down staircases, landing in various obscure places, with doors about a foot-and-a-half wide, leading to some dark room without a thoroughfare. At length the mysterious retreats were discovered; they surround an arcade, and look down into the walled garden; each room consists of a small space about ten feet square, with an opening without a door to the corridor; but when inhabited, these doorways have a curtain before them. Some of these apartments have a still smaller inner room, with lace-work jalousies, near the ceiling, opening to other rooms or passages; and some had little cupboards all round them. These dismal little apartments are the abode of the harem! Every thing looked in the last stage of decrepitude, with positive mounds of rubbish amassed in the passages; and until a

new pacha appears, little preparation or cleaning will be thought of;—he will arrive with his attendants and harem, shake down his cushions, call for his pipe, and find himself comfortable.

We returned to dinner at Mr. Hay's, where we met one or two of his foreign neighbours, and then hastened as before to the shore, the cannon again discharging its contents over our heads as we reached our boat.

It is the custom of the place to close the gates not only at sunset, but also from twelve at noon till two, so that a stranger arriving between those hours would find it impracticable to effect an entrance into the town. This arises from a very general Moorish superstition, that the town will be some day taken by the Christians at the hour of prayer. Without Mr. Hay's kindness we could hardly have seen anything, as it is not safe, as I before observed, for Franks, or any strangers, to walk about without a guard. Mr. Hay is always accompanied by his Moorish soldier, and no one can ride into the country without an escort, the mountaineers being peculiarly awkward to meet with, as, without considering themselves cruel, they have very little regard for life in general, especially when it belongs to a Christian, or that it at all suits their purposes to shorten the thread of any

body's existence. The Moors are an exceedingly vindictive people; if one man has killed another (which is not an uncommon occurrence), the relations of the murdered man do not confine themselves to seeking his life, but they revenge themselves by putting an end to any of his relations,—a father, a brother, or a cousin; so that in this way feuds are kept up between families for an indefinite time. When they have a victim in view he never can hope to escape, for their pursuit continues till they succeed in destroying him. The women, however, always remain safe and uninjured—one redeeming trait with which I rejoice to relieve my gloomy picture of these people.

Their mode of executing criminals is said to be dreadful; beheading piecemeal, and with a knife; and occasionally stopping in the middle of this cruel operation to call for a sharper one; an incident which Mr. Hay's son one day happened to witness.

There is a mysterious story about two men supposed, not long ago, to have been guilty of assisting in secreting some treasure of the late pacha's. Their punishment consisted in having each an iron collar on the neck, fastened on with an iron bar, welded on red hot, to intimate that it was in real earnest, and meant to remain

for life; their legs were fastened together with an iron bar, and, worst of all, the two men were ironed together. They were imprisoned here for some time, and it is now believed they have been separated; but whether they have been sent to Morocco, or what is become of them, is not known: it is supposed they confessed their guilt concerning the treasure.

Tanger contains about six thousand inhabitants, of whom upwards of one-third are Jews, who carry on all the merchandize of the place. It belongs to the Sultan of Morocco, who appoints a pacha as governor, — usually the highest bidder to the chief vizier; and under him are subordinate officers, who carry on the administration with an appearance of regularity. We were fortunate in respect both of wind and weather during our stay here; for had it blown from the N.W. we could not have remained, as we should have been driven on shore; as it was, we occasionally rocked a good deal,—an inconvenience few would regard, when watching the beautiful sunsets of this coast. The twilight, however, is so short, as completely to realize the description—

> "As sets the sun on Afric's shore,
> One instant, all is night."

Nov. 8.—The boat took us ashore at half-

past eight. It was a beautiful morning, as hot as an English summer, and we intended to take advantage of its being Sunday, the great market day, to have another look at the camels. After breakfast, Mr. Hay accompanied us to the market-place outside the town, where we found an immense assemblage of natives, horses, mules, donkeys, and a few camels. The butchers were killing their oxen, and cutting them up in the open air. We walked through the garden of the Dutch consul, which is prettily laid out, and with plants which to us were curious and unknown. On returning, we met the funeral of a Moor of the poorest class: the body was wrapped up in a white sheet, and carried on a bier on the shoulders of some men, while a few others followed, singing a plaintive kind of chant, which is varied in the case of the funeral of a woman. We reached Mr. Hay's house again at eleven, and remained there while he read the morning service; and then took leave of him and Mrs. H., whose friendly kindness had made our visit so agreeable and so interesting.

We regained our ship, which was quite ready for sailing, weighed anchor, fired a farewell salute, and were off at half-past twelve. The appearance of the town to-day was ren-

dered more gay by the national flags waving above the consular houses, and the Morocco standard floating from the towers. It is difficult to describe the beauty of that day's sail along the African shore, with its magnificent mountains;—Mount Abyla rising above them all, with a cloud on its highest peak;—the Atlas range behind, and the opposite coast of Spain and Rock of Gibraltar very clear. The mildest possible south-wind took us on very quickly, with the eternal westerly tide flowing in its perpetual course from the Atlantic.

Giving a good berth to the sunken Pearl Rock, we entered the bay and anchored at five o'clock, among the other shipping by the inner mole, close under the town of Gibraltar.

The sailors harpooned one of the innumerable porpoises which were playing about the prow of the ship, as we entered the harbour. This fishery was an object of intense anxiety and interest to the crew, who were hanging under the prow with the harpoon in their hands, watching the moment when one of the hapless fish should dart across; not solely from a love of wanton sport, but also with a view to the oil the fish would yield, as well as to some cutlets with which they contrived to regale themselves. A number of merchantmen lay at anchor, and the

"Oriental" and "Great Liverpool" steamers were crossing each other at the moment we anchored; the former going to Alexandria, the latter to England. A boat with quarantine enquiries came alongside, and being satisfied we had not the plague, admitted us to pratique.

The appearance of the stupendous Rock just opposite to us was very singular this evening, beneath a brilliant moonlight; the rock itself being a great black mass, with, for a few minutes, a wreath of perfectly white clouds on its summit; the lights in the town below glimmering like a shower of glow-worms.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONVENT—THE ROCK—MOUNT CALPE—GALLERIES—SIGNAL POST—ALAMEDA—EUROPA POINT—JACOB'S LADDER—ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE—PARADE—GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA—ALAMEDA—CATHEDRAL—HISTORY.

"Through Calpe's Straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze."

Byron.

Nov. 9.—We had visits from some friends on land. The "Calcutta," eighty-four guns, commanded by Sir S. Roberts, came in with troops; some of whom were disembarked here, and the rest were going on to Syria. At half-past one P. M. we went on shore to call on the General Sir Alexander and Lady Woodford, whom we found in a delightful house, formerly a convent, and still retaining its old appellation;—built round a court, with a fountain surrounded by pepper trees, which are very pretty and graceful, about the size of acacias. The general's son then accompanied us on a walk to the Galleries. The town, which is very clean, looks pleasant and comfortable; with its medley of inhabitants, in

the costume of their different countries, and talking in their respective languages,—English, Spaniards, Moors, and Jews of all nations. The size, beauty, and condition of the mules here struck us very much; those we had hitherto seen in Portugal and at Seville were much smaller animals.

We ascended the hill, with an artillery orderly as a guide,—without whom, and an order from the general, no one is permitted to see the works,—passing by the ruins of an old Moorish castle, under which, according to a legend, a quantity of treasure is concealed. This castle was built in the year 712, when the general of the caliph Al Walid landed upon the isthmus, now the neutral ground, with an army of twelve thousand men, and erected it, in order to secure a communication with Africa, on Mount Calpe, where the town of Gibraltar now stands. It continued in the possession of the Saracens till 1309, when it was taken by Ferdinand the Fourth, king of Castile. In 1333 it surrendered to the son of the emperor of Fez, who came to the assistance of the Moorish king of Granada; in 1410 it fell into the power of Abul Hagex the Third, king of Granada, and was recovered by the Christians, under John de Guzman, in 1462. In the reign of Charles the Fifth, the

fortifications were modernized, extended, and strengthened; and, as is well known, it was finally taken by the English, under Sir George Rooke, in 1704, since which time they have retained possession of this important key to the Mediterranean. The galleries, or passages perforated in the rock, are very curious, and of great length, leading in many directions. The extent hardly strikes one, till on looking down through the embrasures, or crevices in the rock cut out for cannon, the amazing height from the plain below becomes terrifically apparent. The neutral ground, which separates Gibraltar from Spain, appears spread out like a flat map. A frightful accident happened here ten years ago: the discharge of one of the cannon ignited a chest of gunpowder, and by the explosion eleven men were whirled out through the embrasures, and dashed to pieces. The sergeant, now our guide, was placed at the time on the plain below, to observe the effect of the practice in firing the mortars; he suddenly saw something, which he described as being like bundles of rag, or pieces of wadding, whirled up to a great height in the air,—and these were the bodies of the wretched men, which were afterwards found torn to fragments! He spoke of the reverberation in the galleries when the cannon is fired

as quite stunning. After seeing the chamber called St. George's Hall, we proceeded by the subterraneous galleries through the rock; and emerging from thence, after a very long, hot, and fatiguing, but interesting walk, we attained the Signal Post, where we waited a little while, in hopes that a foggy cloud, which hung upon the rock, and obstructed our view of Africa, would clear off; but the thickness increased, and we returned, entering the town by a long flight of steps at the end of our descent from the rock.

We regained our boat at "The Ragged Staff," by the parade ground, a very good landing-place, with a little winding wooden staircase and drawbridge, not far from the convent. The evening gun fired for sunset from the tower before we reached the gate, which is the signal for shutting the great one, but the general's order allows this one to be open till eleven.

Nov. 10.—We landed at the Ragged Staff at eleven o'clock, walked along the Parade, a large and handsome space of ground, surrounded by trees over the sea; from hence the general accompanied us to the Alameda, or public gardens, which are very prettily laid out by himself; abounding with geraniums, and many very fine plants. We called on the captain of the port,

Sir J. Sinclair, about a mile farther, and found the ladies of his family at home, in a very pretty house, with a still prettier garden, full of beautiful plants—Spanish jasmine, euphorbias, and some very fine stone pines. We afterwards visited some military acquaintances at Europa Point, to which the road the whole way from Gibraltar is most beautiful, being a sort of terrace over the sea and under the rock, through a luxuriant wood of aloes, many of which were in flower, cactuses, acacias, stone pines, bellas sombras, figs, and creepers of all kinds; besides vineyards, gardens, walks and woods, interspersed with rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly over them, and on the top of which we were lucky enough to discover two monkeys.

Some corn which had been sown a week before, had shot up to the incredible height of six inches in five days. At the Europa Point a new lighthouse was nearly finished; the general's country house is a little beyond, prettily situated over the sea, with a perpendicular rock behind it; the garden was beginning to be scarlet with the flower of the small Barbadoes aloes.

We returned, accompanied by our friends, from Europa point, and mounted by a steep walk, and a wooden staircase called "Jacob's

Ladder," where the wind was pre-eminently distressing to the petticoated members of the party; and passing the Jews' burying-ground, by a long and steep ascent, we attained St. Michael's Cave. This cave is immensely large and curious, but we were unprovided with lights, not foreseeing that we should come here; however, we were fortunate in falling in with a gentleman, who was drawing the interior, and by the light of his torch we saw the inner part of the cave, called the Cathedral, which is mysteriously high and grand. There are passages in this cavern which have never been fathomed. Two or three years ago, two men madly set out, without any light, for the strange purpose of thus making discoveries: one slipped down into a great chasm (the wet making it in places very slippery), and broke his arm; the other having got a rope, to try to help him up, went down after him, but the rope broke, and he was killed on the spot. It was long before either could be drawn up; the survivor had his arm set, but died of the fall in about a month.

We walked down to the Waterport, where we found our boat, in a high sea and small rain. A considerable swell generally pervades the bay from eleven A.M. till sunset, but it was to-day accompanied by a strong breeze, and the even-

ing was dark and disagreeable, which gave us a tossing row at seven o'clock to the Ragged Staff, to dine with the General and Lady Woodford. Amongst others, we met there Sir J. Jones, who was come to survey the fortifications, which require much reparation, the amount of which will be about three hundred thousand pounds. Many years ago, Sir John was walking over the rock with a friend, Mr. N., and they had scrambled up to a point at an immense height overhanging a precipice, when Mr. N. turning round to speak to his companion, made a step backwards, where there was no footing, and fell down the precipice; in falling he caught hold of the branch of a shrub, which held him for a few minutes, but the root gave way, and he was dashed to pieces on the neutral ground below, having been precipitated down the tremendous height of many hundred feet.

After a pleasant evening, we found the sea rather quieter on our return at night.

Nov. 11.—We profited by a fine morning to go on shore to the parade, at ten o'clock, where the general was inspecting the Seventh Fusiliers, the effect of whose performance was increased by the beauty of the spot where they were reviewed. Colonel Bridgeman accompanied the general, being here for a few days on his

way to take the command in Syria, where, before many months had elapsed, he fell a victim to the unhealthiness of the climate, which proved fatal to many of our troops. We then went with Lady W. to see the public library, which consists of a good store of books in two handsome rooms.

Nov. 12.—After receiving some visits from our friends at Gibraltar, we weighed anchor at four o'clock P.M., and sailed away full of admiration of the beauty and magnificence of the place. Fine views of the African coast, a dead calm, and fine starlight night.

Nov. 13.—Found ourselves early off Malaga, a town beautifully placed on the sea-shore, surrounded by superb mountains. There was little wind, but what there was, was puffing about in all directions, so that we had some trouble to get within the new mole, but we finally settled ourselves successfully, and dropped our anchor at two o'clock P.M. We had previously been visited by the Sanidad boat, and obtained pratique. Mr. Mowbray the ship-chandler came on board to offer his services, and we found him extremely obliging and useful in the absence of our consul, Mr. Mark, who was that day gone to Gibraltar in the "Scorpion" brig of war, which we heard afterwards had, through calms and

adverse winds and currents, been twelve days on its passage.

The evening becoming rainy, our only enlivenment was an incessant and vehement firing of cannon and musketry from a French brig, "La Cigogne", which was stationed close to us, going through the practice of a sham fight—manœuvres not usually performed in harbour, from the risk of fire to the rigging of neighbouring ships. This achievement, we heard, gave offence to the authorities of the town.

Nov. 14.—Beautiful morning: the glass higher than it has yet been. The day was principally employed in settling, through the medium of Mr. Mowbray, the best method of proceeding to Granada. The result of all the various information we procured on the subject, from him and from our banker, was, that the quietest manner in which we could accomplish the journey would be the best, and that it would be more advisable to proceed in a small party without any suite or appearance of precaution, than to avail ourselves of the orders for an escort which the Spanish minister in London had given us. We therefore decided on hiring a tolerably respectable-looking coach, on what they call springs, of a man named Juan Batista, who engaged to drive us with five horses,

(our party consisting of three), to Granada, setting out on the following Monday, and sleeping two nights on the road. His agreement for going and returning was for seventeen hundred reals, i. e. eighty-five dollars, or about eighteen pounds sterling. We were to stay, moreover, two days at Granada, and for each day we remained beyond that time we were to pay three dollars more.

There is a pretty Alameda at Malaga, planted as usual with acacias, and at one end of it a marble fountain, that was presented to the emperor Charles V by the republic of Genoa;—and on to the westward beyond the town is a long walk bordered with geraniums. Indeed, the walks on all sides are very beautiful, so that those of our party who remained at Malaga were pleasantly situated.

Our French neighbour succeeded today in firing off a small brass cannon, which decidedly struck work yesterday, and as it was pointed directly at us, we had the full benefit of the wadding. On the other side they fired straight against the mole.

Nov. 15.—We went on shore soon after ten o'clock to the cathedral, a very handsome Grecian building, begun by Philip II in 1528. Fine carving in the choir, of cedar and maho-

gany, and two large organs, but inferior in tone to those at Seville. The ceiling is also richly carved.

The ancient city of Malaga (supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians) formed the capital of an independent principality under the Moors in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and was a town of great wealth and importance. Its neighbourhood was famed for the manufacture of silk, which was a principal article of commerce, and its advantageous position on the Mediterranean promoted its traffic with various and remote countries. The city was the chosen abode of a luxurious and opulent people, surrounded by fortifications of great strength and extent; and the remains of one of the old fortresses, the Gibralfaro, still exist, standing above the town, on a declivity of the Sierra Axarquia. It was besieged by Ferdinand and Isabella, in their zeal for the extirpation of the religion of the Moors, in 1487, and, after the subjection of the surrounding country, it surrendered, after a siege of three months, when mass was performed in celebration of the conquest, numbers of Christian captives found there in confinement were liberated, and the unfortunate Moors were doomed to slavery, under circumstances of unjustifiable oppression and barbarity.

The number of inhabitants at that time in the town were computed at from eleven to fifteen thousand. It was soon repeopled by the Christians; but it was long before it recovered the state of prosperity and commercial importance which it enjoyed in the time of the Moors.

CHAPTER VII.

TO GRANADA—GUARDAS DE CAMINO—COLMENAR—COUNTRY—VENTA DE LOS NAJOS—DANGEROUS ROAD—LOXA—XENIL—VENTA NUEVA—SIERRA NEVADA—VEGA—SANTA FE—GRANADA.

"The sun declines—upon Nevada's height
There dwells a mellow'd flush of rosy light;
Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow
Smiles in the richness of that parting glow,
And Darro's wave reflects each passing dye
That melts and mingles in the purpled sky."

Hemans.

Nov. 16.—THE weather fortunately fine but cold at six o'clock, when we were called. We landed on the pier soon after eight, and found our ancient yellow coach awaiting us, looking, like all foreign ones, very ruinous, with five horses of unequal sizes, but of pretty equal condition. The driver sits on a low seat in front, and drives the five in hand. Two boys ran by the side the whole way to guide and lead the horses, and were only occasionally indulged with a short rest by jumping up to the side of the driver on a corner of his seat.

Mr. Mowbray met us on the pier, and also

Mr. Rixon, a Scotch gentleman, long established as a wine-merchant at Malaga; these gentlemen seemed gratified to hear that the precaution had been taken of providing a pair of loaded pistols, which were not thought superfluous; and with our being also provided with a letter of credit on Granada, as they expected us to be relieved of our ready cash in the course of the journey. Having inserted our three selves and our luggage (which was packed in leather bags with locks) into the coach, in the presence of a great part of the Malaga population, we began our journey. We found our coach tolerably endurable and clean, and with substitutes for springs. Our provisions, which it was absolutely necessary to take, consisted of tea, sugar, currant jelly, biscuits, ham, wine, and some preserved meats in tin cases, which were ingeniously packed in our copper washing tubs, and a canteen which we did not want, and which is generally more inconvenient than serviceable. A case with knives, forks, spoons, and teapot, is an indispensable accompaniment; and another very useful little leather case, with three drinking horns in it, completed our commissariat. We also took my brass camp bedstead, two Indian-rubber mattresses, sheets, and towels; and there should have been night-lights: the

mattresses and sheets were all rolled up in their large leather case and tied behind the carriage; the other things were disposed of inside the carriage and under the seats. Our two copper tubs, —filled, as I have stated,—swung in a matting between the driving-seat and the carriage.

All these details are specified for the benefit of future travellers, as in this adventure it is absolutely requisite to take all necessaries;—still it is a great trouble to be burdened with too much, and it would also be unwise and unsafe to take any thing of value, or, indeed, a great deal of any thing. Personal decorations, of watches, chains, &c. are best omitted, as they are strong temptations to the very wild and lawless people who inhabit the interior, as well as to the owners of your resting place for the night.

The ascent on leaving Malaga is very long and beautiful, by a zigzag road, cut over the mountains, through banks of cactus (which is planted for the fruit), aloes, vines, and fig-trees, olive woods, orange gardens, cypresses, and other trees. The views on the ascent into the interminable mountains of the interior are exquisite, as well as those commanding the town and sea.

The day became very hot, and we proceeded over an uneven and stony road, meeting at two

places certain Guardas de Camino, stationed to protect travellers, who are expected to give them a small piece of money. These men may be of some use in giving an idea of police, though in the very long intervals at which they are placed, perhaps ten or twenty miles asunder, acts of violence are committed, without any chance of interference on their parts.

We descended the mountain on its northern side, and arrived at two o'clock at Colmenar, a small and miserable place, where the reputation of the inhabitants is that of being "mala gente," which, no doubt, they well deserve in common with their neighbours. The horses were not taken from the carriage, but only rested half an hour. We had now attained a wilder country, though all the valleys were well cultivated. Near Malaga the extent of the vineyards covering the hills is prodigious, each with a small white house guarding its own possessions, which would look agreeable apart from the dirt within, and the roasting sun to which they are exposed the greater part of the year. Many of the houses have double avenues of fine cypresses leading to them.

We met all along the road long files of mules and donkeys, well laden with corn, raisins, and new wine, going to Malaga; their

drivers the very counterpart in costume and ferocity to the banditti assembled in a melodrama. Some of the dresses were very handsome, and the wearers are generally armed with a long gun to protect their property; not to mention a tremendous knife concealed in their sash. We propitiated those we met, with: "Vaya usted con Dios;" "May you go with God;" or, "Dios guarde á ustedes;" "May God guard ye," the ordinary salutation of the country; to which they responded in the same words. The road continued winding on through the mountains till we arrived at the Venta de los Najos, at five o'clock, just before dark; it is a solitary house, with immense rocky mountains rising all round it, in a wild and desolate position. We drove under an archway into a court, which is walled in, and fortified by strong gates locked at night. Into this enclosure the flocks of goats belonging to the Venta are driven at the close of day, and turned out again in the morning to graze on the mountains. The lower windows of the house are also securely barred. We alighted in a large dark-looking sort of hall, i. e. all the ground-floor in one, comprising sitting-room, kitchen, and stable, with no partition. At one end, a small wood fire on the ground emitted a faint glare, with a wild dirty-looking family collected

round it. We asked if we could have rooms: the answer was an indifferent "Si;" and a woman showed us up stairs by the light of a tin lamp. We found two rooms, with the red tiled floors apparently tolerably clean, the walls white-washed, a few chairs and a small table in each; she then left us to our own reflections, and to get our things brought up as we could. One of our running footmen soon got up our baggage, and we unpacked our beds, and inflated our mattresses; during which operation various members of the community below came up to stare at us. There was no lack of light, there being an ample supply of twisted cotton wicks floating in open tin reservoirs of olive oil, on high stands in the antique fashion.

Having procured some bed-stands (by no means bad inventions) of three planks placed across two transverse bars of wood with legs to them, we stretched our mattresses and made our beds.

José, the elder adolescent, and the 'chico,' (the little boy), brought us our tubs full of water, and having settled our rooms to the best of our power, we took below some of Gamble's soup and bouilli; and having with some trouble procured a clean brass saucepan, we held it over the fire till it was hot; and on this, with the

help of our bread and wine and water, we supped very well, and soon bethought ourselves of sleep, for which the camp bedstead and real mattress were much more efficacious than the resting-place of my two companions, who were floating about on air and Indian-rubber. We fastened our doors at about eight o'clock, and the house was hushed in perfect tranquillity soon after.

The distance from Malaga to the Venta de los Najos is about twenty miles, and being a very rough and hilly road, the journey required eight hours to accomplish.

We aroused ourselves at six o'clock, according to a watch which we had secured among us; and found that one unpleasant feature of early rising, in these regions, is, that as the windows have no glass, but merely wooden shutters, the effort to obtain daylight introduces a considerable quantity of mountain air, which at this season, and at this early hour, is bitterly cold.

Our tubs secured us a bath, and we made a good breakfast of our own tea and bread,—eggs being, as in the yacht, the substitute for milk, which is not to be thought of in these parts. We had some of them fried, and, though good in themselves, they had imbibed a little oil out of the saucepan. On the whole we were better

off here than we expected: the walls and floors of our rooms were tolerably clean, and the only specimen of the insect tribe which visited us was an enormous spider.

We set out before nine, after repacking our beds and our goods, and mounted a very long ascent by the side of a valley, which grew narrower and narrower, till it became a magnificent pass through mountains, with a steep precipice on one side, and the road excessively jolting, rocky, rough, and narrow in the extreme, with no parapet. The sides of the mountains were covered with tufts of thyme and other aromatic shrubs; the valley below richly cultivated; the houses appearing like little specks; and the paths and water-courses like streaks of light.

As we descended, there were frequent chasms to cross where the road had broken in, and we had considerable difficulty either to avoid them or to drag the carriage over them.

The road had been beautifully conducted originally by the French, over the mountains, and well constructed, but has been entirely neglected for a length of time, and will shortly become wholly impassable, as it is never repaired, and every change of weather of course occasions new devastation. It became very bad as we descended through a beautiful forest of large

evergreen oaks, some part of which extended quite to the summit of the mountains.

After jumbling through bogs and over masses of rock, we approached Loxa, the view of which is extremely fine: it is a very picturesque town, in the valley, with an isolated citadel rising high in the midst of it, on a single pinnacle of rock, the river Xenil flowing below. A sudden frenzy here seized Batista and his two satellites, and they urged the horses, by dint of shouting, whipping, and dragging, at full gallop through the streets; which being hardly wide enough to allow the carriage to pass between the huge projecting iron grilles of the windows, with narrow turns, very precipitous, and roughly paved with sharp stones, was a piece of ostentation which might have been well spared, and it was next to a miracle that either horses or carriage escaped being demolished. However, we arrived safe, and the horses breathless, at the arch of the Posada, where they were to rest for an hour-and-a-half.

Meanwhile we took a walk in the streets; but finding the views of the castle, which we wished to sketch, closed in on all sides, from the excessive steepness of the streets, —some of which were simply flights of steps, —and being deterred by the extreme dirt

from further researches, we returned to the carriage, and left Loxa at three, descending by a road too bad for belief, being a combination of sloughs and fathomless ruts, with large lumps of rock, to a wild tract of ground, on the banks of the Xenil, famous in Moorish story, and prettily wooded, but a most arduous route for a carriage to pass along.

In one place coach and horses had to leap a double fence, and shortly after to take a ditch, after struggling through a gap in a hedge; the road became fearful from swamps, and we walked by paths on a high bank at the side a good part of the way.

Darkness came on fast, and the road at length fairly became a prolonged pond, and as it grew too dark for us to hazard drowning ourselves on foot, we took to the coach again, which, supernaturally, still remained unbroken; and after pulling, and dragging, and floundering for a considerable way further, we arrived at the Venta Nueva, at six. The distance from the Venta de los Najos to the Venta Nueva is reckoned at seven leagues, about twenty-one miles, a distance we were nine hours in performing.

We drove under an archway into a walled court-yard as usual, and made our way into the

large ground-floor hall, where a singular scene met our weary eyes. This inn was much larger than that of last night, and the great ground-floor room, with the fire glimmering at the remotest end, reminded one of the Hall of Eblis. By the light of some distant lamps, several parties of people were discernible, principally muleteers, sitting in groups, — some around the fire, others at small tables at supper; donkeys and mules stamping, eating, and shaking themselves in their stalls; dogs and cats prowling about, and a great noise and confusion of voices and sounds; but altogether too dark to see anything distinctly. Having obtained the guidance of a woman with a lamp, we proceeded to reconnoitre the upper floor, to which we ascended by a small wooden staircase, and found ourselves in an immensely long and wide corridor, extending all the length of the building, with an ample quantity of rooms on each side. Among them we found two adjoining each other, unoccupied and tolerably clean, where we settled ourselves, having procured bed-stands, as we had done the night before.

Having unpacked and made our beds, we descended with some of our provisions and cooked them in a saucepan, as yesterday, amidst the mixed assembly collected below. In the room

adjoining ours was a soldier lying on the floor, and a woman sleeping with her head on a table, a type of hopeless discomfort. In the room next to that was a party of five or six people at supper. This influx of company was occasioned by the galera, an inferior kind of diligence, stopping here for the night, on its way from Granada to Cordova and Seville. These people were very quiet, and though our door was often gently pushed open by two large dogs, who came to assist at our supper, we heard little more of the company, except the stamping and braying of the donkeys and mules on the floor below us, and we went to bed as soon as we had finished supper. We had, unfortunately, forgotten to bring any night lights, and a resource of that kind is of use in this sort of uncertain domicile. The doors, however, locked well inside, and we therefore filled one of the native lamps with oil, and keeping another as a relay, we continued to maintain a light till five, when we got up, obtained our breakfast by the efforts of our own hands, and, as before, substituted eggs for milk; for though there was a large flock of beautiful goats in the court, our Spanish hosts seemed to have no idea of benefiting by their milk. The galera set off shortly before us, and we departed before eight.

We found the morning cold, particularly with open windows, but the weather afterwards became hot. The road was dreadfully bad, and we had several streams to cross, to say nothing of gullies and water courses. There is a great deal of corn land about this part, and the natives were ploughing and sowing: in one or two places their zeal had led them to perform those manœuvres absolutely across the high road. At one o'clock we reached a dismal venta, near the banks of the Xenil, where we saw no human creature belonging to the place, but the horses baited for an hour-and-a-half. The Duke of Wellington's extensive estate runs from this point, in a north-easterly direction. Mr. Stewart, chaplain to the American fifty-four gun frigate, the "Brandywine," on the Mediterranean station, and his son, passed us here on horseback, on their return from Granada to Malaga.

From this venta there is a view of a large farm on a rising ground, entirely surrounded by walls, for defence and security, like a fort; and beyond this we first saw the range of the Sierra Nevada, rising very finely above Granada, the summit covered with snow; and soon after Granada itself was visible, at the extremity of an immense plain,—the celebrated Vega, now

deserted and bare, formerly covered with magnificent gardens, and luxuriant in vegetation: the town finely situated, stretching wide along the base of the mountains.

Nothing could be more despairing than the state of the road for many miles over this plain, only varied by little tufts of arid shrubs, broom, thyme, &c. The track was like a ploughed bog, frequently menacing to overturn us. Granada, always tantalizing, was before us, but appearing never one "bit the nearer." We left Santa Fé on the left, the road through it being even worse than the one we followed. Santa Fé was built by Ferdinand and Isabella, during the siege of Granada, as a permanent camp for their troops. It took us three hours to perform the last two leagues, towards the latter part of which we again went through a pond, and as we approached Granada in the dusk, we had to surmount some little mounds which the inhabitants, by some combination more suited to their own convenience than that of the public, had industriously raised across the road to preserve the water for the purpose of irrigating their olive gardens. We passed through the village of Aladin, and saw some very large paved threshing-floors, by the roadside. At length, after winding and circum-

voluting for a long time, we reached Granada, having travelled seven leagues that day, and stopped at the Fonda del Comercio, which is the best inn in the town. We were dismayed at first by hearing that they had but one room vacant, as the house was full; however, by dint of research, another was found in the upper story; and in these two, with promise of better the next day, we arranged ourselves. We had supper in a large public room, with several tables, and found the "cuisine" not bad; we had red-legged partridges, and some small birds —fieldfares, thrushes, or tom-tits; arranged our own beds, on the inn bedsteads, and slept well.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATHEDRAL—CAPILLA REAL—TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA—POMEGRANATE GATE—TORRES BERMEJOS—ALAMEDA DE LOS POBRES—ALHAMBRA—MOORISH HOUSE—GENERALIFE—CONVENT DE LOS MARTIRES—ZACATIN—LA SILLA DEL MORO—VIVARAMBLA—XENIL ALAMEDA.

"For here, 'tis said, at midnight's spectral hour,
Boabdil leads again his vanquished pow'r;
With meteor pennon streaming to the gale
His warriors march beneath the moonbeam pale."

Graham.

Nov. 19.—AMONG a variety of good things at breakfast, they gave us an excellent preparation of preserved peaches (*melocotones*, in Spanish); after which we changed our apartments, and then engaged a guide, who proved a good one, and spoke English, among other languages; by name, Mr. Manuel Bensacken.

We went first to the cathedral; a fine Grecian building of mixed architecture, in which are two beautiful organs, with superb gilded frame-work; no good pictures, but some fine stained

glass in the dome. In a small chapel on the left hand side is an image of the Virgin, which was carried before Ferdinand the Catholic, in his wars with the Moors.

A fine old arch, beautifully sculptured, leads to the Capilla Real, adjoining the cathedral, which contains the two magnificent white marble monuments erected by Charles the Fifth: one to Ferdinand and Isabella,—whose whole-length recumbent effigies are larger than life,—and the other, of the same kind, to Philip and Joanna. The sculpture of these monuments is superb, and forms a striking and melancholy contrast to the four plain leaden coffins, which contain their ashes in the vault below, together with that of Miguel de la Paz, a grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, who died young, in 1500.

It is mournfully impressive to see these coffins reposing silently on the very spot which had been the scene and subject of so much anxiety and contention to their inmates! and occasioned so much woe and bloodshed to two nations. Now all is quiet for ever! those turbulent spirits now sleep their last sleep, till the final doom shall be pronounced, and judgment passed on those whose motives will then be made known; but who certainly did evil in the

belief that good might come, in dispossessing an ancient, refined, and unoffending people, whose crime it was, that they had been nurtured in a creed which differed from that of their conquerors.

On the screen on each side of the altar is some curious old Spanish wooden carving, coloured, and very little relieved, representing the entry of Ferdinand and Isabella into the Alhambra; with the Moorish king Abdallah—called also Boabdil, or El Rey Chico—presenting them with the key. On another panel is the ceremony of baptising the Moors; and on a corresponding one that of the baptism of the Moorish women, all by wholesale, and probably with no consent asked. The women were covering their faces with their haiks, exactly as we saw done by their descendants at Tanger. In the sacristy are the sceptre, crown, and sword of Ferdinand. Of these symbols of royalty he had three sets, which he left at his death to the three principal cities of his kingdom, Madrid, Toledo, and Granada. The missal used by his priest, a small picture belonging to his private chapel, some standards carried by his cavalry and infantry, and some priests' garments, are also preserved here;—the latter were embroidered, and very beautifully, in coloured silks,

with little figures of sacred subjects, by queen Isabella. All this was doubly interesting to us, who had just been reading Prescott's admirable history of the life of Ferdinand and Isabella, Washington Irving's "Alhambra," and "Conquest of Granada," as also the "Voyage en Espagne" by the Marquis de Custines,—the latter a useful book, though perhaps a little highly coloured. From the top of the tower of the cathedral is a very fine view of the town and the Alhambra.

Near the cathedral is the Casa de Ayuntamientos, a handsome old building, erected by Charles the Fifth, carved and painted. From thence we went past the court-house, of Ionic architecture, built in Philip the Second's time, through the street of the Gomeres, where there is an old Moorish house, which once belonged to one of that family. Thence to the Pomegranate Gate, a handsome arch of Charles the Fifth's time, with pomegranates and spread-eagles carved upon it,—an opened pomegranate being the device of Granada. Leaving on the right the old Torres Bermejos, or Vermilion Towers, supposed to be more ancient than the Alhambra, and by some attributed to the Phœnicians,—we proceeded by the Alameda de los Pobres, which is a beautiful broad gravel-walk

through a wood, perfectly well kept, with wooded banks, and bordered by a clear rill, with handsome fountains at each end. This beautiful approach leads to the Alhambra, passing by another copious fountain, erected by Charles the Fifth, immediately under one of the old Moorish walls.

Above the Gate of Judgment, the mysterious hand, the symbol of Providence, is carved over the first arch; and the key, the emblem of Faith, over the inner one. To these, tradition ascribed a magic charm; until the hand should come down and grasp the key, the Alhambra and the dominion of the Moors were to stand fast;—but the prediction did not hold good; the Moorish kingdom has fallen, but the hand and key remain unmoved. A winding passage under this arch conducts, with very sharp turns, to a large open space on the summit of the hill, where, surrounded by the Moorish walls, is Charles the Fifth's unfinished palace, from the completion of which the Emperor was deterred by frequent earthquakes. It is in very handsome rustic architecture, with columns and fine bas-reliefs in black marble, of so high a polish as to have the appearance of bronze. The whole building was erected on the site of the Alhambra winter palace; but

the taste must be condemned which could place it side by side with the Saracenic architecture of the Alhambra. There are large subterranean Moorish cisterns in front of it, still in use. On the side of this, below on the left, a small ordinary-looking door conducts into the summer palace of the Alhambra, and one instant transports the visitor into the fairy land of architecture and gardens,—so well described by Washington Irving, as to render it vain for any other pen to attempt to do it justice; and the task would seem still more hopeless, after having seen it. Even his description appears to fall short of the almost aerial grace, beauty, and exquisite loveliness of the arcades, halls, gardens and fountains, which appear to have been only just abandoned by their refined and high-bred, but unfortunate possessors.

The reservoir in the first garden, called the court of the Alberca, is of the clearest water, lighted up with gold fish, and bordered by myrtles and roses; the arcades and halls being covered with the finest stucco-work, supported on marble columns.

The Court of the Lions is the next garden; it takes its name from a fountain in the centre, consisting of a bason supported by twelve lions. Round the court—in size about one

hundred feet by fifty—is an arcade of one hundred and forty-one columns, with a portico at each end. On the right side, in the centre, is the Hall of the Abencerrages, the traces of whose blood are said to be marked by the black stains which still appear on the margin of a fountain in the centre of the white marble pavement.

The story of the massacre of the thirty-six Abencerrages, which took place by the command of Abdallah, the last king of Granada, and in his presence, is as follows:

The Zegris, a powerful Moorish family, were the mortal enemies of the Abencerrages, and jealous of the favour they enjoyed with the king and queen. One day, one of the Zegris perceived the queen Fatima in close conference with Albin Hamet, the chief of the Abencerrages, under one of the cypresses in the garden of the Generalife. This was related to Abdallah, with insinuations calculated to inflame his jealousy, and prompt him to revenge himself upon the rival family. In consequence he invited them all to the palace of the Alhambra, and causing them to be admitted singly, had them beheaded one by one at the fountain in this hall. Thirty-six fell victims, and more would have been slain, if the slave of one of

them, who happened to witness the tragedy, had not escaped to the gate and given warning of their danger to those who remained: they instantly fled, and stirred up the citizens to avenge their murdered relatives. The people espoused their cause, and the tumult was not subdued until two hundred of the Zegris had been slain. The king escaped with difficulty, by concealing himself in a neighbouring mosque. When tranquillity was restored, a council was held, in which the matter was debated, and the queen was sentenced to be burnt alive, if within thirty days she did not produce four champions to vindicate her honour, in combat with her four accusers, the chiefs of the Zegris. No champions arrived, and on the fatal day the queen was led to the place of execution, when suddenly four Christian knights came forth, whom she had secretly summoned to defend her cause. They engaged in the combat, and vanquished the infidels, who owned with their dying breath the falsehood of their accusations.

Opposite to this Hall is the Sala de las dos Hermanas, or Two Sisters, so named from two enormous slabs of marble in the pavement. The ceilings of these rooms are beyond all praise, and certainly beyond all description, for beauty, intricacy, and delicacy of pattern. The

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colouring in many parts is still quite fresh, particularly the gold and azure, the effect of which is very remarkable, especially in the honeycomb sort of niches in the corners, like icicles, intermingled with gold and colours. The tiles which are much used in the sides of the rooms, are like rich enamel. The Hall of Justice is on one side of the Court of Lions, where mass was first celebrated in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, when they took possession of the Alhambra; and beyond, the pretty but small garden of Lindaraxa, with its marble fountain, and orange and citron trees.

Some now desolate looking rooms, which were formerly painted and prepared for Philip V and Elizabeth of Parma, would make a paradise of a habitation, if again put in order; these lead by various windings and corridors to a balcony, grated entirely over, like a bird-cage, said to have formed part of the prison of Fatima, the wife of Abdallah, and where more recently Joanna the Insane, mother of Charles the Fifth, was confined. The view from the Tocador, *i. e.* the small dressing-room of the Moorish queens, at the top of the tower, with no windows, but open arcades on the three sides, is beyond all description beautiful, looking down the precipitous cliff on which the Alhambra is placed, to the valley below—upon the whole of old as well

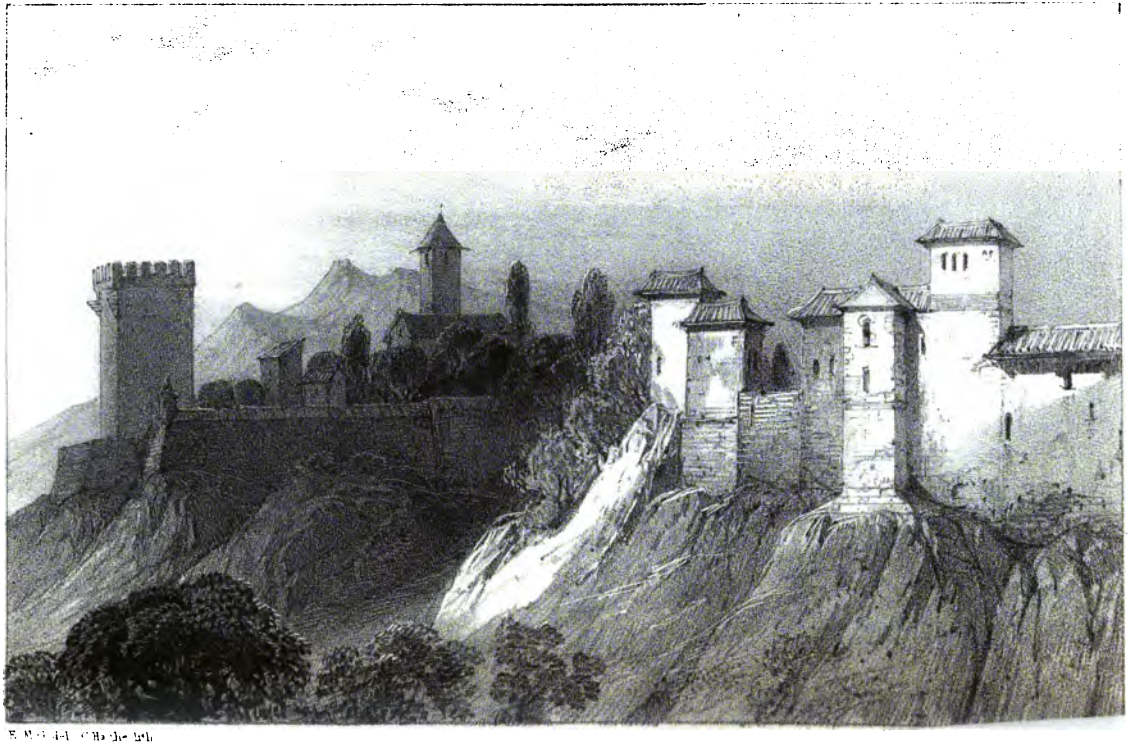
as new Granada—on its numerous convents on the hills beyond, now untenanted and mouldering to decay, but still magnificent from their size and position; and above, on the eminence to the right, is the other Moorish palace, the Generalife;—the entire expanse of the Vega, or immense plains of gardens, vineyards, and cultivation, which still surround Granada, extending to the desert plains which we had traversed, and which were formerly all cultivated; the whole terminating in immense chains of mountains.

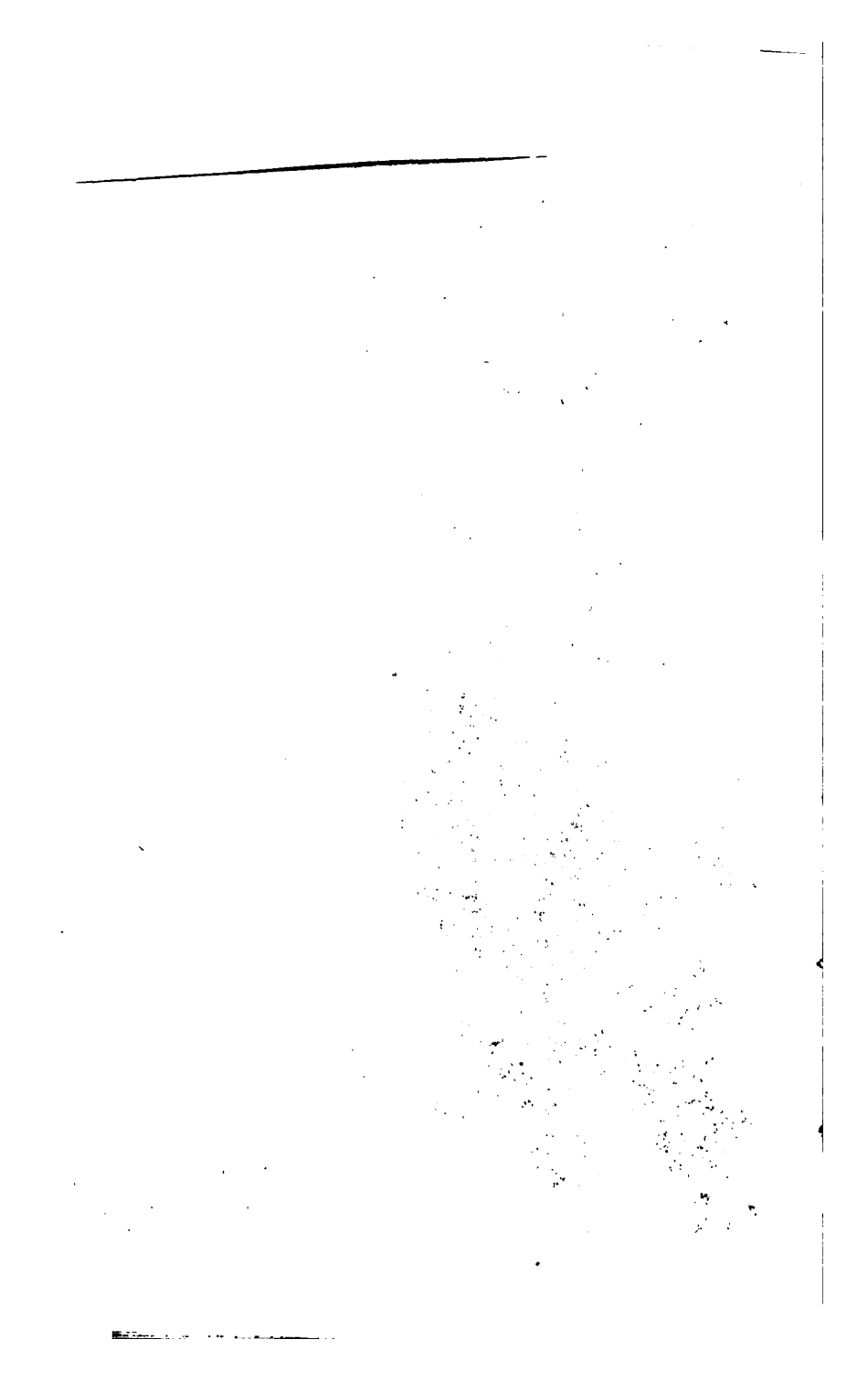
> "Where is the coward who would not dare
> To fight for such a land?"

I cannot conceive any land under the sun more beautiful; and the weather, as it happened, was no less so,—a glowing blue sky and hot sun, after a few early showers.

In one corner of the floor of the Tocador is a square stone, perforated with holes, which, as it corresponds with a fire-place in the room below, is supposed to have been intended to admit the smoke of perfumes.

We left this delicious spot with regret, and descended to the Sala de Secreto, a whispering gallery, leading to three beautiful apartments, with two large baths for the king and queen, and a smaller one for the little prince. The roofs of these apartments are, as usual, beauti-





fully worked, and partly open to the outward air, large holes being perforated, which form part of the pattern.

From here we proceeded to the Sala de las Camas, with a large alcove at each end, for the king and queen to repose in after bathing, with galleries above for music. Thence to the treasury, a long vaulted corridor, with two ill-worked female statues at the entrance,—where certain jars, containing gold and silver, were found after the expulsion of the Moors,—it leads to the mosque, with a prettily carved and gilded wooden ceiling; this mosque is now converted into a chapel. From hence we were led to the finest apartment of all, the Hall of Comares, opening into the Hall of the Ambassadors, a splendid room, forty feet square. The ceiling is of most elaborate beauty, vaulted, and so high that its actual elevation can scarcely be calculated, as it loses itself in one dark labyrinth of carving, gilding, and colour. The patterns on the walls defy imitation, for variety, richness, and delicacy. In a small room, into which we looked through a window from the garden, is an old Moorish iron chest, with strong clasps, found in the treasury, and a large china jar, which, when discovered, was full of coins. Above the gorgeous hall of the ambassadors,

rises the immense square brick tower of Comares. Strong walls surround the palace, and a large space of ground and gardens, with many towers placed at intervals, having all their several designations, as the Torre de la Vela, the Torre de los Infantes, &c. A subterranean corridor extends round the fortress under the walls. The number, beauty, and variety of the fresh and sparkling fountains, in the different gardens, are living remembrances of their Moorish origin.

The governor of the Alhambra inhabits a suite of small apartments, forming part of the palace. Within the enclosure there is a large church, "Sta. Maria," built upon the foundation of a mosque; and near this church is a Moorish house, inhabited by a Spanish lady: as it is a beautiful and original specimen of the Moorish style, she allows our guide to bring strangers to see it. We were received by the owner in person very kindly, and found a large family party, all very amiable and well-bred, who took us over the house, which was extremely curious, with beautiful views on all sides. We proceeded to the Ultima Puerta, or gate by which the unfortunate Abdallah left the Alhambra for the last time, which was then, at his parting request, closed, to be no more

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Drawn by Hughe Little to the Queen

used as an entrance; but after being shaken and filled up by an earthquake, it has been within the last few years discovered, and re-opened. A very narrow and rugged path conducts to it, and makes a sharp turn immediately after passing through this gate of sad recollections; and after leading through one more archway, it mounts a beautifully wooded hill, traversed by various walks and paths, across a ravine, and leads, about two hundred yards up, to the Generalife, another palace of the Moorish monarchs, built by a prince of the house of Omar. The building is in the same style as the Alhambra, but smaller, and in all respects a miniature of decoration and taste. The banks are converted into little terraces, and ranges of gardens one above another, laid out in small parterres with myrtle hedges, oleanders, and jasmine, surrounding reservoirs and fountains of limpid water, some of which is also conducted in little channels through the rooms. An arched colonnade along one of the gardens overlooks the whole of the Alhambra, Granada, and all the glorious view beyond. In one of the apartments are some curious old portraits of Abdallah and his family, Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip the Second, and others of the royal family, and of Gonsalvo de Cordova. In the

gardens we observed cypresses cut and trained to form arcades; and in one division four cypresses of immense size, under which Fatima, the wife of Abdallah, held that unhappy conference with Albin Hamet, the chief of the Abencerrages, the results of which have been already detailed. From the size of these extraordinary trees, they may be as old as the Deluge, and are still perfectly healthy and flourishing. There are numbers of them, of all ages, over the whole of this country, which give the effect of Poussin's pictures to the landscapes, particularly when placed, as they often are, near old convents.

On St. Helen's Hill, which is the summit of the rocky mountain immediately overhanging the back of the Generalife garden, and which we ascended, there was formerly a mosque, where Abdallah took refuge from the fury of his subjects after the murder of the Abencerrages; and from this circumstance the hill is called "La Silla del Moro." The view from this height is so beautiful, one can well conceive the bitterness of regret of the unhappy Moors, at being compelled to leave so exquisite and beloved a dwelling-place, for their restoration to which, their descendants still, on every returning Friday, offer up their prayers to

heaven. We descended by wooded walks, though thickets of fig-trees, acacias, and cactus, under the hill where fortifications had been made a few years ago against the Carlist general Gomez, and walked along a fine terrace above the town towards its southern extremity, to a very handsome but deserted convent "de los Martires," near which is an immense red cedar, said to be the only one in Spain, and planted by St. John of God,—a saint of recent elevation. We returned to the town by the Pomegranate gate, and passed an old building, called the Charcoal House, now in a horridly dirty state, and looking like a caravanserai, but which was formerly the seraglio of the chief of the Abencerrages. We traversed the Zacatin, a long street of shops in the Moorish style, and the Vivarambla, a large oblong space, where the Moors used formerly to hold jousts and tournaments, now called the Plaza de la Constitucion, and used as a market-place, surrounded by tall houses, some of them quite scarlet with the strings of capsicums hung to dry out of the windows;—then through the fish market. On our way we looked into the court-house, and concluded our excursion by the Xenil Alameda, consisting of broad walks bordered with trees, and flower gardens very prettily laid out, and

amply supplied with handsome fountains. Here we remained till it was nearly dark, and then returned to our hotel.

Amidst all the beauty and peculiar charm of Granada — which certainly surpasses that of other places—truth demands the confession that of all dirty towns, whether in Russia, Germany, Italy, France, or Spain, this fairly beats them all.

The lower part of our hotel was occupied by two or three large rooms, used as a café, filled from morning till night with people smoking, reading newspapers, playing at dice, dominos, &c.; and above them was a billiard table in constant practice. The waiter Miguel, and a little boy who acts as housemaid, play regularly every evening at dominos in the long corridor adjoining our rooms; while the master, a very civil man, walks up and down in his cloak, advising and encouraging them.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORY—CATHEDRAL—CONVENT OF SAN JERONIMO —PLAZA DEL TRIUNFO—DOÑA MARIANA PINEDA —CARTUXA—ALBAYCIN—CAVES IN THE ROCKS— CONVENT OF ST. MICHAEL—GONSALVO DE CORDOVA —CONVENT OF S. FRANCISCO DE PABLO—DARRO.

"The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Vivarambla, on he goes."

Spanish Ballad.

GRANADA was formerly called Illiberia, and was founded, as some say, by Liberia, granddaughter of Hercules, and wife to Hesperus, a Grecian prince, brother to Atalanta. Others maintain that it was founded by Iberus, grandson of Tubal, and that it took the name of Granata, or Garnada, from Nata, the daughter of Liberia; this word being composed of Gar, which in the language of the time signified Grotto, and Nata, *i. e.* the Grotto of Nata. It is certain that such a person as Nata, or Natayde, existed in the first ages of Granada, and that where the Alhambra now stands there was

a fountain dedicated to Nativala. By another account the city derives its name from its resemblance to an opened pomegranate.

The date of the foundation of Granada is said to be 2808 B. C. In the time of the Romans it was a municipal colony. It fell with the rest of the country into the possession of the Moors in the beginning of the eighth century; but it was not till 1235, that, the Moorish dominions being divided, it became the capital of a new sovereignty under Mahommed Alhamar, the ally of St. Ferdinand, king of Castile, whom he assisted in his conquest of Seville. The building of the Alhambra is said to have been begun by his son, Muley Mahommed Abdallah, and to have been completed in 1338. Long after the other Moorish powers had fallen, Granada continued to resist all the efforts of the Christian kings; but at length, in 1492, after a blockade of nine months, it surrendered, with its unfortunate monarch Boabdil, or Abdallah, to the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Moorish dominion in Spain was extinguished after their empire had subsisted seven hundred and eighty years.

At that period the city was three leagues in circumference; it was entered by twenty gates, of which the Elvira Gate was the principal, and

its ramparts were defended by one thousand and thirty towers; 70,000 houses and 400,000 inhabitants were comprised within the walls.

Nov. 20.—We went to the cathedral at nine, A.M., where high mass was performing: the organ is inferior to that of Seville. We returned to the hotel to breakfast, and then set forth with our guide, first to the convent of San Jeronimo, where a cheerful old nun talked to us for some time from behind the grille. There are twenty-two nuns still in this convent, of which perpetual seclusion is the chief rule; and there are altogether twenty-five convents remaining in the town. From thence to the Plaza del Triunfo,—a very large open space, with a fine column, erected at Philip the Fourth's accession, in 1618. It is to be lamented that the event was not better worth the celebration. A small white column near it, is erected to the memory of Doña Mariana Pineda, who was executed on this spot during the ministry of Pedrosa, in 1831, on being convicted of having embroidered a standard for the liberal cause. This lady was very beautiful, and much esteemed; her sentence was referred to the government of Ferdinand the Seventh, at Madrid, and when it was announced at Granada, to the consternation of all,

it condemned her to be strangled, accompanied, however, by a promise of pardon, provided she would reveal her accomplices; this she nobly refused to do, even when led to the place of execution, and the sentence was carried into effect. This judgment was so little expected, that had it been at all anticipated, ample time would have been afforded her to escape to Gibraltar. Preparations are making opposite to the windows of our hotel for the erection of another and larger column to her memory.

The Madhouse, a very large building, is on one side of the Plaza del Triunfo, and the bull-ring not far distant. About a mile farther is the Cartuxa, or Carthusian convent, a very fine large edifice, now entirely deserted, and the picture of desolation and melancholy. There were separate cells opening into little gardens for the monks, each with a fountain. The order being a very rigid one, they never spoke to each other, except when they met in their common large garden on Thursday in every week. The Cartuxa was built in 1662; Flores Doncel was the architect. The interior of the chapel is very handsome, with fine doors inlaid entirely with tortoise-shell, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and silver. There is a fine picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Alonzo Cano, the whole tint of the picture being white, and

like an opal, the drapery alone of dark blue, and framed in white alto-rilievo; it has a singular and good effect. The marble carving in the Sanctum Sanctorum, behind the altar, is very fine, but it is all eclipsed by the gorgeous beauty which presents itself on opening the splendid door of the Sacristy, from the richness of the white plaster pilasters in alto-rilievo, decorated with pedestals of very fine brown and white Spanish marble, and an altar of the same marble from Lanjaron, seven leagues from Granada, on the Alhama road.

All the doors, and large chests, or rather commodes between every compartment of the beautiful inlaid work like the doors, give a richness to the whole which I never saw equalled; they were executed by Cotan. There is a statue of San Bruno over the altar, as well as in the centre of the external front.

We returned, charmed with the beauty of the convent, to the Plaza del Triunfo, and through the Elvira gate—celebrated in ancient story—whence we ascended the old part of the town called the Albaycin, a curious but dirty suburb, with old Moorish cisterns, covered with vaulted roofs of stone, by the side of the road, and passed by the Church del Salvador, the first founded by Ferdinand in Granada. As we descended the

steep and narrow street, we came to the district of Caves in the Rocks, inhabited by squalid, wretched-looking gipsies (of no very good repute), to the number of between two and three thousand. Every step introduced us to new beauty and singularity, almost each dwelling being a picture in itself. The rocks and cliffs overhanging these caves are covered with cactuses, figs, and aloes, with orange gardens, and vines trained on trellises; and among this scenery donkeys and mules moved in eternal procession, with their picturesque and ferocious-looking drivers.

Having ascended a hill on the opposite side of the ravine over which hangs the Alhambra, passing through a shady wood, we reached the convent of St. Michael on the Monte Sacro, to which is attached a long legend of some martyrs buried in caves, to which caves we were led by passages from the convent; they are fitted up as little chapels, and much resemble those of the early Christians in the catacombs at Rome. The position of this convent is most beautiful, occupying, on the one side of the valley of the Darro, the same commanding position as does the Alhambra on the other. In a room of the convent we were shown some beautifully embroidered priests' dresses; and round

the walls of this room, on the top of the surbase, runs a panelling, about two feet high, chiefly in sea-green and white colours, gilded and carved in a style somewhat similar to the "Renaissance," with pictures and small mirrors alternately placed, which had a good effect. We then descended by a steep walk to the Darro Alameda, meeting a priest who was a far-off scion of the Moorish royal family, but had been converted; he seemed very old, and very cold, for his face was hidden in his cloak. Here too we saw several gentlemen riding; both the higher and lower classes of Spaniards sit their horses well and easily, on the high-peaked saddles; and the horses themselves are often very pretty, with round quarters, arched necks, long full tails, and decked out with red trappings, which, added to the costume of the riders, and their Spanish hats, which are very becoming, make the perfect counterpart of Velasquez's pictures.

We passed a handsome-looking house belonging to the Pulgar family; and through some dirty-looking streets to the house of Gonsalvo de Cordova, whose services, it seems, were rewarded by the gift of a monopoly for the sale of fire-arms;—accordingly, some long guns and muskets are presented from the frames of the

upper windows, with statues as large as life of "men at arms" placed below, two on each story, and one more in the centre of the lower one. This house is called the Casa de los Tiros,—*i. e.* of the Guns. We could not enter the church of San Jeronimo, where Gonsalvo is buried, as it was shut. The church of San Juan de Dios is very near it. All these churches are large and fine, with magnificent cloisters.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM GRANADA—CROSSES BY THE ROADSIDE—RETURN TO MALAGA—RIVER GUADALMEDINA—WINE MAGAZINES—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN HOME—CATHOLIC CEMETERY—CONVENT DE LA VICTORIA—POLICE—RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGES—PROTESTANT CEMETERY—DEPARTURE FROM MALAGA.

"Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers."

Shakespeare.

Nov. 21.—THE early part of the morning begins to be extremely cold; but the heat is still great as the day advances. From break of day a regular succession of the same animals appear daily in the open space before our windows. First, arrive a tribe of dogs, but especially three white poodles, evidently brothers, from a mutual likeness in size, shape, and manner. Soon after these, a good-looking cow, with a collar of bells, walks slowly up the street opposite; then several pair of working oxen stalk painfully across, with donkeys and mules without number: next, a large flock of

beautiful goats are driven in, and wait patiently, climbing about the heaps of stones prepared for Mariana Pineda's monument: from the house adjoining ours, a green parrot screams wildly and angrily, in reprobation of some turkeys which stroll idly by,—by which time breakfast is ready, and we begin our adventures.

To-day we preferred to amuse ourselves without our guide, and went first to the Darro Alameda, and mounted a street leading to a terrace in front of the convent of San Francisco de Pablo (now converted into a military college), commanding a fine view of the walls of the Alhambra, which I was beginning to sketch, when a gentleman came out, and very civilly begged us to enter, as we could see the view better from an upper window of the college. As the sun was becoming hot, we gladly accepted his offer, and entered with him into a large court, surrounded by cloisters; and were proceeding up the staircase, when he suddenly pronounced some adjuration in a peremptory tone, and two sallow, whiskered youths rushed forward with great alacrity, but in extreme négligé,—in shirt sleeves, and these none of the cleanest, unbuttoned collars, and with but one waistcoat between them. These preux chevaliers each presented us the tips of their fingers, and handed

us up stairs,—we not knowing how to look half civil enough: they released us with a low bow at the top of the stairs, and were sent down again to their comrades below, some of whom were pursuing their studies reposing at full length in the sun.

Señor Antonio Bermudez (for such was the name of our friend), who was the commandant of the college, led us to a room with the same beautiful prospect, where his daughter was sitting at a large frame, embroidering a black mantilla. She received us very good-naturedly, and we passed some time with them, while I made my sketch. The appearance of this large sitting room was bare in the extreme, there being no particle of furniture, either for use or ornament, except a few chairs, and a dusty little table they kindly brought in for me. Another youth was summoned to play to us on the guitar, and two others to fence; we then mounted to another story, to see a superb view of the Generalife, after which we took our leave, gratified by the kindness shown to such utter strangers as we were.

We continued our walk, crossing the Darro, and pursuing a wild path of the greatest beauty on the opposite cliff, to a fountain called Fuente de los Avellanos, and returned to the Alhambra,

where we passed some time among its halls and fountains, of which one could never see enough. On our return, vespers were performing in the cathedral; and after pausing for some time in the Capilla Real, we returned to the hotel, observing by the way some good-looking carriages and horses driving about the streets.

Nov. 22 (Sunday), was distinguished by a real frost, and a bitter cold morning. In the middle of the day, we took a long walk, crossing the Xenil bridge by a pretty road to an olive wood on high ground, with a fine view of the Sierra Nevada, and afterwards called on Don José O'Lawlor, to whom we had letters from the Duke of Wellington. We found this gentleman and his family at home, sitting round the fire; after our dinner he called on us, and found us packing up, as we were to set out next morning.

Nov. 23.—Extremely cold, especially at four o'clock A.M., when we had to rouse ourselves; but might have been spared the trouble for an hour or two longer, as our carriage did not appear till near eight o'clock, and then with four horses instead of five, one having fallen lame. This, considering the difficulties of the road, was not to be permitted; we insisted on Batista's going to procure another; and after

some time, he appeared with a venerable white horse, who, however, did his part very well. We retraced our steps much in the same manner that we came, except that perhaps the bogs were less profound, from the roads being a slight degree drier. Not far from our baiting place, where we had got out of the carriage to walk, was a small wooden cross, with a rude inscription:

"AQUI MATARON A FRANCISCO GORDO. NOV. 1833."

We reached the Venta Nueva at half-past five o'clock, and occupied the same rooms; made our beds, and dressed our supper as before, with the improvement of procuring some native bread. We had brought a night-light from Granada, and went to bed proud and happy in the consciousness of possessing a promising lamp; but however, waking in this enviable state of mind soon after twelve o'clock, I heard my companion make a convulsive bound on the Indian-rubber mattrass, accompanied by a dismal howl, produced, not by the dagger of the assassin, but by the melancholy spectacle of the last whiff of the lamp, which suddenly left us in darkness,—a distressing occurrence, as it was important that we should be up early, and we depended entirely upon waking without

being called, as Batista had no watch;—though the strong desire he had of being quit of the Venta and its inmates would not, I believe, have allowed him to oversleep himself. However, we again composed ourselves to rest; and waking soon after, and hearing a faint stir below, one of us, clothed in a loose sort of drapery, enough to appear at once picturesque and respectable,—groped down the corridor, seeing the glimmer of a fire below, and obtained a light from a man who was half-asleep, but quite dressed. Many other people were lying about, on mattrasses placed according to fancy on the floor. A flaming lamp being thus procured, we remained happy and contented till half-past four o'clock in the morning of.

Nov. 24,—when we arose, compiled our breakfast, packed our baggage, and departed. About three miles on the Malaga side of Loxa, we observed a stone cross, inscribed:

"ANNO DE 1818

AQUI MATARON A JUAN GUINDETORES."

And farther on, in the midst of the beautiful wood of ilex, mentioned on our journey to Granada, is a small wooden cross by the roadside, placed in a niche in a whitewashed column, with this inscription:

STONE CROSS, NEAR LORA.

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"A LA MEMORIA DE DIEGO XIMENES GODOY,
QUE MURIÓ ALEBOSAMENTE EN ESTE SITIO,
EL DIA VEINTE Y QUATRO DE JUNIO
DEL ANNO DE MIL OCHO CIENTOS Y CUARENTA.
"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

"To the memory of Diego Ximenes Godoy, who died by treachery in this place, the 24th of June, 1840."

The extreme beauty of the scene, and the repose and stillness of every thing around, reminded me of some of the melancholy stories of the murders by the Thugs, as described in Captain Taylor's painfully interesting work. In the course of our journey, we had passed many other memorials of the same kind.

We reached the Venta de los Najos just at dusk, having walked down a long and steep descent from the ilex wood; indeed, my companions walked a great part of today's journey. We took possession of our former apartments without either assistance or opposition from the owners; and after supper, with ample precautions of relays of lamps, retired to rest.

Nov. 25.—Batista was to have called us at five o'clock; but from excess of zeal, and partly perhaps from his wish to be safe out of the Venta, and at the end of his journey, he knocked at our door at half-past three o'clock; and this, when the first pangs were over, was all the better, as we breakfasted by lamp-light, which

saved us the painful necessity of opening the shutters, as the morning was bitter cold. We set out soon after daylight, and did not bait at all on the road, which was, as before, tremendously shaking; but the views were of surpassing magnificence, as we wound down towards Malaga, which we reached about three o'clock, and drove round the town by a beautiful circuit, through orange groves and gardens near the sea, by the back of the Gibralfaro, or old Moorish fort, to alight on the mole close to our vessel, where we found those whom we left all well, having passed their time very pleasantly in our absence.

From what we afterwards heard, we had reason to think that in travelling without suite or show of any sort, we had taken the most prudent and safe way of performing the journey; but it is at all times hazardous, and certainly a difficult expedition, and one which nobody should encounter without good health, good nerves, and a strong desire to see Granada,—a gratification which repaid us tenfold for all the danger and difficulty of the road. However, if that road is not soon repaired, all future journeys, except on mule-back, will be out of the question, as it is already nearly impassable, and would be considered quite so in any other country. It is certainly anything

but safe, let alone the "mala gente" and the risk of robbers. Riding on horseback might be preferable, but the fatigue would be great, considering the trouble the traveller must personally take, on arriving at the end of each day's journey, before rest could be thought of; and bad weather in the mountains might render riding slowly for so many hours disagreeable. There is another road by Velez Malaga and Alhama (the scene of much romantic story), but it is not practicable for carriages, and at the best very bad, though beautiful in its scenery.

The spring in this country must be, as everybody describes it, magically beautiful, from excess of flowers and plants, the ground being covered with the cactus, aloe, yucca, myrtle, cistus, iris, squill, and millions of bulbous plants and aromatic shrubs.

Nov. 27.—We employed some days very agreeably in walking about Malaga, the environs of which are delightful. The Zacatin is a pretty street of shops, supported by columns, not passable for horse, mule, or carriage. The church of the convent of S. Bernardo is very pretty, as is also that of Santa Clara; there are still some nuns in both; those who have some fortune of their own do very well, but the others are literally starving, as the government

has abolished all the conventual revenues, and the small sum nominally allowed them for subsistence is but rarely paid.

At the extremity of the town, having crossed the river Guadalmedina by a plank, a very dusty street, and an equally sandy district, lead to a long public walk near the sea, which, though not well kept, is still pretty: it is bordered on each side by a luxuriant hedge of geraniums in full flower, a row of oleanders behind them, and these backed by acacias, Persian elder, and quantities of the mimosa, covered with yellow tufts of flowers, perfuming all the air. On one side behind this border was a strip of green corn, already two or three inches high; on the other side, a line of beans and green peas, sheltered by a mound from the spray of the sea. The walk is about a mile long, and provided with stone seats at intervals over its whole length.

When we returned, we visited Mr. Rixon, who lives in a very handsome house on the quay, built as usual round a court, of delightful coolness, and containing forty-six handsome rooms on one floor. In the garden, the orange trees were loaded with fruit, and a verbena was growing as large as a small tree. Mr. Rixon showed us his magazines, filled with boxes of neatly packed raisins, and then took us to his

cellars, where his people were racking wine. He possesses a hundred and thirty-one vineyards, and made us taste seven different kinds of the best wine—three sorts of vino secco, tent, mountain, muscatel, and lagrimas,—the latter specially excellent. We then went upstairs, where the master of the house has enclosed the cloister on the first floor with glass, which makes an excellent gallery all round the quadrangle. He gave us some Roman coins found at Monda and Cartama, near Malaga, and a curious Moorish earthenware cup, of very old manufacture.

We saw Batista at the door of his stables, preparing to set out with the coach and four, to go half-a-league on the Granada road, to meet the Capitan-general, who was to arrive that day, and was to be brought in pomp into Malaga in that distinguished equipage. We returned home by the mole, walking to the end of the beautiful pier, terminated by a light-house, which at night has the appearance of a cluster of stars.

We heard to-day of an event which took place in a village near Malaga, about three weeks ago. A party of soldiers coming in one evening, one of them requested to be billeted on a particular house, which was

granted: the terms of the billet being to provide him with lodging, but not with food; he gave the woman of the house a dollar to procure his supper, another dollar for his bed, and gave her besides a bag of dollars to take care of for him till the morning. The woman, struck by his wealth, suggested to her husband, when he came home from his work, the not unusual proceeding of murdering the soldier in the night, and taking possession of all he had; the man refused, saying he would have no hand in such a business, and desired her to think no more of it, and early in the morning went out as usual to his work. In going along he met some of his neighbours, who congratulated him on his son's return home after so long an absence, and particularly on his being settled in his own house. He could not at first comprehend what they meant; but at last it struck him that the soldier who had arrived the night before must be his son, who had been absent for fifteen years in the army, and had therefore not been recognized. His wife's proposal then flashed across his mind, and he hurried home with a dreadful foreboding of what he might find,—and in truth he arrived too late! The wretched woman had already murdered the weary soldier in his sleep, who proved to be

her own son, and who had desired to be billeted upon his parents' house, intending to surprise them the next morning, and having met some of the neighbours in the evening had told them the secret of his return. Both father and mother were in prison at Malaga at the time we were there; her sentence was not known, but whatever it might be, mild must it be in comparison with the pangs of conscience she must have endured.

This horrible history is the counterpart of Werner's tragedy, "Der vier-und-zwanzigste Februar;" and a similar incident has more than once been worked up into tales and melodrames in London and Paris.

Nov. 29.—The wind being still in the east, it was useless to think of sailing. Some of the English residents at Malaga attended our morning service, and remained to eat some luncheon; after which we rowed to the farther pier, passing on our way a Norwegian ship, bound to Rio Janeiro, with fruit from Malaga; the captain was from Drontheim, and was acquainted with our friend, Mr. Knudtzon. After visiting the cathedral, and the church of St. Jago, which is by no means remarkable, we walked through a dirty suburb, along the Granada road, to the Catholic cemetery, a large piece of ground

enclosed within walls, which are full of small niches; each of these contains one coffin, and at the end of two years the bones are collected, and buried in the charnel-house, below the church, and thus make room for others. Bodies were formerly buried in the churches,—a practice no longer allowed after the yellow fever, which raged here in 1804, when this cemetery was built.

The view from hence is, as usual, beautiful; looking towards the mountains of the interior, and down upon valleys green with orange woods, and ornamented with palm-trees and cypresses. The cactus is cultivated in great quantities, not only for the sake of the fruit, but of the cochineal insect, which thrives upon the plants in spring.

We passed the Convent de la Victoria—now used as a military hospital, and built by Ferdinand and Isabella, after the conquest of Malaga, in consequence of a vow—and returned by the beautiful road round the Gibralfaro, where we saw a group of people sitting out of doors, one playing the guitar, another the cymbals, while a young man and girl were dancing the bolero. Just opposite to them was a house with a cross fixed in the wall, to commemorate a murder in 1833. We met many people of

the middle classes, walking out for pleasure; but the rich are seldom capable of so great an exertion, and an English lady, living at Malaga, repeated to us the report which we had before heard at Seville, that the Spanish ladies think of little but dress and the pleasures of the table; their conversation is said to be, as might be expected, very unintellectual and unrefined; and indeed the tastes ascribed to them indicate a sad want of education.

In the course of conversation with the lady above referred to, she spoke of the summer heat at Malaga as being overpowering; but that, as in all really hot climates, nobody thinks of going out till the evening,—which, by way of recompense is delightful. In referring to the state of society here, we learnt that such was the remissness of the police, that our friend dared not produce plate in her house,—not so much from fear of her domestics, as to avoid the reputation of being rich, and the chance of the house being broken into,—in which case she would get no redress, nor the offenders any punishment. As an instance of the lamentable state of "the laws," we were told of the case of Mr. Read, the American consul, who has a country house about eighteen miles from Malaga, but can no longer venture to go

there; for one day as he was sitting at dinner with his family, a knock was heard at the door, and some people, looking like gentlemen, walked into the room, sat down at the table, and called for plates, knives, and forks, and when dinner was over, asked for some music, which request was granted; then, as a finale, they demanded a certain sum of money, which they said they must have, and if it were not given them by a fixed time (this happened on Thursday, and they were to have it by Sunday) they would shoot their entertainer. After this modest demand they went away; and Mr. Read, to avoid worse consequences, was obliged to provide the required sum.

The usual mode of execution here is by shooting, a penalty yesterday undergone by a man who had been convicted of eleven murders.

We often had red-legged partridges at dinner; they are found in immense numbers all over Spain, and are very handsome. Decoy birds of their own species are employed to attract them, one of which is frequently seen in the houses, in a miserably small straw cage. These decoy birds, by calling, draw the wild ones together in large numbers, and they are then easily shot; a well-trained bird is as valuable as a good dog. Mr. Mowbray has one for which

he gave forty-eight dollars, or between ten and twelve pounds. Some excellent custard apples were sent us to-day, by Mr. Read.

The Protestant cemetery is about a quarter of an hour's walk from the mole, near the sea; it is small, but prettily laid out with plants and flowers. It was a matter of great difficulty to get even this small piece of ground conceded by the Spanish government, and it was at last granted at the intercession of the English consul, Mr. Mark. This burial-place was much to be desired, for before it was obtained the bodies were buried any where upon the sea-shore. It is neatly walled in, and the first body was interred there in 1831.

Nov. 30.—This morning was employed in heaving the anchors, preparatory to leaving the harbor,— the quietest, pleasantest, and most convenient we have yet been in. We got finally out of the harbor about one o'clock, P. M.; the day was beautiful, and the sea calm, but with more of a swell than was generally agreeable.

CHAPTER XI.

ALMERIA—CAPO DE GATA—GUARDA COSTA—TORRE DE LA TESTA—CARTAGENA—COSTUME—CHURCH—NAVAL COLLEGE—FORT—HISTORY—CAPES NAO, S. MARTIN, AND S. ANTONIO—MONJUICH—BARCELONA.

"Says he, do you mind me, tho' storms e'er so oft
Take the top lifts of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Dibdin.

Dec. 3.—AFTER the preceding days of calm and beautiful weather, we were awakened today by a sharp squall from the south-west, which carried us along, for two hours, at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, but it dropped, and left us in a dead calm, off the Bay of Almeria, the Cape de Gat before us. All the farm-yard promenaded on deck to-day, consisting of two turkeys, chickens, the goat and one kid, the other having been sacrificed for culinary purposes.

Dec. 4.—About three o'clock, A. M., there came on a heavy gale from the north-east, con-

sequently exactly against us, knocking every thing about, and tossing us nearly out of our beds; it tore the old fore-stay-sail from top to bottom, and blew five of the men's hats into the sea, justifying an old song, which says—

"At Cape de Gat,
Take care of your hat."

And, in truth, it must be no easy matter for the sailors to take care of themselves, much less of their hats, when clinging to the slippery yards, with a pitching ship and a rolling sea. Difficult as it is at such times to keep one's equilibrium on the deck of the vessel, how much more formidable must be the position of those aloft, swung by the action of the mast along the sweep of the circumference of the circle of which the ship forms the pivot, where the movement is of course far greater. It is always a time of anxiety till they are again safely landed below, especially as it is generally at the most critical moments, and in sudden and violent squalls, that their services are most urgently required.

The gale continued unmitigated, and it was deemed advisable at nine o'clock, A.M., to take shelter under Cape de Gat, about ten miles behind us. We arrived there about eleven o'clock, and found our circumstances even better than

we expected; as, though there is no harbor, we found it perfectly calm in good anchorage, under shelter of the high mountains above the cape, surrounding the bay of Almeria. The town of Almeria, famous in the Moorish wars, as one of the last towns which yielded to Ferdinand, and a place of great strength, was at some distance north-west of us.

It continued blowing very hard out at sea all day; several brigs came in afterwards for shelter, and anchored near us. We tried to fish, with some hooks given us by a guarda costa vessel, close to us, that was fishing successfully, but we could only succeed in catching some diabolical monsters of cuttle-fish, which the Spanish sailors assured us were excellent eating. The dingy went on shore, with two of the men, to get some sand from the beach, and their landing was at first resolutely opposed by two or three ferocious-looking armed Cacciatori, who desired to extort a fee for permission to land; but on the gig following with a fresh reinforcement, the enemy made no more objections. There was a long bank of white sand along the shore, with some fine and bare mountains rising up immediately behind, with a ruined tower on the top of one; also two or three miserable-looking buildings near the shore, and

a square green plantation of cactus. The guarda costa boats are stationed here to prevent smuggling, but the first question their captain asked ours was, whether he had any tobacco he desired to introduce. Another large brig came in at sunset, and took refuge from the gale, which was raging outside, anchoring not far from us.

Dec. 5.—The gale still continuing to blow heavily at sea, we turned our thoughts to taking our pleasure on land, and rowed to shore with our whole party; three of the sailors being fitted out to follow us as guards, each armed with a musket, bayonet, and cutlass, in case of any encounter with the strolling inhabitants of the coast; our object being to scale the mountain, up to the Torre de la Testa, on its summit. We proceeded with our guards by the sandy beach, over some very rough ground, covered with stones, looking and feeling, from their lightness, as if they had passed through fire, and were volcanic: on close examination we found this ground had been ploughed, though it would be difficult to guess what crop would flourish in so utterly arid a soil. As we proceeded up the mountain, we found patches of palmetto, rosemary in flower, tufts of thyme and lavender, with various other highly aromatic

plants; gorse, and quantities of bulbous roots, principally squills. The ascent was difficult, from the steepness of the rocks, though we now and then fell on a narrow and precipitous goat-track, which guided our course. There was a large flock of white goats feeding, though with but little to eat, under the guardianship of a shepherd, who was seated on the pinnacle of a rock, making baskets of the palmetto leaf, accompanied by a large grey and white dog, which barked fiercely at us from above, and then descended to take a nearer view of us and our spaniel Rap; and having looked at us for some time, gravely walked on, till, perhaps, feeling sure we intended no harm to his flock, he left us. Scrambling up a succession of steep rocks, we came to the one on which the tower is situated; but before we quite reached it, we saw the opening of a cave in the valley below, to which our body-guard rushed down, and found it to be about six feet square, and just high enough to stand upright in, with a hole in the roof to let out smoke,—most probably a safe little retreat for the smugglers, who abound on the coast, though we saw no vestige of any human creature. We finally arrived at the tower, where the wind was excessive, and the view very fine of the mountains, with the town

of Almeria below; and at the head of the bay a large dismal plain, with a swampy, nearly dried up river, creeping along, and resolving itself into a marsh before it reached the sea. We found the object of our efforts to be a single round tower, perched high on a pinnacle over the sea, with no door or opening whatever, except a window near the top, with the remains of a rope ladder hanging out of it.

Dec. 6.—The wind so much abated that all the vessels which had taken shelter in the bay of Almeria were off early. About twelve o'clock the wind changed to the west, of which we took advantage about one o'clock, having previously performed divine service in the cabin, being Sunday. We kept clear of the sunken marble rock, about a mile from the point of the Cape, and proceeded quickly and smoothly, keeping along the line of coast, which consisted of chains of fine mountains, with watch-towers at intervals, always within sight of each other.

Dec. 7.—Proceeded as yesterday, but slowly, and arrived off Cartagena harbor at eight o'clock, in a bright moonlight evening. It was at first rather difficult to discover the entrance, as it is very narrow, sheltered by the island of Escombrera, and between two

mountains, not unlike the entrance to the bay of Cromarty. There is a very dangerous rock nearly in the centre of the bay, the top being just level with the water, and which can hardly be perceived even in broad daylight: guided by our chart, we carefully avoided it, and anchored immediately under the town, inside the harbor, which is beautifully formed, a completely circular basin, with the town and fort exactly opposite the entrance, and hills around it, crowned with fortifications; the effect of the whole, by the bright moonlight, was highly dramatic.

Dec. 8.—When we awoke, we found ourselves rolling considerably,—from the swell driving directly into the mouth of the harbor, with the south-west wind blowing very hard, and a black cloudy sky. We all landed after breakfast, and found the sea very rough by the pier. The fish-market is established on the pier, and it seemed well provided with anchovies, red mullet, &c. At the gate of the town we found the second captain of the port, who was very civil, and spoke English, his mother being an Irish woman; and having returned us our bill of health, which had been brought from the yacht in the morning, he walked with us through the town, which consists principally

of one street, well paved, and much cleaner than usual in Spain. In the shops were very fine vegetables, and in great abundance, tomatas, dates, grapes, and grain of all kinds. We met a drove of mouse-coloured oxen, driven by very wild, fierce-looking men, with full white drawers, like the Greek dress. It being the fête of St. Maria de la Concepsion (the Virgin is the patroness of Spain), the peasants were many of them in holiday dress, and very gay,—the men in white stockings and white shoes, with black velvet hats, and, wearing extremely handsome woollen cloaks, or rather long shawls, of very bright red, or crimson, and gold-coloured stripes, fringed with little tufts, which altogether form a beautiful and rich costume. At the other end of the town we met more oxen, on their way to embark for Oran, for the French army;—there being in this part of Murcia as strong a prejudice against eating beef, as against pork among the Jews, they have no objection to part with them to the opposite shores.

There are barracks here for an immense number of soldiers and marines, a large hospital, arsenal, and docks, but nothing going on in the latter. The naval college is a fine building, in the Grecian style, with a large court, and

gallery round it, standing in the centre of the terrace, overlooking the harbor. We had an order from the Admiral to see the library and the charts which it contains, but the person in charge was out, so we were not able to profit by it. The fort is an extensive ruin, of great antiquity, covering the entire summit of a hill; it was built in the time of the Moors, and commands a fine view of the bay on one side, and on the other, of the town, with the plain beyond it, bordered by a chain of lofty hills in the distance.

In returning we went into the principal church, a very poor edifice, where we stayed to see the troops, who, on account of the festival, were to attend high mass; it was the fourth regiment of light infantry, adorned in dirty green jackets, with yellow collars, white trowsers, and without shoes, but wearing hemp sandals, like the peasants; they stood in the two side aisles, and during the whole of the service the military band was playing airs from "Norma," which was more to the credit of their musical taste, than a proof of the strictness of the Cartagenian notions in conducting a religious ceremony.

It was very cold to-day, and when we left the church it was raining hard, and on our

arrival at the pier we found the sea as black as night, and storming and raging over the steps, tossing the boat about so that we had some difficulty in embarking, and still more in climbing into the ship, which continued creaking and rolling incessantly all the evening. The west side of the harbor is quite land-locked, and very secure, but we were anchored in the more open part of it.

This town was either founded or rebuilt by Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, who called it New Carthage. It was taken and pillaged by the Romans, 208 B. C., when they obtained an immense booty: and was totally destroyed by the Vandals at the beginning of the fifth century, but was soon afterwards rebuilt.

In 715 it became tributary to the Caliph, but Theodomir, its Gothic king, was allowed by the Moors to end his days in the undisturbed possession of his principality. Alphonso the Tenth of Castile conquered it in the thirteenth century. The modern town was enlarged in the reign of Philip the Second.

Dec. 9.—A cold but fine morning, the wind changing every five minutes; but as we were anxious to be off, we made all our dispositions accordingly, and after a parting visit from the vice-consul, and the captain of the port, we weighed anchor at one, P. M., and on getting

out to sea found a fair wind and plenty of it, which took us on at about ten knots.

Dec. 10.—Our favourable wind continued; at noon we passed Cape Nao, Cape St. Martin, and Cape St. Antonio, which rises very finely and fiercely on the coast, which is all along mountainous, rugged, and wild, and saw to our right, on the horizon, the islands of Iviza and Formentera.

Dec. 12.—Yesterday, the 11th, had been nearly a calm, but we found ourselves this morning only twelve miles from Barcelona; still, from the lightness of the wind, it was all we could do to reach it by the evening: it was dark before we arrived, and in that case it is not safe to attempt to enter the shallow harbor. The lights of a steam-vessel leaving it occasioned some uncertainty with regard to the position of the light-house on the pier, and we got almost upon the mole before we were aware of our nearness to it, and were obliged to wear the ship, and anchor as soon as we again obtained our soundings, under the pier-head. It was very cold, and a bright starlight enabled us, later, to have a fine view of Monjuich, rising abruptly from the sea, with Barcelona stretching along the shore, backed by Monserrat, the rugged peaks of which were covered with snow.

CHAPTER XII.

CATHEDRAL—FORTIFICATIONS—RAMBLA—HISTORY—SHOPS—THE SWISS JEWELLER—"LA SURPRISE"—AUDIENCIA REAL—CATHEDRAL—THE GENERAL'S GARDEN—CITADEL—FAIR OF TURKEYS.

"If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence . . . .
. . . . . But in these cases,
We still have judgment here."

Shakespeare.

Dec. 13.—About half-past eight a long ceremony commenced of warping the ship through the narrow passage into the harbor, which at length terminated by placing it in a good position within the inner mole, where there was a good deal of shipping. In the middle of the day we landed on the pier, which is of considerable length, with a row of tatterdemallion houses, of a lurid crimson colour, on one side. Having entered by one of the gates in the city walls, we pursued our course through a handsome square, with very fine buildings, and

found the way through narrow winding streets to the cathedral, which was built in the thirteenth century, by Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona. It has very fine cloisters, and is of slender and much-worked Gothic architecture;—in the interior, curious, gloomy, gorgeous, and mysterious; a gigantic Moor's head is suspended in effigy, as a trophy of some former conquest, and many old banners decorate the walls; the windows are of fine old stained glass, and it is surrounded with richly ornamented chapels. On coming out by another door we found ourselves in the middle of a sort of fair, principally of toys, crowded with indulgent parents and exorbitant children.

The streets are clean, and many of the houses very picturesque and handsome. We walked through a strongly-fortified gate, along a road, between the fortifications and the hill and castle of Monjuich, planted with trees, and bordered with innumerable kitchen-gardens, in the highest state of cultivation, up to a point of the Monjuich hill overlooking the sea; this we found also bordered by large aloes, of which many were in flower.

Returning into the town by another gate and drawbridge over a large moat, we went to the

Rambla, (a long alameda, which extends across the town), and after visiting our consul, Mr. Annesley, we returned by the fine broad walk along the ramparts above the harbor to the pier and the yacht.

Barcelona is generally supposed to have been founded by the Carthaginians about two hundred and thirty years before Christ, and from their general, Hamilcar Barcas, it received the name of Barcino. The Romans conquered it during the first Punic war, and retained possession of it till 414, when it was overrun by the Goths under their chief Ataulph. In 714 it was conquered by the Saracens, but was regained from them by Louis le Débonnaire in 805; their governor Zade having many times abused the clemency of Charlemagne, and at last exasperated his son. After an obstinate resistance of many months the city was taken: it continued subject to Louis and his successors, who appointed viceroys, and after some time it became an independent earldom, and was governed by counts of Barcelona.

In 1150 it was united, with the rest of Catalonia, to the crown of Arragon, by the marriage of Raymond Berenger, count of Barcelona, with queen Petronilla, daughter of Don Ramirez the Monk, king of Arragon. It was at Barcelona

that Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella on his return from his first voyage. It was always a port of great wealth and commerce, but of a rebellious and discontented spirit, and has many times raised the standard of revolt against its lawful sovereigns. In 1697, during the war of the Succession, it was besieged and taken by the French under the Duc de Vendôme, though defended by a garrison of twelve thousand men. It continued in their possession till 1706, when the earl of Peterborough, by a coup de main, made himself master of Monjuich, for the archduke Charles, and in a few days more the city surrendered to him. After he was superseded, the fall of the archduke's dominions soon ensued; but it was not till after a desperate resistance, with immediate loss of life, and the conflagration of a great part of the city, that Barcelona was at length compelled to open its gates to Philip V, on the 13th September 1714.

Dec. 14.—The day was one of such incessant rain, that we could do no more than wade through the mud of the gateway and streets to Mr. Annesley's, when Mrs. Annesley accompanied us through the dripping streets to perform some shopping. The tradespeople are extremely indifferent in selling their goods, and are so little

anxious to dispose of them, that they frequently deny having what is asked for, to save the trouble of opening a drawer: one man told us, when we asked to look at some lace, that he kept his goods to be sold, and not to be looked at.

Nothing can be more wretched than the present state of this part of Spain as to laws and police. Two Spanish sailors were murdered but yesterday in a village near Barcelona, by the alcalde himself and his coadjutor, and it is now suspected that he is the head of a gang of robbers; but whether he will be punished is very doubtful.

Mr. Annesley told us the following story of an event which happened here on the 24th of October 1839; and as he was personally concerned it shall be repeated in his own words:—

"An Englishman had for some time resided in Barcelona, who taught English, and gave lessons to my children; he was associated with a Frenchman, who also instructed several families, and these two lived together in a house with a Swiss jeweller; they had no servant, and none but these three occupied the mansion. The jeweller suddenly disappeared; he was nowhere to be found, and no trace remained of him, and there was no appeal to the police, as they never take any trouble in such cases.

" One morning the Englishman came to my house and begged to see me. I found him hardly able to speak; and what he did say was so incoherent, I fancied he had either been drinking or had lost his senses. He stated that what he had to impart was so dreadful, he could not bring himself to relate it. However, by degrees, he became more intelligible, and after a great many small details, I collected that in the room he occupied with the Frenchman there was a small closet, with an opening in it to admit light from the room near the ceiling. The night before, as he was sitting alone, he fancied he perceived a disagreeable smell in that part of the room; he tried to open the door of the closet, but found it locked; he then climbed upon a chair, and with a candle looked in at the little opening, and, to his horror, saw a corpse in fragments on the floor; part of a leg in one place, an arm in another, and a large sledge hammer lying by them; he nearly dropped with horror; and at that moment (it was just twelve o'clock) he heard the knock of the Frenchman at the door. As they were alone in the house, he had no resource but to appear as calm and easy as if he had seen nothing. When he let him in, he remarked that he was late that night, as he had to begin giving

his lessons early the next morning, which was Monday; the other answered, 'Oh, it does not happen often, never mind;' and they went to bed. Their two beds were so close that they were only separated by a little division at the head. The man said that the agony in which he passed the night was indescribable, as in addition to the original horror of finding the dead body, he dreaded that the Frenchman would suspect his being aware of it, and murder him also, and there was no escape from the house, nor means to call for help. In this dreadful state he remained till morning, when the Frenchman going out to give his lessons, the other rushed straight to my house to apprize me of what had happened. I was much puzzled what to do, as the police, I knew, would give very little assistance. However, after taking down his statement shortly in writing, I applied there. They said they could have nothing to do with it, and as the supposed criminal was French, I must go to the French consul. All they would do was to give me a little hump-backed man to assist in catching the murderer. I went to the French consul; and after conferring with him we proceeded together, with our hump-backed companion, to the house where the Englishman lived. We went up stairs and

found the Frenchman at his door. We told him there was a little matter to be settled with the police, on which he answered: 'Ah oui! pour la contrebande, n'est-ce pas?' (he had a good deal to do with the contrabandista concerns), and rushed to a table, pulled open a drawer, from whence we saw him extract a pair of pistols which proved to be loaded; he however seemed to lose his head and be quite bewildered, saying, 'Il s'agit de ces pistolets, n'est-ce pas? ils sont Français, et de la contrebande.' He then put his hand farther into the drawer, and was dragging out a sword, when my colleague and I sprang upon and seized him. The hump-backed man then said it was not that we wanted, but that we must have him open the door of the closet: he turned deadly pale, and, drawing himself up with a peculiar emphasis and theatrical air, exclaimed, 'Très volontiers, Monsieur.' He then instantly rushed to the open window, and from the balcony dashed himself to the ground;—it was a fourth story, and he died in twelve hours after. He would make no confession, but frequently repeated, in a sort of delirium, 'Il est coupé en petits morceaux.'

"The investigation of the mutilated corpse, which proved to be that of the jeweller, was

dreadful. Under the coat of the Frenchman was found, close to his side, a small hatchet and an enormous knife, with which he must have hacked and hewed the dead body, to carry portions of it from the house when he went out, as the only way in which he could dispose of it. It was supposed he had killed the man with the sledge hammer which was found in the closet. None of the jeweller's property was ever found or heard of."

Dec. 17.—The rain and bad weather continued so incessantly, we were hardly able to stir for some days, much to our disappointment; and it only cleared for a short time this day, enabling Mr. and Mrs. Annesley, M. Gauttier d'Arc, the French consul, and a few more, to come to the yacht to luncheon. They were, however, obliged to leave us soon after five o'clock, as the gates of the town are shut at that inconvenient hour. After they went away the rain poured in torrents.

Dec. 19.—Yesterday was worse than ever; but a slight improvement in the weather to-day induced M. Rigault de Genouilly to come in his boat and fetch us to visit him in "La Surprise," a French brig of ten guns and eighty men, of which he is commandant. He gave us a very pretty little collation in his cabin, and

when we returned to the deck the sailors performed various manœuvres,—mounting the rigging and unfurling the sails in the space of one minute, and furling them again in the same time; with the process of preparing the cannon for battle, or handing the buckets for water, as if in a fire;—all of which were beautifully and quickly performed, without a word being spoken, or a sound heard among the men. The whole of the ship was a model of order and neatness. We then landed and went to Mrs. Annesley's, where we met M. Gauttier d'Arc, who showed us some exquisite drawings of old buildings in Barcelona, by an English artist of the name of Hawke, who had been staying here for some time for that purpose; and he has chosen well, for there is much worthy of the pencil in Barcelona.

It was quite dark as we came back, and it was only owing to Mons. Gauttier d'Arc's good guidance that we avoided the mass of mud which distinguished the principal entrance. As it was past the time of locking the gates, we were obliged to pass through the smaller one on the side, which is only a square hole just large enough to allow one to get through by stooping, —but numbers of people were gliding in and out by this means,— and we found our way

down to the pier and to our vessel without farther adventure.

Dec. 20 (Sunday).—I went on shore with one of our party to M. Gauttier d'Arc's house, which, as is usual in Spain, consists of one floor, and in this case is a very handsome suite of fine large rooms. Our host was soon ready to go out with us, and his taste and information making him a valuable guide, we were delighted to profit by his kindness. And first we reached the Audiencia Real, a very curious and beautifully decorated old building,—a mixture of Moorish and later Gothic,—where the states of Catalonia formerly assembled, and which is still used on occasions of the sovereign holding audiences. There is a beautifully carved archway, and a very handsome and picturesque staircase (with the cloisters up stairs enclosed with glass) leads to the first floor, with beautifully ornamented architecture, from whence a door opens to a small square garden with fountains, and enormous orange-trees covered with fruit. In a room beyond is kept an exceedingly curious piece of needlework, of the date of 1500, of St. George killing the dragon, exquisitely worked, —the figures with much expression; and a most elaborate landscape of trees, houses, castles, rivers, horses, fields, and figures.

A curious missal may also be seen, if asked for, though they do not appear to take much care of it. It is on vellum, beautifully illuminated, and extremely well printed. It was executed at Lyons for the city of Barcelona, and is dated 29th April, 1521.

The Audiencia Real is well worth seeing by those who come to Barcelona, though it is not much spoken of.

We next went to the cathedral; and wishing to walk over it more at leisure, we waited till mass was over, which to-day was numerously attended. The tribune of the former Counts of Barcelona remains on high, behind a grille; and midway up one side still exists a small but unattainable door, formerly leading to the chambers of the Inquisition, which joined the old cathedral.

In a side-room under many locks is an iron door, which lifts up with a strong pulley, within which is kept a very fine gold reliquary, hung all over with jewels, the gifts of different sovereigns, and among them the collar of the Toison d'Or, which the emperor Charles the Fifth gave when he held a chapter in the cathedral, when he first came to Barcelona in 1529. The arms of Henry the Eighth of England, among those of other knights, are painted on the seats round

the choir, the carving of which and of the pulpits is beautiful, as well as most of the details of the building. I had never before heard of the beauty of this cathedral; and though much smaller, yet from its mournful grandeur as a whole, and exquisite detail, it is, in my opinion, to be admired next to Seville. We next ascended one of the towers, and came to a small habitation half-way up, where Mr. Hawke was residing, for the sake of drawing the details of the interior. The roof of the cloisters makes a fine terrace, and the view from the higher roofs of the cathedral, extending over the town to the mountains of Monserrat, is very fine.

We then descended, and crossed the Rambla to a street in which we saw what little remains of the house of the unfortunate avocat who was murdered by the mob, two or three months ago, for calling out "Viva la Reina" on the previous evening. He killed ten men before he was himself assassinated. The assailants got possession of his house by making an opening through a side wall. Next day they dragged his dead body before the windows of M. Gauttier d'Arc, and before those of the Queen Christina.

On our way back to the ship we were joined by our consul, and several more of our friends,

and walked round a public garden beyond the custom-house, laid out in parterres, fountains, and pieces of water, and called the General's Garden. The citadel, which is on the north side of the mole, was built by Philip the Fifth, from the designs of Vauban, after he had reduced the Catalonians; and has six strong bastions, and covers a great extent of flat ground by the sea-side. Our friends accompanied us to the pier, where we took leave of them with gratitude for the kindness which, in spite of weather, had made our stay at Barcelona so pleasant. Had the season been less advanced, we should have liked to have complied with their proposal of escorting us to Monserrat, and some of the villages on the coast, which are said to be beautiful. We afterwards paid a parting visit to M. Rigault de Genouilly in the "Surprise," to thank him for the assistance he had given us.

In the evening, we returned to the General's Garden, and by a long alameda to the walls. There was great excitement in this part of the town, created by immense flocks of turkeys, which were promenading about on some waste ground, each flock directed and occasionally thrashed by six or seven peasants (the number being proportioned to the size of the flock), who

surrounded by crowds of people, were admonishing their charge with long canes. The streets and walks were quite full, the population of Barcelona being immense. To-morrow all would be let loose, as it is the "fair of turkeys," every individual considering it a positive duty to have one of these birds for Christmas-day, an occasion on which it is said all Barcelona goes wild. The poor people, who have no means of roasting them at home, send them to the bakers; so that sometimes these latter have six or seven thousand turkeys to dress.

We made the circuit of the walls, and found their strength very great. The fortifications which surround the town are admirably constructed; they are flanked on the eastern side by the low but formidable works of the citadel, and on the western by the towering ramparts of the fortress of Monjuich. We returned by the Rambla and the rampart over the sea, under one end of which is a prison; and on the esplanade above, the troops were assembled, and the band playing; crowds of people extended all the way down the mole. The great walk on the walls, reaching the whole length of the harbor, was, as well as the mole, constructed by the Marquis de la Mina, who died in 1768.

Some troops were embarking on board the "Manzanares," a fine Spanish twenty-gun brig for Port Mahon: these we were, however, destined to meet again sooner than any of us expected. In the evening we had a visit from M. Rigault de Genouilly, who came to give us advice and directions about our navigation through the straits of Bonifazio, by which we intended to proceed on our course to Cività Vecchia.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEPARTURE FROM BARCELONA—THREE DAYS' GALE —MAJORCA—BAY OF PALMA—"MANZANARES"— FORTIFICATIONS—JEWS—OLD CONVENT—CATHEDRAL—FISH MARKET—CEMETERY—COSTUME.

"I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds."

Shakespeare.

Dec. 21.—MADE all our departing preparations early, and weighed anchor at nine, A.M., the boats of "La Surprise" towing us out. There was a light breeze from the southward, so we remained in sight of Barcelona all day, with no adventures, save the purchase of some fish—sea bream—and a marine curiosity of a cluster of oysters, from a boat which was fishing near us.

Dec. 22.—A very disagreeable day. Breeze freshening, glass falling, and stormy threatening sky, with flashes of lightning. The sea

rolling, which kept the ship rocking and swinging very unpleasantly. At noon, stowed away our head-sails, sent down the top-gallant-yard, furled the main-sail, lashed down the boom, and set the storm main-try-sail and fore-stay-sail. At four, P. M., it increased to a strong gale with hard rain, and a heavy cross sea. At midnight we stowed the fore-sail down upon the deck, and hove to under the storm main-sail.

Dec. 23.—We were awakened about two in the morning by a violent storm, the sea rolling furiously, every thing tumbling about, and heavy rain pattering on deck; this continued all night, much to the detriment of any repose. At four o'clock it was blowing a furious gale, with a tremendous cross sea, which frequently swept over our stern, and one sea struck the hapless dingy—our smallest boat, which was suspended on the stern davits—and carried it away in a moment, together with a large supply of fresh meat, placed in it as the larder for the voyage.

At half-past seven, A.M., it was still dark,

but I got up to see what was going on, and found the little passage to the cabins inundated with water; and Rap, the spaniel, who never was down the stairs before, crouching there, shivering and shaking with fright, dripping wet, and thoroughly miserable. Nothing could be more deplorable than the prospect of the interior.

The glass was now falling fast, all our sails had been taken in, and none left set but the storm main-try-sail, and we had now no resource but to lie head to wind, which was increasing frightfully, with a tremendous sea occasionally breaking over the deck. The loss of our boat was but a trifle compared with all the horror and anxiety of the storm, which continued unmitigated: the weather so dark nothing could be seen a mile distant from the ship; and as there was not a gleam of sun for any observation to be taken, there was no certainty as to the direction in which we were carried, but it was calculated we were making stern-way at the rate of about a mile per hour, which proved afterwards to be right. Very few of us were able to get up to-day; the

movements of the ship, which was all on one side, were so violent, it was almost impossible to stand; and so we remained all day, in a state of anxiety, amounting, I may add, on my own part at least, to great fear. Uncertain as to the direction in which we were drifting, and aware that the low Columbretes islands, and indeed the whole coast of Spain, were on our lee, the increasing violence of the storm rendered the early approach of darkness, which came on soon after five o'clock, still more fearful. The nights, which were now pitch dark, seemed interminable.

This afternoon a sea struck the fore-part of the ship, carried away the head-boards, and unshipped the lower lee-boom, which stove in the bottom of the gig. Thus one boat was gone, and another disabled; the barge only remained.

About four, P. M., the gale from the north-east appeared to cease suddenly, and in a moment there came a hurricane from the north-west, appearing like a black cloud, and sweeping like a whirlwind over the ship, with torrents of rain, the sea raging furiously, and running

mountains high; and for twenty minutes that this continued, the masts and every thing else were expected to give way every instant. As it came from a different direction to the previous course of the wind and sea, the effect was that the ship remained motionless, though quivering to its centre. Our captain, who had circumnavigated the globe, stated this hurricane to have been as violent as any that he had experienced in any part of it. In about twenty minutes it ceased suddenly, and became perfectly calm, which seemed something horrid and unnatural. However, for a time, we hoped the storm was going to mitigate, as it only howled now and then; but in about an hour the original gale from the north-east recommenced with fresh vigour, and blew frightfully all night.

At two, A. M., on the morning of the twenty-fourth, I felt my cabin, and all that side of the ship, sink down in an instant so low under the water, which was rushing over the decks, that having waited for a moment to see if it rose again, and finding that it did not, I felt quite

persuaded we were going down, and waded through the passage to my neighbour's cabin, who, hearing no more water rush in, assured me that we were not foundering, and I returned to my berth. I found afterwards that the ship had been struck by a tremendous sea, which had laid her for a time on her beam-ends, but that she righted again.

The noises both in and out of the ship all this time were dreadful; the creaking of the boards and planks, and bulk-heads jarring in all directions; the awful noise of the wind; and, above all, the dreadful rushing of the sea, which was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour,—striking the ship like a sledge-hammer, and like a continued fire of artillery close to one's head,—rendered these hours of horror far beyond any description.

It is on such occasions as these that the weakness of all human power is most forcibly felt! Beautiful as are the contrivances of human ingenuity, firm and compact as is the frame-work of that solid fabric, the ship,—skilful and enterprising as is the dauntless spirit

of the crew,—still vain is that ingenuity, helpless that power, and unavailing that spirit, as the only refuge in such times of need; on these no certain reliance can be placed, no perfect security depend; it can only be looked for from Him—

> "At whose divine command
> Famine and plague afflict the guilty land;
> Whose awful will the unconscious winds perform,
> Who wings the lightning, and appoints the storm."

Early in the morning, at least as soon as daylight appeared, I made my way to the main cabin, to look at the glass, which continued too low to afford any comfort. I never saw anything so melancholy as the appearance of that "banquet hall deserted," by the wretched gloom of a stormy sun-rise; all the chairs and sofa-cushions lying on the floor, which, as well as the tables, was streaming with wet; the whole so much inclined to one side there was no power of standing, but by holding tight to the sides, by which I pulled myself along, and regained my bed, with but little consolation.

Dec. 24.—After a sleepless night—the gale nearly as severe, the sea as high, with torrents

of rain, which was considered an advantage, in preventing the waves from breaking as they rolled along, the sea being what is called "confused and high, the ship laboring heavily"—we still drifted backwards in a south-westerly direction, in uncertainty where we might alight, and only hoping we were at a sufficient distance from land. The enormous green waves, with a whitened appearance from the wind curling their surface, and rising high above the sides of the vessel, had an awful effect.

Christmas Day.—The gale still continued, with a heavy cross sea, constantly washing over the after part of the deck; but the glass beginning to rise, gave us hopes. The sun began to appear in a lurid fitful manner, and it was an anxious time towards noon, as it was of the last importance to get an observation to ascertain our position. Just at twelve o'clock the sun providentially shone out, and disappeared almost immediately afterwards; but we were enabled to obtain two observations, and thus to ascertain, by our latitude and longitude, that we were just where it was hoped

and believed we should find ourselves—about thirty miles to the north-west of the island of Majorca, being a safe position, without the fear of drifting on a lee shore.

The weather still very squally, and the sea rough, black, and rolling, but gradually subsiding. They were now enabled to take down the main storm-try-sail, which was nearly chafed through, but which had providentially held, being the only one we could carry, and to set some of the others; and we were most joyful and thankful to get under the lee of the island of Majorca by the evening, which gave us a good degree of shelter, besides the consciousness that we were in comparative safety, after the state of awful anxiety in which we had passed the last sixty hours, during which time we had drifted about seventy miles. There were terrific masses of black clouds breaking up, and sweeping off towards the west, and we were glad to see the mountains of Majorca very near us. In the evening we read prayers; perhaps with more lively feelings of thankfulness than had often been called forth in our lives

before. We did not sleep much this night, though we had had no rest for the two or three preceding; but the sea was still very unquiet, and the noise reminded us too much of what we had just undergone, to hear it tranquilly.

Dec. 26.—Early in the morning we turned the south-west point of the island, and when we rose were tacking towards the bay of Palma. It was not, however, easy to enter it, the wind being still in the old quarter; the day, however, was fine, and the sea much gone down. At last, between three and four, P. M., we succeeded in making our entrance into the large open bay. The town, the capital of the island, with a large cathedral, stands at the upper end, and there are two lighthouses and several forts on the western coast. We finally anchored by a bright starlight, at half-past five, P. M. There was a vicious, white-looking, small, new moon; to whose influence was attributed this dreadful revulsion in the weather, and it did not promise much good for the future. At night we had a long quiet sleep, the first for some time.

Dec. 27 (Sunday).—Divine service this morn-

ing, with the thanksgiving after a storm. We changed our position early in the morning, as last night we had anchored at the back of the pier, opposite the cathedral (which had been our guide in the dark), and too near the shore: we now found ourselves close to the "Manzanares," the same which was embarking the troops for Port Mahon the evening before we left Barcelona, and of whom we had often thought with anxiety during the storm; she was commanded by Captain Gould, a native of Jersey, called here by his Christian name, Don Pedro. Her adventures were singular: she had made her way to within sight of the island of Majorca, when she was suddenly becalmed, without a breath of wind, but the sea running so fearfully high that she was inundated in every direction; the waves breaking over both her quarters at once, and as there was no wind, she was perfectly helpless. This proceeded, as it often does, and as did the heavy swell in our case, from the sea being driven before the heavy gale which follows, and which in this instance came out of the Gulf of Lyons,—which we had been warned

to avoid, as the source of all evil at this time of the year. The "Manzanares" remained in this dreadful condition for thirty hours; the sea beating over her so violently that all on board gave themselves up for lost, and expected to founder, without being able to make an effort to save themselves; and as this coast consists entirely of steep rocks, from which they were distant only seven miles, there was not even the hope of being thrown on a beach. Besides the hundred and eighty soldiers on board, the officers had their wives and children with them, who added to the horror by their cries. The captain said he never before experienced anything so dreadful. At last the gale reached them: still it was a relief, as it enabled them to do something for themselves; and though they lost most of their sails, they were able to weather the island, keeping clear of the land, and finally, to their inexpressible joy, to enter the harbor on the twenty-fifth. The soldiers were landed immediately, and lodged in barracks till they could proceed to Port Mahon. The "Manzanares" had only one boat left fit for use, out of seven or eight.

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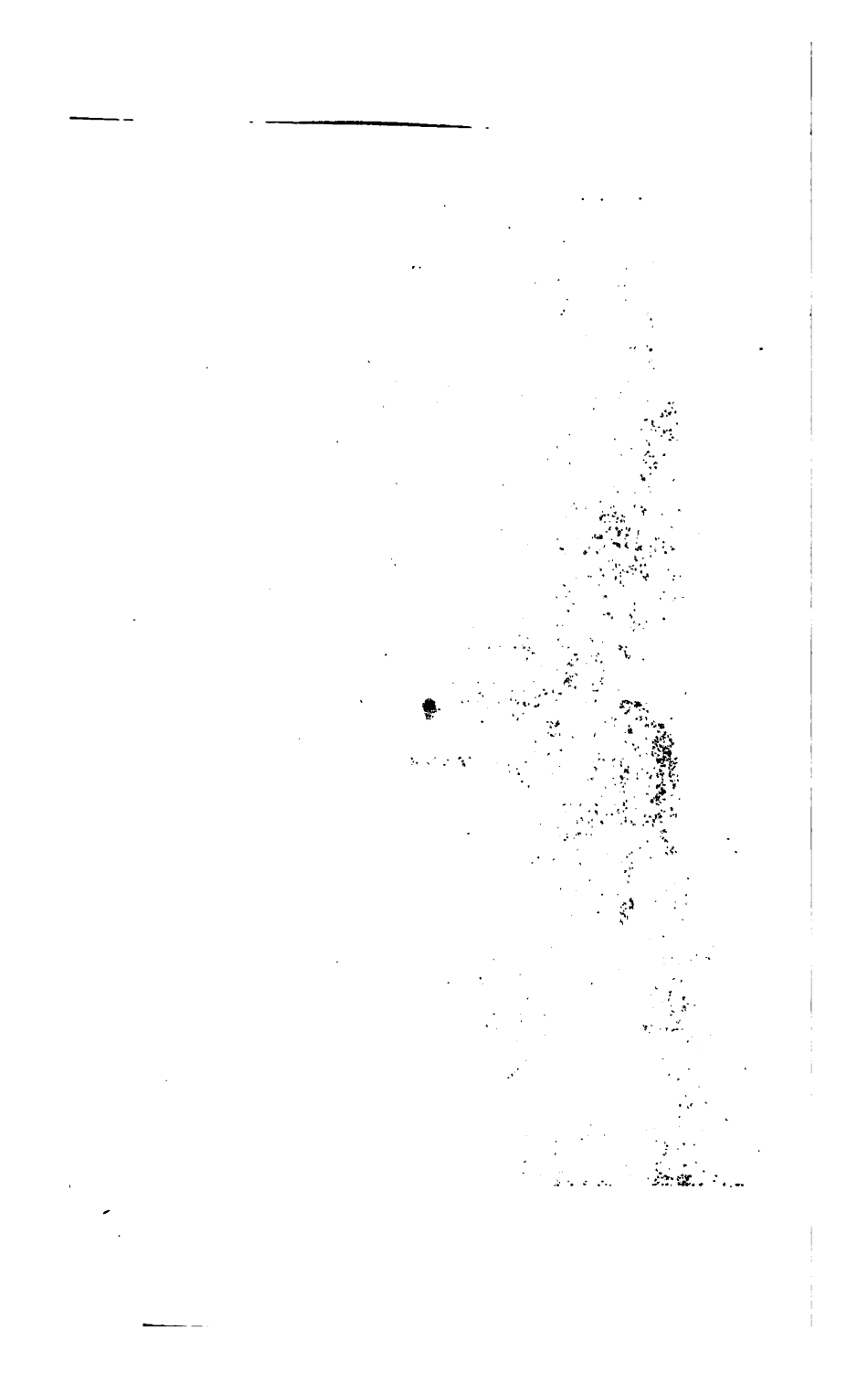
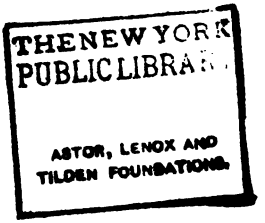


Dec. 29.—As the weather was bad yesterday morning, we passed the day in repose, but the evening was beautiful, and the glass has risen since we put in here. We ascertained yesterday that all the necessary repairs to the rigging, which was greatly chafed, were practicable here, and as provisions were as easy to be procured as at Port Mahon, it was settled that we should wait till those affairs were arranged, and till the wind should become favourable for our long course to Cività Vecchia. We were moored about a mile-and-a-half from the town; and found numbers of vessels crowded close to the mole; among them a large French steamer, from Marseilles, with troops for Algiers, which was obliged to put in here on account of injuries from the storm.

The landing at the pier is very good. The town is completely and strongly fortified all round, with broad walks on the ramparts. A strong gate leads into the town, which is extremely picturesque, with retreats from the heat of the sun, in the shape of rooms on the upper story, with open arches, instead of walls

and windows. Arcades, gardens, and terraces, on the middle stories, singularly pretty, and like a dream. On a small alameda, lodges the Sardinian consul, M. Constant, who also transacts the English business; he speaks English and French, as well as Italian and Spanish, and is very civil and obliging: he walked with us all over the town, and by another alameda to the walls on the inland side, and to the walks which run all along them. The view is very pretty over the plain below, where there were kitchen gardens full of vegetables, and well-cultivated fields of corn, already of a brilliant green, interspersed with almond-trees; farther on are olive woods, ending in very fine mountains, in parts of which are groves of orange-trees; numbers of oranges being exported from here. We then came down into the town, passing through the gate by which James I, of Arragon, entered after the defeat of the Moors: and saw the church of San Miguel, where mass was first performed on the same occasion.

The town of Palma was built in 122 B.C., by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the Roman Consul Metellus, after he had conquered the Balearic islands. Majorca remained subject to the Romans, and afterwards to the barbarian conquerors of the western empire, until about the year 800, when it was subdued by the Moors, who, with their characteristic industry, employed themselves in the cultivation of their newly acquired land. Under their peaceful administration it flourished until it was conquered by James the First, of Arragon, in 1229, when the Moors were expelled, and Majorca has since that period formed a part of the dominions of Spain, with the exception of the brief interval during which it was in the possession of the English, from 1706 to 1715.

The town is very clean and quiet, looks comfortable and not poor. The people generally have an agreeable appearance, are neatly dressed, and seem good-natured. They are more fresh-coloured, and less sallow and fierce-looking than the Spaniards we had lately seen, and are said to be obliging to foreigners, and particularly to the English, whom they treat with civility and hospitality.

In the court-yards of the great houses we remarked handsome and curious archways, with fine staircases, and an appearance of solitude and silence, but not that air of ruin observable in the Spanish towns.

The shops seemed very indifferent, and are principally held by people of Jewish descent. Their family history is a sad one. Their ancestors were condemned by the Inquisition, and many of them were burnt, at a place which is still pointed out, near an old fort commanding the bay, at a little distance from the town. Those who were willing to change their religion, were allowed to remain: but although some were converted, and became Roman Catholics, a line of demarcation has ever since remained between them and the other inhabitants: to this day they reside in a distinct part of the town, and are not allowed to intermarry with the original Christians.

The market, though our visit was in the evening, had still abundance of provisions remaining,—oranges, lemons, apples, pomegranates, walnuts, tomatas, capsicums, varieties of

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grain, beans of all sizes and colours, rice, vermicelli, maize, and innumerable other things,—besides grapes, though their season was now past. A very picturesque but deserted convent, now converted into a residence for the governor, stands immediately opposite to the cathedral, which overhangs the sea; and there are many other fine old convents in various parts of the town, now appropriated to secular uses. The conduct of the government to the monks and nuns has been cruel in the extreme, as it suddenly broke up all these communities, promising an indemnification and support for life by small pensions, but which have not been paid; and therefore those recluses who from age are unable to support themselves, are either starving, or obliged to subsist on the charity of their relations.

The cathedral is gothic, but unfinished. Its position is grand; it stands on the walls, at a considerable height, with two terraces below it over the sea, and is a very fine object from the bay.

The hundred and eighty troops embarked

again in the "Manzanares," to sail early the next day for Port Mahon.

Dec. 30.—A most agreeable present arrived at breakfast-time from the consul,—an enormous sweet brioche, about two feet in diameter, and in shape like a gigantic cornu ammonis, made by the nuns, and as good to eat as to look at, reposing on a heap of sweet rusks; à propos of which I may remark, that in all the Spanish towns we have uniformly met with excellent bread, and here it was particularly good.

In the course of the morning M. Constant accompanied us to the cathedral, which was built towards the close of the thirteenth century; and if finished, would be extremely handsome within, as well as without; but it is so far from completion, that most of the long lance-shaped windows are filled up, and only small square openings left at the top for light. Those which are filled with stained glass are the richest in colour I ever saw, consisting entirely of the deepest and most gorgeous reds, dark blues, greens, and browns, like a cluster of carbuncles.

In the cathedral is the tomb of the Marquis de la Romana, famous for having brought away the Spanish army from Denmark by sea to Spain, at the breaking out of the Peninsular war against France; and though a young man, he distinguished himself in the command of the Spanish troops in the contest against the armies of Napoleon. He died at Cadiz, the 8th of March 1811; but his body was brought here, and buried in the family vault, under a marble monument, with figures as large as life, executed in the town.

In the centre of the church, between the high altar and the choir, is a modern monument, consisting of a marble sarcophagus, with a cushion and crown upon it, to the memory of Don Jayme, son of James I of Arragon, second king of Majorca, who died in 1311.

Above the high altar were suspended in the air by threads an infinity of little white things, like paper butterflies, which, it seems, are sacred wafers; and it is the custom so to suspend them from Christmas till the Epiphany. Several canons were chanting in the choir; and

after mass was over, we were accosted by one of them, a friend of the consul, who spoke very good English; he was a native of Minorca, and they frequently learn English, at least with the American accent, at Port Mahon, the usual winter station for American ships in the Mediterranean.

We then prolonged our walk by the walls, which afford views into the country on one side, and on the other down into the town, which is filled with the strangest houses imaginable, high towers, numbers of small open arcades and terraces, with gardens as it were in mid air, some in an awful state of decrepitude, many palm-trees, and, in the most miserable holes and alleys, orange and lemon trees covered with fruit, and trellises of vines.

Dec. 31.—This was the anniversary of the taking of the town from the Moors, and high mass was performed at the cathedral in consequence. We walked up an ascent to a new fish-market, which seemed well supplied; and here were some most extraordinarily dressed peasants. One very fine-looking old man in particular was admirable in his costume, which

was a large spotted calf-skin put on as a pelisse, entire, with two apertures for the arms, and the tail cut off: the straightness and length of the back, and the perfect gravity with which the wearer was talking and gesticulating with a friend hardly less extraordinarily accoutred, was irresistible.

We afterwards took a long walk out of the town, through the green corn-fields, full of fig-trees, olives, and almond-trees, which in a month will be in full flower. We passed by some deserted convents, with very fine palm-trees in their gardens; came to a large cemetery, with numbers of monuments in stone and marble, and some in coloured tiles; crossed a small river, and walked to an eminence looking down on a beautiful valley beyond, wooded with olives and ilexes, with views of the fine outlines of the mountains, which are peaked and craggy: returned by the same way to the town, meeting numbers of the peasants in full costume, with black hats with enormous rims, a kind of dark waistcoat or vest, and very full white trowsers, like the Greek dress, all but the

hat,—their hair growing in a bush, like that of the Russian priests. These men sit at an immense height on their mules, on a kind of platform saddle, so that their legs are sometimes placed horizontally at full length, and always sideways; they have fine good-natured countenances, and evince no surprise at the sight of strangers, in which they differ much from the Spaniards, to whom we must be much less a novelty.

The steamer, the "Mallorquin," came in from Barcelona this morning: the storm had been dreadful there; sixteen vessels were lost in the harbor, and some driven out, and wrecked on the bar. An English brig was lost on the coast near Rosas; the captain, two ladies, and four of the crew, were drowned. "La Surprise" saved two vessels which were driving out, by catching hold of them with grappling irons. A Dutch galliot and a Swedish brig ran ashore near Monjuich, and the crews were drowned, all but seven men out of the two vessels. The crew of a Russian ship in the harbor saved themselves by leaving the ship, which went to pieces.

CHAPTER XIV.

LONJA—THEATRE—FORT—FLOWERS—FROM PALMA TO NAPLES—QUARANTINE—CHURCHES—PALACE OF CHARLES THE FIFTH—POMPEII—CAPO DI MONTE—CAMPO MARZO—LANDSLIP AT GRAGNANO—CAPE MISENUM—MONTE CIRCELLO—WATER-SPOUT.

"Oh! what a tempest whirled us hither!
Winds whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers."

Moore.

January 1, 1842.—We walked about the town in the morning, and went to look at the Lonja (Exchange), just within the walls, and close to the water; from whence, as partially seen over the walls, it looks remarkably well. The exterior is very fine, with gothic windows, and a great deal of sculpture round the doorways and the top of the building. The interior consists of a large hall, with six spiral columns branching out at the

top into gothic arches. It is a handsome old building, but now completely neglected, and consequently falling to ruin. In the evening we went to the opera, and found a pretty little theatre, about the size of "the Haymarket," but it wants painting and renovating. The boxes are large and good. The opera was "Il Pirata;" the performers in general very indifferent; but the tenor sang with taste, and the prima donna had a strong rich voice. The performance was over by half-past nine. The evening was beautiful when we returned to our vessel, with a brilliant moonlight, and as mild as summer.

Jan. 2.—A good supply of provisions—vegetables, hares, rabbits, &c.—was laid in this morning, and we were ready to sail, but as there was no wind, the weather was too fine to allow us to resist the temptation of another walk on shore before we set out: we accordingly rowed to the side of the harbor opposite the pier, and at the foot of the hill on the top of which stands the large fort, we found excellent landing on some rocks, in deep but very clear water. We scram-

bled up a precipitous bank with an enormous cactus growing out of it, across a little plain covered with bulbous plants not then in flower, onwards up the hill, over most beautiful ground, rocks, wild paths, and thickets, of what species we could not discover, as they were out of flower, but they looked like azalias and cistuses, in an open wood of young fir-trees. The ground was blue with flowering lavender, interspersed with large and fine bunches of pink heath.

We walked close under the fort, which is round, with handsome towers. It commands a fine view of the town, bay, and undulating country around, covered with trees and cultivated ground.

Our walk was prolonged for some time in this wood, where our spaniel started four red-legged partridges. When we returned in sight of the vessel, at three o'clock, our signal was hoisted for sailing; we therefore hastened down to the same point in the rocks, where we found our boat ready for us, and soon regained the ship, which was under weigh, fired two guns as a salute to Palma, and left it with very

agreeable impressions, after a most acceptable repose.

The island is certainly very beautiful, and well worth a visit when time and opportunity serve. The lower orders seem well employed, contented, and happy; the higher classes lead a life of perfect inactivity—doing little, but eating occasionally, sleeping regularly, and strolling up and down the alameda. It is difficult to imagine a less agitated or more objectless existence,—nothing to do, to care about, or to wish for,—the climate and soil supplying all that is wanted, with no anxiety and little trouble.

Jan. 3.—After a tolerably calm night, we found ourselves rolling about in the morning with a north-east wind just against us; but at two P.M. it changed to the south-west, which carried us on at first moderately, but afterwards freshened so much, that by nine in the evening we swept along at the rate of ten knots an hour, and went on tearing away at an increased pace through the night.

Jan. 4.—Gale very steady;—we continued

to go with great speed all day. The storm-sail was set instead of the main-sail, as more manageable. We were in sight of Sardinia at two P.M., twelve miles distant, having advanced two hundred and seventeen miles since the same hour the day before.

Jan. 5.—Sardinia was left far behind by the morning, after a rapid run through the course of a rough, agitated, and tossing night; in the last twenty-four hours we had got over two hundred and seven miles. The glass had been gradually sinking, and the swell of the sea all yesterday, but particularly in the evening, was terrific. A lighted candle, and a full inkstand as an antidote, were deposited in my lap at the same moment, as I was trying to hold myself on the sofa. The gig was hoisted from its davits into the ship upon deck to-day, to save it from being caught by the seas. The rolling continued in a violent manner all the evening; at midnight we were off the island of Ischia. It was impossible to sleep; the motion, and the noise of the waves striking the ship, were tremendous.

Jan. 6.—We found in the morning we had

"hove to" off Ischia since twelve o'clock last night, and were therefore ready at daylight to enter the Bay of Naples. The weather was at first clear, but, most vexatiously, about nine o'clock it darkened over, with heavy rain, which continued the whole time of sailing into the bay, and prevented our seeing any thing. We first anchored just within the mole, where there was a considerable swell. We then moored ourselves to a large man-of-war steamer, and to "Il Vesuvio," a Neapolitan eighty-gun ship.

The health-boat came alongside, and informed us that we were in quarantine for twelve days, which judicious precaution is enforced with regard to all ships that come by Gibraltar, because, I believe, nearly forty years ago, the yellow-fever visited the coasts of Spain. As we only wanted to stay a day or two at most here, on our way to Civita Vecchia, we should have gone on directly, but the weather became rapidly so bad, with wind, torrents of rain, and such a sea outside, that it was impossible to stir.

We sent to our minister, Mr. Temple, to request him to do his best to shorten our quaran-

tine, which with his usual goodnature he undertook. The weather became worse at night, with thunder and lightning, and we were thankful to be at least in harbor.

Jan. 13.—Mr. Temple having with some difficulty obtained a mitigation of our quarantine, it expired today, having been curtailed to eight days, including the day of arrival and that of liberation. These days might as well have been passed in that manner as in any other, as from the severity of the weather it would have been impossible to stir during the last week, there having been a series of rain, snow, and hail, with thunder and lightning, accompanied by violent wind. Vesuvius and the Sorrento line of mountains looking most dismal, and covered with snow. The subsequent days were generally too wet and stormy to admit of our doing much. Naples is too well known for any details to be otherwise than tiresome; one walk need only be mentioned, in which Mr. R. H. accompanied us, to some churches which are perhaps not generally visited, but still are well worth seeing, as they contain some curious monuments.

In the church of Sta. Maria Nuova, in a side chapel, are the tombs of Lantrec and of Peter of Navarre, erected by Gonsalvo de Cordova, nephew of the great captain, with Latin inscriptions. In the church of Sta. Chiara, which is one of the finest in Naples, there is a tomb, said to be that of Joanna the First, queen of Naples; there is also that of her father, Charles of Anjou, and behind the high altar the monument of Robert of Anjou, her grandfather, the founder of the church. Immediately behind the altar and under this monument is a large grille, showing a spacious and handsome chapel belonging to the convent, into which none but the nuns are permitted to enter; the walls of the chapel are covered with paintings in fresco by Solimene.

On the other side of the high altar is the tomb of Maria, Duchesa di Durazzo, empress of Constantinople, a younger sister of Joanna's; and near it a monument to two of the empress's daughters, Agnes and Clementina, and another child (Maria) who died young.

A monk was preaching extempore to a large

audience in the church of St. Dominico. At the entrance are some curious old monuments of the Rota family; and in the church is the tomb of Philip, prince of Tarentum, son of Charles II, who died in 1332. In a gallery which runs round the top of the sacristy, are placed a number of coffins of all sizes (like portmanteaus, covered with crimson velvet), containing the bodies of the Arragonese kings of Naples, which have all been kept there unburied.

"St. Filippo Neri" is a handsome church, with fine granite columns, and a beautiful ceiling.

There is in the cathedral, on the left-hand side looking towards the high altar, a small unpretending tomb, of Andrew of Hungary, with a Latin inscription, stating very explicitly that he was strangled by Joanna:—

"JOANNÆ UXORIS DOLO ET LAQUEO NECATO. 1345."

Another inscription on the pavement says that the monument had been shaken by an earthquake, and repaired by one of the archbishops of Naples. Here also is the tomb of Pope Innocent IV.

A large building in the suburb was formerly the palace of Charles V, with the imperial arms over the gateway. It is now used as a prison. The malefactors were struggling at the grated windows and shrieking for charity.

The numbers of people about the streets today were even greater than usual, it being not only Sunday, but the first day of the carnival. There were several processions of "seriously disposed" persons following a priest with a cross, and headed by troops of little ragged boys.

This evening was perfectly delightful, with the sun setting pink and beautiful over Capri.

Mr. H——'s yacht "La Gitana" was moored close to us; having come this evening from Malta and Messina.

In one of our walks lately we saw, at a door in the Strada Chiaja, a soup in preparation for the family repast, consisting of snails in their shells, and parsley, simmering together in a saucepan over a small fire.

Jan. 15.—The only event of importance today was, that as the Custom-house boat was passing near us to another vessel, one of our sailors,

looking over, saw that the official authorities had taken the opportunity of carrying off our buoy, which was in their boat. Four of our people instantly jumped into the boat and rescued it by force. The Custom-house establishment at Naples is notorious for such practices.

We passed this day at the Museo.

Jan. 24.—Continued bad weather, which prevented our doing much beyond passing one day at Pompeii, which, from additional excavations, increases more and more in interest at every visit, although the brilliancy of the radiant colours on the walls is, by a comparison with a visit in 1836, evidently impaired by exposure to the weather, from which they had been protected by the covering of light pumice and cinders, guarding them unimpaired in their original brightness for so many centuries.

We embarked in our barge with eight oars at nine A.M., rowed across the bay about twelve miles, and arrived before one o'clock at the Torre dell' Annunziata; from thence we walked about two miles to Pompeii, returned by five to our boat, and reached the yacht at eight.

These distances are given for the benefit of any marine travellers who may prefer this mode of visiting Pompeii, which interesting remnant of former times is so well and so ably described by others.

A diver succeeded this morning in finding our kedge, of which the rope had been snapped by the steam-boat—"the Amsterdam"—two days before: to effect which he was obliged to pass under two other vessels, and to search for it amidst a mass of cables and anchors under water. It was lying about five fathoms deep, and was dragged up by grappling irons. The dexterity and strength of these divers, matured by long habit, are surprising. They are so confident of success in their attempts, that they desire no remuneration when they fail.

The violence of the sea last night drove in a considerable swell, and broke one of the ropes which fastened us to the great steamer. The weather was dreadful; and some of the ship's company who went on shore in the evening had great difficulty in getting back to the ship;

the sea was driving over the lower part of the mole, and they were obliged to wade knee-deep, with the risk of being swept off by each returning wave, and had much trouble when they found the boat to avoid being swamped, as all the enormous cables which secure the vessels to the mole were swinging about as though they had been packthreads, and made it very difficult to pass among them to reach the vessel.

We took a long walk to-day, in an interval of tolerable weather, up to the Capo di Monte, by a good and handsome road, the work of the French in the time of Murat. The stone pines are very fine. In returning, we made our way to the church of San Giovanni a Carbonara, in which is a fine large gothic tomb of Ladislaus, king of Naples, who died in 1414; and one of Giovanni Caracciolo: from thence to the chapel of San Severo, the mausoleum of the Sangro family, where there is a statue of "Modesty," by Corradini, much admired,—I cannot understand why, as it appears to me to be heavy; and also a man in a net, supposed to be extricating himself from the snares of Vice, by

Queirolo, curious from its execution, but clumsy as a figure: there is in the same chapel a fine recumbent figure of our Saviour, shrouded in a veil, by Giuseppe San Martino; the delicacy of the work, and touching expression of the form, as seen through the almost transparent folds of the drapery, are beautiful. We got wet through in returning to the ship, the rain recommencing with renewed spirit.

Jan. 27.—Was extremely cold. We passed the early part of the morning at the Museo, and after that walked past the Albergo dei Poveri, an immense building, erected in the reign of Charles III, to the Campo Marzo, about three miles from the town, on the new Aversa road, where the king in his martial ardour frequently reviews his troops in a large flat green space. On returning, we saw some men by the road-side beating and combing, with a piece of iron much like a thin poker, the aloe-leaves cut out of the hedges, to clear the innumerable fibres, for the purpose of making thread. After descending the hill, we passed through a curious part of the old town, with very crowded, narrow,

and ruinous streets, and went into the church of Sta. Maria del Carmine, where Conradin, the last of the Hohenstauffens, is buried behind a door at the back of the high altar. He was beheaded by order of Charles of Anjou in 1268, in the market-place adjoining, where also Masaniello was proclaimed king of Naples by the populace in 1647.

The church of Sta. Maria del Carmine is handsome, and much inlaid with marble, with chapels in the same style; it was enlarged and decorated by Conradin's mother, Margaret of Austria.

A few days ago, a landslip occurred at the village of Gragnano, near Castel a Mare, by which sixty-one houses were overwhelmed in an instant, and, as far as could be ascertained, about one hundred and thirty persons had perished. The ground on which the village stood, appeared on inspection to have been undermined by the rains.

Jan. 28.—We were glad to profit by a light breeze this evening to weigh anchor, and set sail for Civita Vecchia, as we were anxious to

be settled at Rome, without farther delay, for the remainder of the winter; none of our party having much predilection for Naples, where, notwithstanding the beauty of its environs, and the interest of its museum, the town itself is such a pandemonium of noise, theft, and beggary, that a short stay there ends in creating a redoubled impatience to reach Rome, which exceeds in attraction and lasting charm every other place.

The post-office at Naples is subject to the same mismanagement that is but too common to all the public departments in this ill-governed country, where delays and restrictions are the principles of government, and confusion and poverty the result.

We got under weigh soon after five o'clock, and were off immediately. There was not wind enough to carry us round Ischia, but we were just able to double Cape Misenum, passing between it and Procida; the Cape looked majestic and fine, as we swept close under it in the dusk.

Jan. 29.—Contrary wind; very cold, rolling

sea, falling glass, tiresome day. The breeze increasing, induced us to anchor at five P. M., immediately under the south-east point of Monte Circello, in seven-fathom water. Saw nothing of Circe, and rolled perseveringly all night; but the weather was fine, though bitterly cold, and all the mountains along the coast were covered with snow.

Jan. 30.—The wind was favourable for a short time in the morning, and we weighed anchor at daybreak, but it became contrary soon after. At three P. M. I was told, "If you want to see a water-spout, you must come on deck directly." Though it was not the thing I most desired, I behaved as if it had been so, and went upon deck. A perpendicular streak, like a ribbon of light, was seen from a black thunder cloud, apparently over the island of Ponza, and presented a very remarkable appearance. The wind changed in a moment from the north-west to the east, and blew very sharply through the evening, making the ship pitch a good deal.

CHAPTER XV.

CIVITA VECCHIA—CARDINAL DE ANGELIS—TO AND FROM ROME—NAPLES—BAIÆ—POZZUOLI—SOLFATARA—LAKE AVERNUS—CUMÆ—PISCINA MIRABILE—SORRENTO—CAPRI—STROMBOLI—STRAITS OF MESSINA.

"On the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Baiæ's viny coast, where peaceful seas
Fann'd by kind zephyrs ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded shine thro' purest air."

Thomson.

Feb. 1.—AFTER nearly a dead calm through yesterday, during which time we were not far from the coast, and almost within sight of Civita Vecchia, a south wind sprang up at midnight, and carried us along very fast, bringing with it a pouring rain and thick fog, so that it was not easy to distinguish anything far from the vessel. We steered towards the land, and the first object we discovered was a vessel at anchor. We dispatched a boat for information, and found

to our dismay that we were off Corneto, twelve miles beyond Civita Vecchia; and as it was now blowing furiously from the south, the difficulty to get back to our point again was great. This was at nine A.M., and the vessel was put about immediately. We were obliged to continue tacking in the face of the wind, which was very violent, with torrents of rain, and so we continued to tumble, roll, and pitch, for six hours; and it was three o'clock P.M. when we contrived with great difficulty to enter the harbor of Civita Vecchia, to our unspeakable joy, though more than a month later than we had intended. The harbor is small, quiet, and well shut in, sheltered on all sides by a detached mole, with two very narrow entrances at each end of it. We were moored close to the quay, with a line of old walls and tall houses looking down upon us. There is an inner basin, with a very narrow outlet, originally constructed by Trajan, and now used as a dock where the convicts are employed, round which is their prison. The entrance, which is from the outer harbor, is secured every night by a strong chain thrown

across the water, and by an iron gate across the footway.

With the assistance of our consul Mr. Bartram, we engaged a diligence and four horses to carry the whole of our party and our luggage to Rome, on the 4th,—an arrangement which saves a great deal of trouble, there being but one payment for the journey, and the relays of horses being all in readiness at the post houses on the road.

Feb. 3.—The Cardinal De Angelis, bishop of Monte Fiascone and Corneto, having come to the palace at Civita Vecchia to celebrate yesterday's festival of Candlemas, he this day made an inspection of the fortifications, visited the only Papal vessel of war, a brig now lying in the harbor, and inspected the fishing for some large fish called spigola, for which the Sacred College only has the privilege of fishing within the harbor. He then sent a message to announce his intention of making us a visit in the yacht; we prepared accordingly to receive him, and in about two hours he arrived, bringing with him a large suite of about

twenty persons, ecclesiastical and military, among them Monsignore Grec Delicata, a Maltese, the governor of the town. The cardinal wore the usual purple robes, and red hat and stockings, and was very agreeable, with mild and gentleman-like manners; he spoke French well, having formerly been nuncio in Switzerland. He and his friends were amused by going over every part of the yacht; and when he departed, we gave him a salute of eleven guns.

In the afternoon we landed, and went up a large flight of steps leading from the quay into the town, through a curious old gateway, by a drawbridge and winding passage, and saw the cardinal again, as he was getting into his carriage to return to Corneto, where he resides. As he was about to enter his carriage, he came to where we were standing, to invite us to visit him, which, if we had had time, we should have much liked to do, there being very curious discoveries of Etruscan tombs lately made there. He finally departed with one or two attendant priests in a large dark-green Berline, drawn by

four black horses in hand, and followed by another similar carriage and four, with some of his suite.

The town is small and dismal, confined by the fortifications; but there is some building going on,—a new hotel and a new theatre. The country about is bare of wood, but not unpleasant.

Feb. 6.—Yesterday was passed in packing and making arrangements for leaving our ship here, during the time of our absence at Rome, in which we found our consul, Mr. Bartram, most obliging. Our luggage was secured on the roof of the diligence, which easily accommodated a large pile of trunks and boxes. The diligence itself was perfectly clean and very comfortable, containing four inside, two in a large coupé behind, and two in an open one with a head in front. Starting at ten, we changed horses three times; they were all ready, and were very good.

The country we passed through, by our road along the shore, was wild and open, occasionally diversified with copse and brushwood, and by several desolate and romantic-looking old forts

perched on the edge of the sea. The road is not hilly, but heavy in places, though generally good. We reached Rome at six P.M.; and as the Duc de Torlonia had been kind enough to get us a "lascia passare," we had no trouble at the gates, and were glad to find ourselves once more settled on land, and at Spillman's hotel, where we had passed some weeks very comfortably five years before.

Rome has been so accurately and learnedly described, that no sketch of it will here be attempted. We remained there two months, in the enjoyment of all that pleasant society can afford, when composed of old friends, and of new and agreeable acquaintances, added to the ceaseless fascination and attraction of the Eternal City. Rome is unrivalled in most respects by any other country or city, whether of the present or the past: it unquestionably rises as far above all, in the means it affords of enjoying present existence, as it does in the higher attributes of continually exciting the memory and the imagination.

"New, as if come from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if loved for years,"

it combines with every charm of antiquity, of art, and of nature, a peculiar feeling of home, which no other foreign city can inspire.

We remained at Rome till after the Holy Week, and left it on April 13, when we returned to Civita Vecchia, in the manner before recited. The horses on the road were sadly knocked up, from their incessant work for the last two days, —so many people leaving Rome at the conclusion of the girandola, and illumination of St. Peter's; both of which, but particularly the latter, have a magical effect. We arrived at Civita Vecchia soon after seven (the journey is easily done in eight hours), and found our vessel as we had left it.

I must here record a circumstance which ought to be noticed, to the credit of our crew: after we had left the ship, and our captain had afterwards followed us for some weeks to Rome, the sailors regularly read prayers and a sermon among themselves, in the same manner that we had been accustomed to perform it every Sunday.

An interesting expedition of some hours may

be made from Civita Vecchia to the extensive alum mines, and to the hot-water springs, and vestiges of the baths of Trajan, in the hills.

April 16.—The preceding days had been passed in packing, and settling ourselves again in the yacht; which gives as much trouble as disposing of oneself in a house, with the additional difficulty of having to squeeze all one's property into a much smaller space, and the necessity of placing it so that it cannot be tumbled and tossed about. We took some walks in the neighbourhood, where we found grape hyacinths just going out of flower, tamarisk in abundance, and may coming into blossom. Mr. Bartram, our consul, gave us all the assistance we could wish, and we set sail from Civita Vecchia this evening, with but little wind.

April 18.—Yesterday was very disagreeable, with a swell against us. Today, the sea being smooth, admitted of a pleasant sail; the Pontine Marshes, the old port of Anxur, and Terracina, in sight for a considerable time. We had visits from several land birds, and among others from a young owl.

April 19.—After some variations of contrary wind and calm, in the night and morning, a light breeze sprang up, and took us smoothly along through the evening. The sun set beautifully as we passed Ischia, and it was a bright starlight as we sailed by Procida, and the lights in the little town looked very pretty. We rounded Misene about eight o'clock, which was quite as much as the very light wind, which was dropping fast, enabled us to do.

April 20.—A beautiful hot summer's morning. After gliding along all night, with hardly any perceptible motion, we anchored very early just outside the mole of Naples. The bay was in brilliant beauty, and we soon landed, and passed the day in various avocations on shore. The Chiaja is full of flowers; the acacias covered with white blossoms, the lilacs and laburnums all in flower.

April 21.—Absence of wind prevented an early sail to Baiæ, we therefore passed the morning at the Museo, an inexhaustible source of interest and occupation. We managed to glide over to Baiæ in the evening, and anchored, in

the most delightful and softest of starlight nights, about eight o'clock.

April 22.—We made a charming expedition; landing first, at ten A. M., at Pozzuoli, and walking by the temple of Jupiter Serapis, to the Solfatara, where the sulphur was boiling and fuming as usual: returned to the boat, and then rowed to the landing place, by the Lucrine Lake, which we reached by noon. We walked to the Lake Avernus, which was perfectly delightful; its banks covered with fern, cistuses, and flowers of all colours: then to the Sybil's cave, and passing the ruins of the temple of Apollo, on the margin of the lake, across by paths through vineyards and fields, till we came to the road to Cumæ, and followed the hot, dusty, baking, high road, perfumed with flowers, and commanding most beautiful views over Avernus, the Lucrine Lake, all the bay, to Capri, and the Sorrento coast, and Vesuvius, from which a clear line of smoke ascended perfectly straight. We attained the fine old arch formerly leading to Cumæ, and climbed up the banks to its top, from whence the view on the west side

is hardly less beautiful—over the old site of Cumæ, on the sea-shore, and the low land extending by the tomb of Scipio Africanus, with its inscription of "Ingrata patria," at Linterna, towards Terracina. The sea and the sky as blue as a sapphire.

We returned to the boat by the way we came, and dined in the yacht, which we reached soon after three, P.M., after a hot but beautiful walk. After dinner we landed again, just beyond the fort of Baiæ, where we were met on the shore by a host of savages; some persecuting us as 'guides,' others handing plates of nasty little marine curiosities, and all joining in one universal howl and chorus as beggars, and quite spoiling what would otherwise have been the exquisite enjoyment of strolling at pleasure in such a scene, and in such weather. We went to the Piscina Mirabile, and the Cento Camerelle: nothing (setting aside the inhabitants) can be more charming than this heavenly coast. The evening had all the softness and warmth of what is sometimes felt in July in England. We were back again in the yacht by eight.

April 25.—After passing the last two or three days in amusement and business at Naples, some repairs having been wanted for the vessel, we weighed anchor at noon, intending to have anchored for the evening on the opposite side of the bay, at Sorrento, and the following day to have got over to Capri, to see the blue cavern, for which a perfect calm is necessary; but in vain did we heave the lead, and run near the shore,—we could find no soundings, the anchorage proving too close to the shore for safety for a vessel of our size: we therefore abandoned Sorrento, which, as well as the whole of the coast, is very beautiful,—with rocky precipices covered with turf, vineyards, olive woods, and convents, overhanging the sea. Our plans being thus frustrated, we sailed between Capri and the main land, and as the wind was fair for Sicily, we gave up with reluctance our intention of stopping at Amalfi, and continued our course very smoothly.

April 27.—After proceeding slowly through yesterday, we passed Stromboli at about two P.M., after which we were carried on

very rapidly towards the Straits of Messina: the views of the steep and rocky Calabrian coast were very fine. Luckily both wind and tide, the latter of which runs very strong, for six hours each way, were in our favour, and took us well into the Straits. We worked up very slowly towards the town of Messina, as besides the conflicting currents, there was at one moment a dead calm, and the next a sharp baffling wind rushing down the gullies in the mountains. The Sicilian shores are like fairy land; very mountainous, but well cultivated and covered with vineyards, olive woods, gardens, villas, churches, and convents; the air perfumed by the acacia flowers. At last we anchored outside the harbor, a little north of the Sanità, on account of the difficulty of getting out when once in. It is not easy to find an anchorage, as there are no soundings till close to the beach, where we dropped an anchor and ran a warp to the shore. Received a visit from Mr. Barker, the son of the vice-consul, in the evening.

Two days ago a quail, of which great num-

bers were migrating northwards, dropped exhausted on the deck; we put him in a basket, and gave him crumbs and rice, of which he ate very freely and fearlessly, and today, when we were within a few hundred yards of land, we let him loose, thinking he must certainly reach it; but the poor little bird, after flying some distance in a circle near the ship, attempted to regain it, but, to our great vexation, dropped into the water and was drowned.

CHAPTER XVI.

MESSINA—CHURCHES—CAPUCIN CONVENT—MATA-GRIFFONE—CHARYBDIS—TAORMINA—MOUNT ETNA—AUGUSTA—SYRACUSE—CATHEDRAL—FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA—ANTIQUITIES—CAPUCIN CONVENT.

"Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
* * * *
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by."

Rogers.

THE original name of the city of Messina was Zancle, which, in the language of the ancient Siculi, signified "a sickle," which might either refer to the shape of the port, or to the fertility of the country.

The Cumæans, tempted by the advantages of its position in a commercial point of view, attacked the Siculi, and expelled them from the town. They did not, however, retain possession of their new settlement. A party of Samians

and other Ionian adventurers, escaping from the vengeance of the Medes, chose this spot as a refuge; and having landed on the island, they made themselves masters of the town, and drove out its former possessors. In their turn they were forced to yield to a colony of citizens from Messene in the Peloponnesus, who came over when their native land had been desolated by long and disastrous wars with the Lacedæmonians. They were led, according to Pausanias, by Gorgus, the son of Aristomenes, who on his way to Sicily had landed at Rhegium, and obtained the cooperation of his countryman Anaxilaus, tyrant of that city. Zancle being taken, Anaxilaus recolonized the city, and changed its name to Messana, in commemoration of his native place. He rendered himself popular by the mildness and moderation of his administration.

A severe blow awaited Messana in the year 289 B.C. An unprincipled but warlike nation, called the Mamertines, inhabiting the southern part of Campania, had been employed as mercenaries in the army of Agathocles, tyrant of

Syracuse. Having proved rebellious, and claiming privileges to which they had no right, they were ordered to leave Syracuse. Being received into Messana on their return to their own country, they repaid the hospitality they received by treacherously murdering the inhabitants, and taking possession of their effects. The Carthaginians and Syracusans, enraged at this act of perfidy, took up arms to revenge their allies; and the Mamertines, reduced to the greatest extremity, appealed to the Romans for assistance, who, gladly availing themselves of every opportunity of extending their dominion, and jealous of the increasing power and prosperity of Carthage, acceded to the entreaties of the perfidious murderers, and aided them with a consular army under the command of Appius Claudius.

This was the origin of the Punic Wars, the ultimate results of which were the subjection of Sicily to the Romans, and the utter annihilation of Carthage.

Messina remained under the Roman sway till the fall of the Empire, when it followed the

fortunes of the rest of Sicily. In 829 A.D. it was taken by the Saracens, but received very favorable conditions, half of the city being allotted to the Christians, where they were allowed the exercise of their own religion and laws.

The enjoyment of these privileges, however, did not diminish their willingness to free themselves when the occasion presented itself; and in 1037, when George Maniaces, the Byzantine general sent by the emperor Michael the Paphlagonian, landed near the Faro with an army of Greeks and Romans, the citizens of Messina lost no time in declaring themselves against the Mahometans. Upon the recall of Maniaces in 1052, they were again obliged to yield to the power of the Caliph, who made them feel the effects of his vengeance; but within twenty years Roger the Norman took the town, and freed it from the oppression of the Saracens.

In 1190, when the usurper Tancred was king of Sicily, Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus wintered here on their way to Palestine, and marked their residence by a series of feuds and conflicts.

April 28.—We profited by a fine morning to row to the quay, and Mr. Barker accompanied us on a walk through the town, which is, as usual, rather dirty, but well paved with flat stones, and has a handsome street running parallel with the shore, but no good shops. The vegetables are very fine, and cherries and strawberries were carried about, though not quite ripe. The cathedral contains nothing remarkable but a lapis lazuli altar and some fine granite columns, which, by the peculiar taste of the governor, had been painted black, five years ago: they were taken from an old temple of Neptune at the Faro. A fine old archway at the western entrance is adorned with curious sculpture: but a large gable over it is only painted wood, the original one having been destroyed by an earthquake, in 1783, a visitation by which Messina has often suffered. The interior of the church of S. Gregorio, belonging to a rich convent of nuns, is wholly lined with inlaid marbles, in Florentine work. There is a fine view from the steps of the convent over the town, the Straits, and the Calabrian coast. The other churches contain nothing of consequence.

A steep dusty hill led to the Capucin convent, nearly a mile above the town, where a large troop of beggars were waiting outside for the daily noontide meal. On a neighbouring height we saw the old tower of Matagriffone, built by Richard Cœur de Lion, to keep the inhabitants of Messina in awe.

A small public garden in the town would be pretty if it were better kept. Turf, or green grass, are almost equally unknown abroad; here, the only approach to a little bed of green was a circular patch of clover, shaded off into dust. The family of the consul brought to our ship this evening a nosegay of superb cabbage roses, orange flowers, ranunculuses, and carnations.

April 29.—Weighed anchor at four in the morning, but, from the perverse action of the currents in all directions, were obliged to let it go again, and to hire a boat with ten men to tow us clear of the mole, and beyond the reach of the not fabulous Charybdis, and after an easy sail arrived by three in sight of Taormina, and by five were near enough to get into our boat, and after three-quarters of an hour landed upon some rocks on the shore.

Taormina, the ancient Tauromenium, was built by a colony of Sicels, who had been permitted by the Syracusan government to establish themselves at Naxus, a small town situated at the base of Mount Etna, on its north-eastern side. Upon the suggestions of Imilcon, the Carthaginian general, the people of Naxus broke off their alliance with Dionysius the Elder; and fearing his revenge, they moved from Naxus, a place without defences, to the neighbouring rock of Taurus. Here they built and fortified a town, which received the name of Tauromenium from the mount upon which it was situated. When ordered by the Syracusans to quit that post, they obstinately refused, and an attack made upon them by Dionysius in a stormy winter's night was successfully resisted. The Syracusan general was wounded, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

The historian Timæus, who inveighed against Dionysius with all the acrimony of party spirit, was a native of this place. When the Saracens took the town in the ninth century, they constructed an irregular wall and lines for its

defence, which were afterwards strengthened by the emperor Charles V.

The aspect of Taormina, which stands at a great elevation from the sea, is very striking; above it are perched, on a rugged pinnacle, the remains of a Saracenic castle; and still much higher above that, as in the clouds, on the point of a crag, is the grey town of Mola, apparently inaccessible. The sea at our landing-place was remarkably clear, and we made our way up a rocky ravine to a road, which we pursued for some time, till we found a wild and stony path on the left, winding up round the hill, on the summit of which the theatre is placed; the ground covered with convolvuluses, snap-dragon, and a brilliant little blue iris, three or four inches high; the almond-trees covered with fruit. In various parts of our path we stopped to look down from an immense height, directly over the precipitous cliffs into the sea, which found its way into various fissures and indentures of the rocks, at a great depth under our feet. Nothing could be more beautiful—with Etna in the distance, the top covered to a great extent with snow. The path became very steep as we mounted to

the theatre, making a circuit round the summit, and passing in our way some old Greek tombs, in the shape of rows of small arches. The theatre was built by the Greeks, and repaired by the Romans, two thousand two hundred years ago; there are extensive remains of it, in walls, brick work, and some columns: the situation is one of unparalleled beauty, in a sort of natural nest, or hollow of the mountain, facing the south-west, and commanding splendid views of land and sea. Below, on one side, is the town of Taormina, in which is part of an old naumachia, now forming a sort of arcade, in a garden. We descended, after a most interesting walk of about two hours, by a shorter path, skirting a dirty suburb of the town, and retraced the rocky road by which we had mounted; daylight lasted till our return to the boat, when the moon rose, and we rowed to the ship, which had by this time approached nearer to the shore, and sailed again by eight o'clock P.M. for Syracuse. The lights at Nicolosi, under Etna, were extremely pretty.

April 30.—Went on deck at seven A.M. to look at Mount Etna, and found it, which is

rarely the case, perfectly cloudless, and rising alone in full glory from the island, stretching its sloping base to the sea.

Mount Etna is called by the natives of Sicily Mon Gibello,—a corruption of the Saracenic appellation Gibbel Uttamat, the Mountain of Fire. The ancients, at a loss to account for the terrific eruptions which burst from its crater, ascribed them to the influence of Vulcan, whose forge was supposed to exist in the hollow of the mountain, where his workmen the Cyclops were employed in fabricating the thunderbolts of Jupiter.

The base of the mountain is about eighty-seven miles in circumference, and it rises to the height of ten thousand nine hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. Etna is divided into three distinct regions,—the fertile, the woody, and the desert. The first district is well cultivated, and extremely productive, abounding in corn, wine, and oil.

"While the imprisoned elements rebel,
And Etna shudders in her inmost cell,
Still on her breast the ruddy vineyards sing,
And laughing valleys breathe eternal Spring."

The principal feature in the wooded district is the Castagno dei Cento Cavalli, supposed to be the oldest tree in the world. It is said to consist of five large stems, all growing from the same root; and its name implies that a hundred horses might rest beneath its shade.

The desert region occupies the summit of the mountain, and presents a dreary waste of icy snow surrounding the cone of black lava and ashes, which rises in the midst to the height of about eleven hundred feet.

There is so much similarity from the sea between the towns of Augusta and Syracuse, that we were about to enter the harbor of the former, when a close observation of our chart enabled us to discover our mistake in time to avoid the rocks that narrow its entrance, and to stand out again to sea.

A convent in a similar position to that of the Capucins at Syracuse stands upon the northern side of the bay, by Cape Santa Croce, so called from being the spot where the empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, is said to have landed on her return from Jerusalem with a fragment

of the holy cross. The southern side is formed by the promontory of Magnisi, on which the Athenians landed upon their ill-fated expedition to attack the Syracusans.

The town of Augusta was built about the year 1230 by the emperor Frederic II; but the formidable earthquake on the 9th and 11th of January 1693, which destroyed fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Catania, nearly levelled it to the ground.

The town is of some size, with regular streets; but the buildings are mean, and the inhabitants are poor and of bad repute, having murdered from three to four hundred French officers and soldiers in the year 1800, on their return from Egypt; but it is to be hoped that time and progressive civilization have softened their manners.

Off this port, on the 22nd of April 1676, took place the naval engagement between the Dutch admiral De Ruyter, and the French fleet under Duquesne, at which the former closed his glorious career, having received two severe wounds in the conflict, of which he died in the castle of

Maniaces on the 29th, after retiring with his ships into the harbor of Syracuse.

A short sail from Augusta brought us to Syracuse;—we rounded the castle of Maniaces, built by the Byzantine general of that name, upon the point of Ortygia, and entered the finest and securest harbor in the world. Here, before the battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson anchored with thirteen ships of the line, in 1798, to take in water and provisions. We anchored a little off the walls of the town, at ten A.M. The awning was immediately put up, as the sun was burning hot, the sea of the clearest blue.

We soon after landed on the Marina, a broad walk lining the harbor on the side of the town, and made acquaintance with the consul, Signor Azzopardi, a Maltese, and then walked round the town, which is neat, with some tolerably good shops, and a very clean inn. The cathedral was anciently the temple of Minerva, of which several of the Doric columns still remain in the side-wall; on its summit the famous meridian of Archimedes is supposed to have stood. It was converted into a Christian church A.D. 197.

The fountain of Arethusa is not, as some have described it, a dirty puddle, but a large, pellucid, and abundant spring, separated from the sea by little more than the wall of the fortifications. It is considerably spoiled, it must be owned, in its romance and beauty, by a number of dirty women washing their clothes in it; but at its source it is brilliantly clear, and rises in a copious stream.

The modern town of Syracuse occupies the island, or rather isthmus, of Ortygia, which was but a suburb of the ancient town, and derived its name from its resemblance to the form of a quail.

The ancient city, which was no less than fifteen miles in circumference, was divided into five districts,—Acradina, Tyche, Neapolis, Epipolæ, and Ortygia. All these, except the last mentioned, stood on the main land. Acradina, extending far to the northward, was the most considerable, containing a population of four hundred thousand persons. Its principal vestiges consist of the Pulcherrimæ Porticus, and a curious building erected by Agathocles, called

the Palace of Sixty Beds. Tyche, to the west of Acradina, was the quarter next in importance, from whence a street of tombs, excavated in the rock, led southward to Neapolis, which was distinguished by the beauty of its position, commanding a fine view of the rest of the town, the bay, and the surrounding country. The fine remains of the ancient theatre, which was arranged for the accommodation of thirteen thousand spectators, point out the situation of this quarter of the city. When Epipolæ, which lay to the extreme west, had been enclosed by Dionysius, Syracuse was supposed to be the largest city then existing in the world.

We landed in the afternoon at the north side of the harbor, and having accepted the services of a ragged young gentleman as guide, we went on in a burning sun;—passed a solitary Cipollino column near the sea-shore (a remnant of the portico of the temple of Ceres), and pursued our way along a pretty road, bordered by immense cactuses and fig-trees loaded with figs not yet ripe, by fields of artichokes and corn, all highly

cultivated, and with a greater profusion of wild flowers, if possible, than in the neighbourhood of Rome,—to the amphitheatre, standing in the midst of gardens and the same beautiful scenery, overlooking the vale of the Anapus. The amphitheatre, which is Roman, is in very good preservation,—of white marble, with the vaulted passage below, where the wild beasts were kept.

The distance is small from the amphitheatre to the baths of Dionysius,—a collection of vaults, with the conduits still existing for the passage of the water. These adjoin the Latomiæ, which consist of an enormous pile of rocks in the form of a crescent, excavated as a quarry, in which are the stupendous caverns and recesses where the Athenians perished after the surrender of Nicias, and where other prisoners were confined. The chiselling of the roof in many places shows them to have been performed by art. One of these caverns is called the ear of Dionysius: the "ear" is a kind of conduit for the voice, like the spiral tube inside a shell, winding up a large cave into a small cell above, where any sound from below can by this means

be distinctly heard. This range of excavated cliffs encloses a large extent of ground, which is cultivated for gardens, and is in a state of luxuriant vegetation. In the centre rises a tall isolated mass of rock, on the top of which are the ruins of a small Saracenic tower.

A beautiful and rocky path led us hence over the old aqueduct of Gelon, with a stream of water rushing down the side, by which some mills still benefit, to the remains of the Grecian theatre, placed a little higher than the Roman amphitheatre, and on to a road cut in the solid rock, called the Street of Tombs,—the oldest and perhaps the most curious part of the whole. The rock forms a massive wall on each side, and is excavated into a line of caves for the purposes of tombs, supposed to be those of the ancient Syracusans.

This extraordinary street, fragrant with mint and the aromatic plants growing around, wound up the hill, and led out to a rocky terrace, overlooking the theatre, the mills, the gardens, the amphitheatre, the plain, the town, and the sea: it is impossible to imagine a finer view, or with finer coloring.

Our walk led us through cornfields carpeted with pink convolvuluses, pheasant's-eye, yellow and pink vetches, and innumerable other wild flowers, and acres of poppies, over some rocky ground, in which a passage has been discovered, supposed to communicate with the cell at the apex of the Ear of Dionysius;—the rocks are honeycombed with caves and excavations, which had probably been tombs; one of them with a pediment is called the tomb of Archimedes; near it are vestiges of ancient baths, and of a temple of Jupiter.

The church of San Giovanni, formerly dedicated to St. Marcian, was the first Christian church in Europe; under it are some catacombs. Also passing the church of Sta. Maria di Gesù, we were led by most romantic paths to a wild tract over the cliffs of the sea, overlooking the Portus Marmoreus, up to the Capucin convent, which is placed high, and is visible from a distance at sea; here an old monk took us, by a narrow winding path between high rocks, down to the garden, called the Selva, which is placed in the bosom of a deep quarry, surrounded by

crags and remains of buildings, which form arches and caves in all directions, over and through the garden, which is the perfection of coolness, if not of neatness, and contains a grove of orange and lemon trees perfuming the air. Our old monk was here exchanged for a younger and more intelligent and remarkably well-looking one, who led us the rest of the way.

Externally the position of the convent gives an idea of bareness, placed on a barren rocky height, with no gardens or trees visible, and it is only on descending into the excavations—which are subterranean, and were used in former ages as prisons, and which enclose the groves of oranges and other trees—that the luxuriance of vegetation is discovered existing below the surface;—here all is sweetness and verdure.

Some of our party went down a subterranean passage in the church to look at the mummies of the monks, for the preservation of which the air of the place is supposed to be peculiarly well suited. To this crypt they descended by a large trap-door, raised in the centre of the pavement of the chapel, and found

it well ventilated, and lighted from without. In it are arranged various coffins, and dried figures placed upright in the niches,—human skeletons dried in their skins. Most of the Capucin monks, when they die, are so preserved; but laics also are allowed this privilege;—one man, who had died in 1836, was reposing in a coffin without a lid, dressed as in life, in a coat, smart satin waistcoat, and trowsers. Those of us who had no taste for this exhibition, remained on a seat outside the church, till some of the brethren insisted on our entering the convent; and taking us through the church, showed us some charming little rooms on different floors, with various balconies looking down precipices into the deep dell of the garden, with the orange trees and rocks before described,—that is, if description could give an idea of anything so singular and beautiful. The monks talked much of the visit of Queen Adelaide to their convent in November 1838, which pleased them extremely.

This convent is surrounded by a moat, and entered by a drawbridge, to protect the inhabitants from the Barbary corsairs.

CHAPTER XVII.

HISTORY OF SYRACUSE—RIVER ANAPUS—PAPYRUS—FOUNTAIN OF CYANE—SANTA LUCIA—DEPARTURE.

"When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war."

Byron.

Syracuse was built in 732 B. C. by Archias, a Corinthian, one of the Heraclidæ. Its name was derived from a neighbouring marsh, called Syraco. The early part of its history is enveloped in obscurity, and it was not till the time of Gelon that it attained any power or importance. Gelon having distinguished himself by the defeat of Hippocrates, tyrant of Gela, obtained the supreme power at Syracuse 484 B.C.

After some years, the Carthaginians, having entered into an alliance with the Persians, invaded Sicily with a large army. At the battle of Himera they were entirely defeated

by Gelon, to whom the people of Syracuse in token of gratitude decreed the title of king. His conduct throughout his reign ensured him the esteem and affection of his subjects. He was remarkable for his honesty, truth, and equity, and was considered as the father of his people, and the patron of liberty, and his death, which took place 471 B. C. was universally lamented.

His brother Hiero, who succeeded him, was more illustrious in arts than in arms, and Pindar in his odes celebrates his victories at the Olympic games. In the beginning of his reign, his cruelty and avarice rendered him odious to his subjects, but his morals were afterwards improved, and his manners refined, by frequent intercourse with Simonides, Epicharmus, and Pindar, and other men of genius and learning who resorted to his court.

After a reign of thirteen years Hiero died, 459 B.C., and was succeeded by his brother Thrasybulus, who having disgraced himself by his vices and tyranny, was expelled in ten months, and a popular government was established, which continued for fifty-five years.

During this time the Syracusans made war with the Siculi, who with their prince Ducetius were entirely defeated, and Syracuse gradually became so powerful, that it was considered as the metropolis of Sicily, and gave law to the whole island.

In 415 B.C. Syracuse was assailed by a formidable Athenian armament led by Nicias; the contest was long and sanguinary, but it ended in the entire defeat of the Athenians, who were compelled to surrender. The Syracusans tarnished the glory of their victory by their barbarity to the conquered; the two generals Nicias and Demosthenes were shamefully executed, and seven thousand soldiers were confined in the quarries, where they suffered the most intolerable hardships, from which the greater part were only released by death.

It was in the third year after this fatal termination to the Athenian expedition, that Sicily was invaded by a Carthaginian force led by Hannibal, grandson of Hamilcar who fell at Himera. Selinuntum was assaulted, and compelled to yield; and in a second invasion, con-

ducted by the same general, Agrigentum suffered the same fate. The second city in the island having fallen, a universal terror was diffused throughout the country, and all eyes were turned to Syracuse for assistance and protection. This, however, Syracuse was not prepared to give; all was hesitation and dissension in that city, and the generals were divided among themselves. At this crisis, Dionysius, a youth of courage and address, came boldly forward, accused the generals of seeking their own interest to the prejudice of that of their country, and strongly urged the people to place the administration in other hands. His counsel was followed, and he was himself raised to the office of commander-in-chief, Hipparinus being appointed his colleague, and in the following year, 404 B. C., peace was concluded with Carthage.

Dionysius was the son of Hermocrates, who had endeavoured in vain to prevent the cruel and unjust execution of the Athenian generals. At the time of his father's death, he was two-and-twenty years old, and at the age of twenty-

five was appointed to the chief magistracy in his native city.

Perhaps no character in ancient or modern times has been so loaded with reproach and calumny as that of Dionysius. Every invention of cruelty, and every vice of despotism, has been ascribed to him. It was his misfortune that many of the historians of his time were of the party most violently opposed to him; and succeeding authors, such as Cicero, Plutarch, and Seneca, seem to have been too easily captivated by highly-coloured narratives, and exaggerated reports, and too little solicitous to ascertain the truth by a careful investigation of facts.

Dionysius was raised to power at a moment of great confusion and difficulty. He not only directed the complicated affairs of the island of Sicily, but also extended the dominion of Syracuse over the Grecian cities of Italy. His wisdom in managing the finances, and combining the forces of the different states in his wars against the Carthaginians, excited the wonder and admiration of Scipio Africanus,

who pronounced him to be one of the greatest men of his own or of any other age; and Plutarch himself acknowledges that during his administration Syracuse enjoyed an extraordinary degree of prosperity.

Isocrates recommended that his example should be followed for the common benefit of Greece; and other writers agree in stating that having found Syracuse in a state of danger, and desolated by war, he left it a great and flourishing kingdom.

In the year 366 B.C. Dionysius died, at the age of sixty, and was succeeded by his son, Dionysius the Younger, who possessed many amiable qualities, but rendered himself contemptible by his love of dissipation and intemperance.

During eleven years Sicily remained undisturbed either by foreign war or internal commotion, which speaks well for the order established during the administration of the elder Dionysius. The rest of the reign of this prince was spent in unceasing conflicts with Dion, uncle of Dionysius, and complete anarchy prevailed.

After the murder of Dion, Dionysius again made himself master of Syracuse in 350 B.C., but exasperated by his misfortunes, he became so tyrannical, that the Syracusans applied to Icetes, tyrant of Leontini, for aid; but as the dissensions and commotions continued unabated, and there were rumours of a projected Carthaginian invasion, they were obliged to have recourse to a more powerful government, and having requested the assistance of the parent-state Corinth, Timoleon, a renowned commander, was sent with a fleet and army.

He found Syracuse in a most lamentable situation, divided among the contending parties. Dionysius had possession of the island of Ortygia, Icetes held Acradina and Neapolis, and soon afterwards a Carthaginian fleet, under the command of Hanno, entered the harbour, landing an army of fifty thousand men.

An unexpected and unaccountable retreat relieved Timoleon from the presence of the latter enemy. Icetes, deserted by his Carthaginian allies, and fearing the increasing power of Timoleon, abandoned the place, and withdrew with his adherents to Leontini.

Meanwhile, Dionysius, shut up in the island without hope of succours from without, found it useless to attempt further resistance, and in the spring of 341 B.C. the island and its fortress were surrendered to the Corinthian general; two thousand mercenaries who had defended it entered into the service of Timoleon, and by mutual agreement, Dionysius retired to pass the remainder of his days at Corinth, where poverty at length compelled him to adopt the profession of a schoolmaster.

Timoleon thus became sole master of the city; but so many of its inhabitants had perished in the wars and seditions, while others had fled from the tyranny and oppression of Dionysius, that he found this once populous and wealthy city unpeopled and desolate. His first care was to raze the citadel, which he called a nest of tyrants; and in its place a hall was built for the administration of justice.

The deserted houses and lands were distributed by Timoleon among his followers; colonies were sent at his request from Corinth and other cities of Greece; and wise laws were

enacted for the government of the new population.

In 338 B.C. a powerful Carthaginian armament again threatened Sicily; and it was with great difficulty that Timoleon collected a force sufficient to repel them. His success, however, was brilliant; at the battle of the Crimisus, which flows through the Agrigentine territory, the Carthaginian army was defeated with great slaughter, the camp was taken, and a rich booty was the reward of the conquerors. By this victory the credit of Timoleon was considerably increased, and he was justly considered the defender of the Sicilians against the barbarians.

The views of Timoleon were next directed towards the restoration of liberty in all the Sicilian cities, by the extirpation of the tyrants by whom they were governed. Although he seems to have acted with despotic authority, and frequently with needless cruelty, the results show that his measures were skilfully adapted to the state of the country and the exigencies of existing circumstances; and the prosperity

and lasting quiet which ensued, are proofs of the wisdom of his institutions. According to Diodorus, his death, which was preceded for some time by total blindness, occurred in 355 B.C. The lamentations of the Syracusans followed him to the grave, divine honours were decreed to him, and games were appointed to be celebrated annually on the day of his death.

Twenty years of peace and prosperity had elapsed, when Agathocles, a youth of ignoble birth and infamous conduct, assumed the command of Syracuse, and was remarkable for his cruelty and vices. He distinguished himself by his success against the Carthaginians, and reduced all Sicily under his power. After a reign of twenty-eight years, he was poisoned by Mœnon in the year 289 B.C.

Other tyrants followed, till at last the city, worn out by their oppression, and harassed by continual incursions from Carthage, invited Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, who was then carrying on war in Italy, to terminate their dissensions. He gladly accepted the invitation, and was received with loud demonstrations of joy, and

hailed as the liberator of Sicily. Bringing with him a large army, he succeeded in driving the Carthaginians from place to place, till they were restricted to the two strong posts of Eryx and Lilybœum. The former of these was taken by assault; and the Carthaginians, alarmed at the success of Pyrrhus, sent ambassadors to propose advantageous conditions; but the king was too much elated with his victories to listen to any terms. In the meantime, the Sicilians, displeased at his arbitrary and oppressive conduct, deserted from him in such numbers that he thought it most prudent to retire at once into Italy, which resolution gave great satisfaction to all Sicily. But his passage thither was peculiarly disastrous. The Carthaginians encountered him at sea; and having sunk seventy of his ships, captured the greater number of those that remained,—so that of a fleet of two hundred sail, only twelve reached the Italian shore.

Upon the departure of Pyrrhus, Hiero, the son of Hierocles, a descendant of Gelon, was appointed general of the forces against the Carthaginians. His first object was to terminate

the confusion and seditions which prevailed in Syracuse, in effecting which he displayed such extraordinary talents for government, and so much mildness and address in appeasing the factions, and soothing the disturbed minds of the people, that he secured the affections of all his countrymen, and was by unanimous consent elected king of Syracuse in the year 265 B.C. He defeated the Mamertines, a wild and lawless race, and reduced them to such extremity that they were obliged to implore the assistance of the Romans. Hiero, having allied himself with Carthage, besieged Messina, which had submitted to the Romans, but was defeated by Appius Claudius, and obliged to retire to Syracuse. Finding all hope of resistance fruitless, he concluded a treaty with the republic, and proved one of their most faithful allies during the whole of his long reign.

Hiero was a patron of learned men, and employed the talents of the celebrated mathematician Archimedes, who lived at this time, in fortifying the city, and in the invention of innumerable machines to defend it against assault.

About 215 B.C. Hiero died, and was succeeded by his grandson Hieronymus, who was detested on account of his cruelty and oppression. He rashly neglected the prudent advice of his grandfather; and breaking off the alliance with the Romans, took part with the Carthaginians.

Hieronymus was shortly afterwards murdered, and great disorders ensued, in the midst of which Marcellus with a formidable army landed in Sicily, and proceeded to invest Syracuse. The machines invented by Archimedes for a long time baffled his efforts, and caused great destruction in his army.

After a protracted siege and blockade, Marcellus took the opportunity of the festival of Diana Soteira (the presiding deity of Syracuse) to make a sudden assault upon the town, which proved successful. The soldiers were permitted to plunder the city, receiving orders, however, to spare the lives of the citizens; but in the general confusion many were massacred, and among the rest Archimedes perished, having in vain entreated the soldier who attacked him to grant him one moment to complete a geometrical demonstration upon which he was intent.

It continued subject to the Romans till the western empire became extinct, after which it was ravaged by various barbarous nations, and the ancient town was wholly destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century. A new one was built, of which the Saracens kept possession till the conquest of the Normans in 1025, who landed in Sicily on the invitation of Maniaces, the Byzantine general, and overcame a large part of the island, under the guidance of their leader, William de Hauteville, surnamed Bras de Fer.

Maniaces was shortly afterwards recalled to Constantinople, which prevented the feuds that might have ensued between him and his Norman allies, as he hesitated to fulfil his engagements relative to the division of the booty and the captured towns.

After some other battles with the Saracens, the conquest of the island was finally completed by Count Roger in 1090, and with the rest of the country Syracuse continued in subjection to them till the extinction of their line in 1266.

May 1.—The weather was perfectly suited

to the day, and we set out at ten A.M. in a boat of the country with four rowers, which Signor Azzopardi, the consul, had taken the trouble to engage for us to go up the Anapus. We rowed across the bay;—were landed on a sand bank, the bar of the river, which we stepped over on foot, while the boat was dragged and pushed round this shallow spot. The river is so choked up in places with rushes and weeds, that it is no easy matter to punt along, even at its mouth, though it is deep in many places. The frogs were croaking like small trumpets, and dragon flies of every colour were darting about among the reeds and high flags on the banks. After passing under the bridge of San Giuseppe, the river became so narrow, the men were frequently obliged to get out to tow the boat along. The quantities of weeds and vegetation, both in the river and on its banks, give the idea of a jungle full of reptiles, which it probably is, but whenever a sight is obtained of the water under this dense green mass, which becomes much more open near its source, it is as clear as a looking-glass.

We proceeded for two or three miles, pushing, pulling, and dragging; in some places the weeds nearly meeting over our heads. About the second mile we found the celebrated papyrus plant growing luxuriantly, this being the only place in Europe where it flourishes; it is supposed to have been originally sent as a present from Ptolemy Philadelphus to Hiero II, tyrant of Syracuse, about two hundred and fifty years B. C., and has probably flourished here since that period. In some parts it had formed two or three little islands entirely of itself in the centre of the sufficiently narrow river.

As we approached the source, the water became still clearer, and the bottom was visible at a great depth, the weeds waving like small forests under the water. But the most curious spectacle was on arriving at the source—the fountain of Cyane—where the nymph who endeavoured to assist Proserpine was metamorphosed by Pluto. It is a large round basin of incessantly flowing water, shelving down to the depth of about thirty feet, almost separated into two divisions, by a growth of weeds across the

centre :—we could see to the very bottom, as by a singular effect of light it was as clear there as on the surface, and gave the sensation of looking into a large ball of glass. There were quantities of fish, all of one kind, which the boatmen called grey mullet. It was very pretty to see them swimming about, sucking the weeds, and pursuing their customary avocations, unconscious of the spectators above them. Some of these fish were very large, the elderly ones with silver-coloured noses, grey on the back, and silver and white underneath. We amused ourselves for a long time by looking at them, and then returned as we came, stopping about halfway down to get out on the right bank, and make our way across some cornfields and vineyards to look at the two remaining fluted columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. Though sadly battered, they stand in solitary grandeur, and still serve as a useful landmark from the sea.

We regained the boat, in a broiling sun, at the bridge of S. Giuseppe, and returned to the yacht soon after two o'clock.

Most of the party took another walk in the

evening to the amphitheatre and the ear of Dionysius; and, in returning home, entered the town, and went into the church of Sta. Lucia, which was very brilliantly illuminated, with fine music performing, the governor, bishop, and grandees of the town being present, in honour of this patron saint, who, during a period of famine, sent to the inhabitants a pigeon, as a harbinger of the subsequent arrival of a ship laden with corn.

May 2.—The consul took us to a house of the Baron Bosco's, opposite the cathedral, to see a strange procession, carrying a silver image of Sta. Lucia from the cathedral, to make a visit to the adjoining church of Sta. Lucia; the image stays there a week, and is then brought back with the same ceremony. The square was filled with people shouting and screeching at sight of the image, and when it is deposited in the church, a very ancient and barbarous custom is repeated of the nuns throwing out from behind their grated balcony a number of quails and pigeons, which, being stupified by their previous confinement, and hurled down from above,

become the prey of the multitude below, who show their piety by catching these miserable birds, which are most often torn to pieces in the fray.

After this pretty, humane, and truly religious spectacle was over, we betook ourselves to the yacht, accompanied by our obliging consul, who took leave of us soon after.

We weighed anchor at one o'clock, after a most interesting stay at Syracuse. In it are united the relics of various ages and of different nations,—the ancient Syracusans, Greeks, and Romans having all combined to leave ineffaceable traces of their presence.

The extraordinary remains which mark the site of the ancient city, and the highly finished medals which have been discovered there, prove that its inhabitants, although involved in perpetual conflicts, and exposed to the inroads of barbarous enemies, still found leisure for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, which attained a high degree of perfection.

The names of Philistus, Theocritus, Epicharmus, and Archimedes, in the walks of phi-

losophy and literature, give a lasting fame to the city of their birth, which was also at various times the residence of Zeno, Pindar, Simonides, Plato, and Cicero.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOUNT TAYGETUS—CERIGO—CAPE MATAPAN—CARAVI—ZEA—ANDROS—NEGROPONT—STRAITS OF DORO—MYTILENE—TENEDOS—THE TROAD—THE DARDANELLES—"WHITE SPOTS"—OLD CASTLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA—SESTOS AND ABYDOS—HALCYONS VOYAGEURS—GALLIPOLI—LAMPSAKI—SEA OF MARMORA—CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Hâc ibat Simois, hic est Sigœia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami, regia celsa, senis."

Ovid.

May 4, 1841.—We made good progress yesterday; and today had fine weather. When at sea, and the waves are calm enough to allow of the thought of eating, we generally dine about three, and abandon tea in the evening, which has few charms without milk and fresh butter, both equally unattainable. Orange marmalade, and various preserves brought from England, are of great use to supply the want of butter at

breakfast; and eggs make a tolerable substitute for milk; but once a day is enough of them. We generally composed a repast of fruit in the evening, with wine and water or lemonade, for which, when there are no fresh lemons, the lemon acid is a useful substitute.

There have been several birds about the ship —a beautiful orange and green kingfisher among others. A small hawk was caught by the sailors yesterday: this morning he seemed dying, and lay on his side with his eyes shut; but on being let loose he recovered in a moment and flew straight away.

Before noon the coast of the Morea and Mount Taygetus were distinctly seen, the latter covered with snow; and we proceeded very gently and pleasantly all day.

May 6.—Going on very quietly; and about four P.M. with a good breeze we passed the strait between the land of Greece and the island of Cerigo, which on this side is a miserably bare-looking place,—no trees, much rock, little vegetation, and but one man, as far as we could discover; however, it has more inhabitants on

the other side, and produces some of the best honey in the world. Candia was visible, appearing as a long line of mountains covered with snow, at about a hundred miles distance.

Last night the dew was so heavy that it dropped from the rigging like rain: to-night there was none.

May 7.—The weather delightful. Some of the party took to the boat about ten A.M., and rowed to a steep rock which we were passing, dignified in the map by the name of Caravi, but there was nothing to reward them, except a precipitous rock rising from the sea, to the top of which one of the sailors climbed, and came back, like the dove out of Noah's ark, with a sprig of Virginian stock and a species of pink convolvulus, which were growing on the top. We passed the gulph of Napoli di Romania, and were off the Island of Hydra in the evening, and near that of St. George. A glorious sunset over the mountains of Greece.

May 8.—Passed several ships, making, like us, for Constantinople; saw the islands of Egina and Salamis, amidst the surrounding mountains,

and with a telescope discovered the beautiful remains of the temple of Minerva on Cape Colonna. In the afternoon we were becalmed off the island of Zea: a slight breeze carried us past it in the evening.

May 9.—Calm all the morning. We floated towards the island of Andros, between which and Negropont are the straits of Doro or Bocca Silota, where some of the Grecian fleet were wrecked after the siege of Troy; it still maintains its reputation as a point of difficult navigation, being a narrow passage with frequent and strong bourasques, as is universally the case in this sea, from the gullies in the mountains. We passed through the straits during the night, after a tiresome evening of tacking and beating up against a north north-east wind, which rose in the afternoon.

May 10.—The wind still adverse; we however advanced a good way. Spoke an Ionian boat with soap and passengers from Candia to Constantinople. Beat up between Scio and Ipsara, and got clear of them before dark. Scio looked as if some parts might be pretty; but I

must own nothing can look less inviting than all the islands we have seen, or be more rocky, grisly, and dismal, than they appear,—no trees or green fields, and hardly a dwelling visible. Mytilene at a distance in the evening; stormy sunset, contrary wind, and in ample quantity; tumbling, tossing, pitching, and rolling through the night, with the addition of a high sea against us; not a particularly good night for sleeping.

May 11.—At eight in the morning we were close to port Segri, off Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos, and the birthplace of Sappho; but though the weather was fine, the wind was high and contrary, with a heavy rolling sea. In the evening we were off Cape Baba, which forms the extreme western point of the mountainous ridge which stretches itself eastward into Mysia, rising in its centre to the mount of Ida, crowned by its lofty peak of Gargara. Tenedos and Lemnos both in sight; on our right were the ruins of Alexandria Troas; and snow on the tops of some of the hills in Asia Minor.

May 12.—Our circumstances improved this morning, by finding ourselves at eight A.M. close to the southern point of Tenedos, with a strong north-west breeze, which, though it seemed against us, yet by a supernatural nautical mystery, which often recurred, but which I never could fathom, still got us along at a great pace, and we passed very quickly many other vessels going the same way as ourselves.

The sail between Tenedos and the main land was intensely interesting by the plains of Troy, where the gigantic mounds, said to be the tombs of Æseyetes and of Antilochus, are very distinctly seen,—from the former of which Polites spied out what was going on in the Grecian fleet.

These vast tumuli are very remarkable, and obviously point out the scene of some great exploit of former days.

The coast is fine, with large green sweeps, sometimes terminating abruptly in steep cliffs over the sea; and at the head of Basikia bay, directly opposite the island of Tenedos, is a thickly-wooded valley, running inland for some

distance: here the natives drive down cattle to the shore to be slaughtered, to supply the ships with fresh provisions. This bay affords a convenient station and a safe anchorage from storms (though not entirely so from pirates) for vessels that are waiting for a southerly wind to enable them to stem the current of the Dardanelles.

The siege of Troy occurred 1184 years before Christ; and the lapse of three thousand years, added to the changes to which the plain has been subject from the nature of the ground,—not mountainous and rocky, but low and formed of alluvial soil,—has so altered its appearance, that it is difficult to trace the scene of action, and reconcile its features with the relation of Homer. The river Mendere, the ancient Simois, has brought down, in its tortuous course of forty-five miles from mount Ida, so large a deposit as entirely to fill up the old Sigeum bay, and to convert the ancient harbor into a small promontory, upon the point of which now stands the Turkish fortress of Kum Kale, "Fort on the sand," called the New Castle of Asia, lying a little to the north-east of the tomb of

Achilles and the point of Yenicheri or cape Janissary. The tomb of Ajax is said to lie more eastward by Rheteum.

The appearance of the low land lying between two high capes, points out clearly the effect of the accumulations of ages by the action of the mountain torrent, and confirms the testimony of Homer, though no appearance of a bay is now visible. In the time of Strabo, New Ilium was a Roman mile and a half (twelve stadia) distant from the nearest shore; and its existing vestiges are now three miles off, or more than twice the distance stated by Strabo. This rate of accumulation justifies the supposition that all the plain below the hill of New Ilium has been gained from the sea since the time of the Trojan war; and the sea-beach of that period may be perhaps defined by the sandy ground which commences at the base of the slope of the hill.

The Turkish village of Bournabashi, which signifies "the head source," standing upon an isolated hill, and situate about nine English miles to the south-east of the fortress of Kum Kale, occupies, by the united consent of intel-

ligent travellers who have visited the spot, and studied the localities, the site of ancient Troy. Here, still, on the western slope, are the springs, one of which is said to be tepid, from whence the Xanthus or Scamander flowed. On the eastern side of the heights, through a deep ravine, runs the larger torrent of the Simois; and these two, formerly uniting their streams nearer the sea, assumed the name of the former and smaller stream; and from the name Scamander, or Mæander, may be derived the present name of Mendere.

The deposit brought down by the Simois (Mendere), which has encumbered the plain, about two miles and a half wide, has diverted the course of the river from its ancient bed, more to the westward; and the original Scamander or Bournabashi stream, rising from the pure springs on the western side of Troy, by the Scæan Gate, bringing little deposit with it, is compelled to force its way through the marshes still more to the westward, and joins the Mendere by two exits somewhat nearer the sea and the ancient Sigeum than formerly; a portion of its waters

being carried off by a cut in a south-westerly direction to join a streamlet which runs, not into the Hellespont, but south of the tomb of Antilochus into the Ægean Sea.

We arrived in front of the Sigeum Promontory, now Cape Janissary, at the entrance to the Hellespont, about two o'clock P.M., where several ships were attempting to get in, which is a difficult and anxious business, the wind commonly blowing from the north, and the current always running south, frequently at the rate of four knots an hour; to-day, however, the wind was luckily favourable, and we swept in at a good pace, keeping on the European side, by the new castle of Europe, called Sahil Baher, "the brink of the sea," but being just able to distinguish the tomb of Achilles, not far from the new Castle of Asia.

The shores become very beautiful, particularly on the Asiatic side, the moment the Hellespont is entered, with high cliffs and hills, green and well-wooded to the tops, the valleys highly cultivated, and clothed with oaks and cypresses.

After proceeding about six miles by the

European shore, the wind, which had brought us so quickly along, suddenly failed us; and to avoid being carried back by the current, we followed the example of some other ships which were before us, and crossed over to the other side, where we anchored near the shore, at the "White Spots," at five P.M. in company with many others of different nations. We landed immediately after, on a little gravelly beach, and ascended a bank, over some wild and pretty ground, thickly covered with a dwarf and miniature holly and the low small-leaved Vallonea oak (quercus Ægilops), which covers the country, and the cups of the acorns of which are used for dyeing; there were also cistus, thyme, and numerous other sweet-smelling herbs. We put up some partridges, and fell in with Captain the Chevalier Kudriaffsky, commander of the Austrian brig of war the "Montecucculi," which was at anchor near us, on her way to Constantinople; he had landed with some of his officers in quest of provisions, which he had obtained with the assistance of a guide. He joined us in our walk, and we descended a steep bank to

a point where our boats were waiting, and returned to our respective ships at eight.

May 13.—Myriads of porpoises were puffing around us; about noon a small breeze was suspected, and several of the numerous fleet assembled at the "White Spots" were setting sail, and preparing to weigh anchor; we did the same, passing the wreck of a large Turkish vessel which was stranded on a sand-bank four months ago. By this time the Austrian brig of war and several others were well ahead of us; we contrived, however, to pass them, and arrived at the critical point near the Old Castles of Europe and Asia sooner than we expected; but the wind was beginning to slacken most fearfully, and we saw the ships behind us, about twenty in number, gradually drop off, and seek their anchorage on the other side.

From the Old Castle of Europe a boat with the Turkish flag came off to inquire the name of our vessel and its owner, where we came from, and how many on board; and then wished us a good voyage.

Opposite, by the Old Castle of Asia, is the

low, wooden, and painted town of the Dardanelles, "Soultanieh Kalessi," where there was a brilliant row of flags waving over the consuls' houses.

We still held on; and against our expectation the breeze took a tendency to the west, freshened up, and carried us along (being a schooner, and able to sail very near the wind) between the Old Castles of Europe and Asia, and through the dreaded passage between Sestos and Abydos, which is the narrowest part of the Hellespont, not being above a mile wide. Another English schooner was enabled to work through the Passage about half-an-hour after us, and weather Fort Abydos, where an awkward shoal runs out nearly three-quarters of a mile, and increases the narrowness of the passage. All the brigs and other vessels were obliged to anchor below the town of the Dardanelles, but got through the following day. Vessels are frequently detained several weeks before they can effect this passage. Having got round the point of Abydos, we fell in with a new fleet of about twenty-five sail, which had

been waiting for a favourable wind, and were now able to get under weigh. This friendly breeze continued to carry us on at seven knots an hour, spite of adverse currents, which were flowing down at the rate of four knots an hour; we proceeded, passing all the other ships, till the wind suddenly dropping a little before we reached Gallipoli, we anchored off Point Galata, in eleven fathoms, with the other ships, whose chain cables we heard running out with their anchors after dark, as they severally got up to the neighbourhood of our position.

Since we left England we have scarcely seen anything so pretty and agreeable as the scenery of to-day, the verdure resembling that of our own country, with the additional charm of its being spread over the hills and mountains to the very tops. Here too are fields bordered by hedges and hedgerow trees; beautiful valleys, wooded down to the water's edge, pretty villages, consisting entirely of wooden houses, plenty of corn growing, and numbers of land birds (an unusual sight after visiting Italy); and we were moreover cheered with the voice

of the cuckoo. On the Dardanelles, and especially on the Bosphorus, the passing and repassing of the little brown birds, the "halcyons voyageurs," or "âmes damnées," is incessant; they are never seen to pause in their course, and are rarely known to rest; but they bend their heads down, and pick up their food as they skim along the surface of the water in their everlasting flight.

We passed several English vessels to-day on their way to Constantinople, and many a strong-looking Turkish fort.

May 14.—Weighed anchor on a very fine morning, at ten A.M., with a high wind, but strongly against us. We, as well as our companions, were obliged to tack repeatedly to get up to Gallipoli, opposite to which the village of Lampsaki looked beautiful, embosomed in woods and gardens.

Lampsacus, as Homer mentions, and Pliny confirms, was originally called Pityusa, on account of the pine-trees with which it abounded. It received the name of Lampsacus from Lamp-

saces, a daughter of Mandron, a king of Phrygia, who saved the life of some Phoceans who lived in the town, by forewarning them that the other inhabitants had conspired together for their destruction.

Lampsacus was one of the three towns given by Xerxes to the exiled Themistocles; Magnesia was to furnish him with bread, Myus with meat, and Lampsacus with wine. Alexander the Great, intent upon punishing the inhabitants for their vices, or more probably for their unshaken fidelity to the Persian cause, determined to destroy the city. This was, however, prevented by the stratagem of Anaximenes, who was a native of Lampsacus, and had been the preceptor of Alexander. He was sent by his fellow-citizens to plead for mercy; but upon his arrival, the king swore he would not grant the favour he was about to ask. Upon this, Anaximenes begged Alexander to destroy the city, and to condemn its inhabitants to slavery; and thus the king being obliged to keep his oath, Lampsacus was saved from the impending destruction.

After passing Gallipoli, which is very picturesque, with its mosques and minarets, we went along at a great pace, and entered the Sea of Marmora soon after; and continuing at a quick rate along the northern shore, we came up with our little Ionian friend from Candia, whom we had passed near Ipsara, who showed its colours (a winged lion, with the English union jack in the corner), and hailed us with enthusiasm. They had contrived to get before us in the passage of the Dardanelles, by using oars when the wind failed; and thus they were enabled to make 'progress when we were compelled to stop.

May 15.—Very cold, as was yesterday, and a dismal day of contrary wind: we passed almost the whole of it in careering on and off the island of Marmora, in company with numbers of porpoises and of the restless birds. This island, which is all marble, as its name implies, is bare and uncultivated, quite different to the European coast opposite, which is in the highest state of cultivation. The sea looked black,

leaden, and ugly. By four P.M. we had effected the passage between the island and Cape Combaos.

May 16.—Found this morning, to our satisfaction, that in spite of a contrary wind, we had made about forty miles in the night, and were within thirty miles of Constantinople, and were rushing along, much on one side, at a great pace, in the face of a north-east wind. We soon came in sight of the domes and minarets of Constantinople, and found the neighbouring coasts rather bare, though green. The Princess' Islands and the Asiatic Mount Olympus stood boldly out on the south. After tacking round Cape St. Stefano, we approached a fortification called the Towers of Marmora, behind which are the Seven Towers, to which a long suburb of the town extends from the Seraglio. The houses, principally of wood, but very picturesque, are interspersed with gardens, the whole enclosed in a long line of walls, amidst which windows, arches, and bits of architecture of the time of the lower empire, are

clearly visible. At last we reached the entrance to the Bosphorus, where it was no easy matter to advance against wind and tide. Constantly tacking between the Seraglio Point and the opposite shore of Scutari, it was a business of great nicety and difficulty to proceed, and avoid getting aground on the Scutari side, where we twice sounded two fathoms (twelve feet), our ship drawing more than eleven feet. The current drives vessels on the opposite side, where it sets strongly upon the Seraglio Point; and it was not till four P.M. that we had worked up to the Leandra Tower (Kiz Koulasi), and passing across with the current, cast anchor off Tophana, close to the artillery yard, about a hundred yards from the shore, near a little rock marked by a small beacon.

We were soon accosted from a boat by a French gentleman of the Sanità office. This establishment was originally organized and is well arranged by Frenchmen, who were placed here for that purpose by Reschid Pacha, late Reis Effendi, or Minister for

Foreign Affairs. We were desired to send immediately to the office, to report the health of the vessel, and obtain pratique. This being performed, we amused ourselves for the remainder of the evening, after dinner, by seeing the innumerable caiques passing in all directions, some of them belonging to great people, and beautifully ornamented with carving, with ten, twelve, or fourteen rowers, the number regulated according to the rank of the owners. The dress of these boatmen is extremely graceful, being in summer a vest with long loose sleeves, of a sort of transparent white crape, with stripes, over which in winter they wear another coloured garment, very full white trowsers, and red fez caps, with long blue silk tassels; they row with the most perfect regularity and ease, and with great swiftness.

Their oars, or rather sculls, which have a thick rounded lump at the upper end, near the handle, to give them weight, are attached with a cord to a peg on the side of the boat; and the rowers have a neat way of shifting, or rather loosing hold of,

their sculls, which enables them to pass close to another boat, without having to lift the oar out of a rullock, as in England. In these boats there was frequently an officer reclining, with two soldiers sitting behind him as guards, and two or three attendants cross-legged in front of him. The passengers sit at the bottom of the boats, on cushions or carpets; and from their narrowness and great length, a little carelessness in stepping too much on one side tips them over in an instant. The more common boats are of course much less handsome; the rowers are dressed like common Turks, and the inmates dirty and crowded.

It is exactly a fortnight since we left Syracuse,—an easy, quick, and prosperous passage. The weather to-day was bitterly cold. Some guns were fired at sunset, after which we saw the muezzins appear on the little open galleries of the minarets, and heard them summon the faithful to prayers, in a sort of prolonged chant, which is wild and pretty, with all the associations of ideas it brings with it.

As we came in to-day, in passing by the Tower of Leandra, we found at anchor the little Genoese brig which had been our neighbour at Naples in the winter, and was at that time setting out on its destination to this place.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOLDEN HORN—MAUSOLEUMS OF SULTANS—SUBLIME PORTE—COURT OF SERAGLIO—DOGS—BATHS—MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET—ATMEIDAN—BURNT COLUMN.

"The domes that proudly rise,
O'erarch'd by cloudless and cœrulean skies,
Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric towers,
Fountains and palaces, and cypress bowers."

Hemans.

May 17.—A DISMAL, cold, and rainy day could hardly damp our joy at being at length arrived at the point we had so ardently desired to reach. We had some visits in the morning, among others from Mr. D——, whom we had met at Barcelona; and in the afternoon, the weather improving, we rowed up the Golden Horn, where there was an immense quantity of shipping. The town appears very beautiful on both sides, built on a succession of small hills and valleys of great extent, with the enormous

domes of the mosques, and hundreds of minarets rising above picturesque buildings, surrounded on all sides by trees; as almost every house has a garden, and each garden at least one tree. This general intermixture of green and vegetative, with artificial life, adds very much to the beauty of the town. The burying grounds, which are of immense extent, are large forests of cypresses, whose fine dark hues form a magnificent back-ground to the scene.

May 18.—Several bags full of minute coins of different sorts were procured from the banker's; those in general use are piastres, worth about twopence-farthing each, and pieces of five piastres, worth not quite a shilling, and pieces of six, inconvenient enough to carry about, but the payments are usually made in them, and as nothing hurries a Turk, he betrays no impatience at having to count leisurely over any number of these pieces. We engaged a dragoman (in other words, a laquais de place), Giovanni Destuniano, from the Belle Vue Hotel; and, in spite of a drizzling rain, we rowed to the Stamboul landing-place, by the Custom-house,

and walked through long and narrow, very amusing, and not dirty streets, with wooden houses and projecting lattices, with many shops, all open in the Moorish style.

At the corner of a street is the mausoleum of Sultan Abdul Hameed, father of Mustapha, and of the late Sultan Mahmoud II, and of his family. These tombs, or rather ornamented chambers, are very handsome and curious, but can only be seen by looking through the door or windows, which last are secured by gilt gratings. The building is generally octagon or circular, made of white marble, and beautifully clean within, matted or carpeted like a drawing-room. Though the occupants are in fact buried underneath, their coffins are ranged above, covered with shawls, and their turbans (the one worn by the possessor while alive), placed upon them at the upper end, the feet of all being turned towards Mecca. In the middle reposes the sultan, with the coffins of his wives, sons, and daughters ranged around; those of the sons are distinguished by small turbans at the head. Numbers of coloured lamps are suspended from the ceiling.

These mausoleums, which are always placed in a public situation, have a solemn and imposing effect, from their beauty, decoration, freshness, and perfect tranquillity;—there are priests constantly employed in keeping them in order, and in praying; and belonging to each mausoleum is a fountain (generally a pretty and much ornamented building), with a person appointed to supply those passengers who may wish for it, with water, in little brass cups, from a sort of projecting open arcade or window.

A labyrinth of streets brought us to the old walls of Byzantium, which now inclose the precincts of the seraglio; and turning to the right, we came to an archway of white marble, which, though not remarkable in itself, has given its name to the seat of empire—"the Sublime Porte." The building belonging to it, which was the habitation of the grand vizier, and where the foreign ambassadors were received, was burnt down in 1838, to the great grief of Sultan Mahmoud. The grand vizier now lives in a house near it, and opposite is a little kiosk, at the window of which the sultan places himself, con-

cealed by a gilded lattice, to witness the arrival of any new ambassador.

There is a collection of royal tombs close together, in a sort of garden looking very fresh and pretty, adjoining Sta. Sophia. The centre one is that of Sultan Selim and his family.

In front of the golden gate, formerly adorned with rich gilding, is an open space, and in the centre a large square fountain, richly carved, and covered with inscriptions, painting and gilding, and shaded by a deeply overhanging roof, erected by Achmet III. We entered by this gate (where the piles of heads used formerly to be placed) into the outer court of the seraglio, which is surrounded by a confused mass of buildings of all sizes and shapes, formerly inhabited by the officers of the court—and walked through this enclosure, which is very large, and contains a magnificent plane-tree, and asked leave at the second gate to enter to look at a view over the gardens to the sea of Marmora; this was granted,—but the guardian took care to turn his back most rigidly, that he might not be contaminated by a sight of the Franks.

The gardens are very beautiful as to situation, and the little palaces among them must be delightful residences; and as the sultanas and members of the royal family built or added at their pleasure, there are dozens of them in every direction, with every variety of lattice, terrace, and arcade. Much of the ground is covered with small detached kitchen-gardens, and the whole veiled and shaded with magnificent cypresses and other large trees; but the place altogether is ill kept, and overgrown with long grass and weeds. In the first court some Turks, dressed in brilliant colors, made a picturesque group, as they were sitting under the large plane-tree, holding a grey horse.

Repassing under the golden gate, and by Sta. Sophia, we threaded some more streets, full of the horrid dogs, who were all asleep with their noses wrapped up in their tails. These dogs compose one of the acknowledged nuisances of Constantinople; many, with their numerous families, inhabit holes in the walls, a residence which at least keeps them more out of the way than those who choose to repose in the centre

of the street, and who never take the trouble to move out of the way of either passenger or horse, both stepping over them with equal care. They are a yellow underbred mongrel race, much resembling a jackal both in form and nature; they sleep, and creep about the streets by day, but by night become very savage, and go in troops, each confining itself to its own district, — for any straggler into the neighbouring quarter would be instantly worried. They attack strangers with the method and combination of men, and with the fury of wild beasts. It is dangerous to go at night without a light, and a provision of stones to throw at them, as they do not regard a stick. It is curious to observe that they distinguish a stranger from a native, and will attack no one in a fez cap. They live on what they can get by cleaning the streets at night (which produces mange), and some of the pious Musselmen divide food among them; the young puppies are seen in this manner "learning the way they should go," and precociously fighting like little demons over their infantine repast.

While some of our party visited some baths for the men, we were admitted to others allotted to the women The first apartment was very large, paved with marble, and with divisions all round, and also in the centre, fitted up with sofas, where women were lounging and smoking—reposing after the bath by which they had just benefited in the inner rooms, where were several very nearly undressed objects sitting and sprawling round the apartments, the marble floors of which were dripping wet, and the whole enveloped in a suffocating vapor. We were kindly offered the like refreshment by an old negress and other attendants of the bath, but politely declined, much preferring our respective tubs of cold water at home. We then went on to the mausoleum of the late Sultan Mahmoud, placed in a pretty garden, laid out in patterns and extremely well kept, with a superb gilded iron railway. This mausoleum is magnificent; externally of white marble, and within is a beautiful room with large glass chandeliers, and a singular medley of the decorations of this world appro-

priated to an inhabitant of the other. The coffin, covered with red velvet embroidered in gold, is surrounded with a finely-worked balustrade, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and surmounted with his fez, which the sultan first introduced as the substitute for the turban, and the aigrette of heron's feathers, with a clasp of diamonds.

We next saw the mosque of Sultan Achmet; a very splendid building, with superb cloisters and marble columns, and little niches with water for ablutions. This is the only mosque that has six minarets, the prescribed number of the others being four; the history of this difference is as follows:—Sultan Achmet I. desired to build a mosque that should be distinguished from all its predecessors, and to that effect proposed to erect six minarets. A difficulty however occurred, in consequence of a hadji of great holiness, who was just returned from Mecca, representing to the mufti the impiety of the intention,—the mosque of Mecca having but four. The sultan being appealed to, pronounced the hadji mistaken, and suggested the

sending some priests to Mecca to ascertain the truth. In the meanwhile a Tartar was dispatched there with orders for the immediate erection of two additional minarets, which, by the arrival of the sacerdotal deputation, were completed. The number was pronounced orthodox, and Achmet had the satisfaction of adorning his mosque with six beautiful minarets.

The door being open we looked in, but a venomous young priest first interposed himself to prevent our seeing, and then shut the door; and thus forced to content ourselves by looking in at a window, we saw two priests fast asleep on cushions;—I believe some of them live entirely in the mosques;—but the same barbarian rushed to the window, holding up his pocket-handkerchief as a curtain against the infidels, and then shut the shutters; however, between the window and the door, we saw enough to satisfy us that it was a very magnificent building.

As we came out the muezzins were calling to prayer from the minarets.

The Atmeidan, or Hippodrome, was formed

by the Emperor Alexander Severus, and was originally of much larger extent than at present, as the mosque of Sultan Achmet stands upon a part of the ground which it formerly occupied. It is now two hundred and fifty paces long and one hundred and fifty broad. Most of the monuments which once decorated the Hippodrome were either demolished or carried off at the conquest of Constantinople by the crusaders in 1204, but it still contains three relics of antiquity. The obelisk of red Assouan granite is proved by the hieroglyphics to have been cut during the reign of Thothmes III, king of Egypt,—who was the sixth sovereign of the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharaohs,—above three thousand three hundred years ago. It is about sixty feet high, but is not so beautiful in shape, or in the execution of the hieroglyphics, as those at Rome. It stands upon four bronze blocks, which rest upon a white marble pedestal, sculptured with figures in relief, representing the erection of the obelisk, the races in the Hippodrome, and other

subjects; below this are inscriptions in Greek and Latin, which show that, after lying on the ground for some time, it was set up again by Theodosius.

The brazen column of three serpents entwined stands in the centre;—it was brought by Constantine the Great from Delphi, where it is supposed to have supported the golden patera, which was consecrated to Apollo after the battle of Platæa. The heads of the serpents have all disappeared;—one was struck off by the battle-axe of Mahomet II when he entered the city as victor, and the other two were carried away by a Polish ambassador in the year 1700, after the peace of Carlowitz. This fragment of the spiral column is about twelve feet high.

The ruined square marble pillar, composed of eighty-three layers roughly put together, was erected towards the close of the eighth century by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and was formerly covered with plates of brass, for which reason, as is shown by the Greek inscription on the base, it was called the colossus, because, in that respect, it bore some resemblance to the

Colossus at Rhodes. The plates of brass have all been removed, but the marks made by the cramps with which they were fixed are still visible. This column, which stands near one end of the Hippodrome, formerly served as a meta in the chariot races.

The four horses of bronze (supposed by some to have been of Persian origin, by others to have been the work of Lysippus), were transported to Rome to grace the triumph of Nero, and afterwards deposited in the Temple of the Sun; from whence Constantine conveyed them to ornament his new city, and placed them at the four corners of the Hippodrome, where they remained till they were carried off by Dandolo, to Venice, in 1204; and are now, after a visit of eight years to Paris, standing upon the portico of the church of St. Mark.

Near the Atmeidan, in the street called Adrianople, is the burnt column, which formerly stood in the centre of the principal forum of Constantine; it is ninety feet high, composed of ten large blocks of porphyry, upon a white marble pedestal. It has been so much

defaced by the frequent fires that have desolated its neighbourhood, that the material of which it is composed is not easy to be discovered. It was made at Athens, taken from thence to the temple of Apollo at Rome, and finally brought here by Constantine, who erected it to commemorate the building of his Christian capital; and to give it the greater sanctity, he deposited within its foundation one of the nails from the Cross, and other holy relics, with an inscription upon the pedestal to the effect that he placed his new city under the protection of Christ. The pillar was in consequence held in deep veneration, and the emperor and his people, upon passing it, always dismounted from their horses, and make a profound obeisance. It was originally surmounted by a statue of Apollo, supposed to have been the work of Phidias; but when the emperor abjured paganism, the name of Constantine was substituted for that of Apollo. After some time, this statue was struck down by lightning, and the pillar was injured, but was afterwards repaired by Manuel Comnenus, who added an inscription on the base to

record the circumstance. This column, called by the Turks "Yanmish Tash," is distinctly seen from the Sea of Marmora, upon approaching Constantinople.

As the rain was beginning to pour in torrents, we made the best speed we could through the narrow and slippery streets, and regained our boat, and rowed home to our vessel, which we find is indeed the best home here;—it is necessary to cross the water so often, and the hotels are so indifferent, that it is infinitely more convenient to be in our house on the waters, than to seek for one on land. Carriages are rarely used in the narrow, precipitous, and ill-paved streets of Pera and Tophana, and still less in Stamboul, on the opposite side; the caiques are the constant conveyance, and the streets, which are infinitely amusing, must be visited on foot, the only alternative being a jumbling araba,—a species of carriage without springs, drawn by oxen,—or to go on horseback, which is not pleasant, the streets being like rough staircases in many places, and there is then less facility in stopping to look at shops, mosques, and other novelties.

The Austrian brig "The Montecucculi," though a good vessel and a fast sailer, only arrived this morning, and anchored close to us, firing a salute of twenty-one guns, which was responded to by the adjoining artillery barracks at Tophana.

CHAPTER XX.

PETIT CHAMP DES MORTS—TOMB OF THEODORA, AND CHURCH, NOW MOSQUE—GRAVE OF CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGUS, AND OF ARAB SLAVE—MOSQUES—TOWER OF SERASKIER—SULEIMANIEH—GREEK CISTERNS—CISTERN OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE COLUMNS—TOMB OF MAHMOUD THE SECOND—MOSQUE OF AYOUB—SULTAN'S PROCESSION—SPINNING DERVISHES—ARMENIAN AND FRANK BURYING GROUNDS—LATE SULTAN'S SHOOTING—SULTANAS—BESHIKTASH—FOUNTAIN AT TOPHANA.

"But still they roll resistless; on the tide
Ensanguined zeal and gaunt ambition ride;
Byzantium sinks o'erwhelmed, and fades away
The last faint beam of Latium's brighter day;
While Rome's proud eagle, he whose pinions waved
O'er Libya's strand, and Thule's tempest braved,
With flagging wing and crest to earth bowed low,
Indignant dies, beneath a Moslem's blow."

Rolleston.

May 19.—We had a visit from Captain Sir Baldwin Walker, Turkish admiral, and pacha of two tails, with the title of Yahver Pacha (meaning, "Sent for our deliverance"), accom-

panied by Lady Walker, to whom we had letters of introduction; he is second in command of the Turkish fleet, and much valued here, as he is in the British navy.

We landed at the artillery barracks (which we were permitted to do, with the privilege of a man-of-war), which makes a quiet and clean landing place for us, and walked up the dirty, dark, narrow, crooked streets of Pera, to visit our consul, Mr. Cartwright, who resides close to the site of the English palace, which was burned down in August 1832. Bad as these streets are, they are superior as regards cleanliness to those of Spain and Italy, and are generally free from the smells to which the latter are subject.

We returned by the Petit Champ des Morts, one of the burying-grounds, replete with cypresses, and commanding fine views; descended to our boat, and rowed up part of the Golden Horn, to the long wooden bridge, which crosses it in all its breadth. This bridge was constructed by Achmet Pacha, in the reign of the late sultan, in 1837; and opens in two places, to

allow of the passage of large vessels,—where the boats and caiques pass underneath. It is a very fine work, and a great convenience to the town; the only other mode of communication between Stamboul and Galata, Pera and Tophana, being by water.

Landing at Stamboul, we bought at a confectioner's a composition of which the Turks are very fond, called Halva, a mixture of honey, milk, and some sort of flour; of a texture neither hard nor soft, wet nor dry, sticky nor smooth, but dividing in flakes like asbestos: the first mouthful very good, the second mawkish, the third nasty. We then proceeded by some narrow streets, and came to a marble tomb, supposed to be that of Theodora, empress of Justinian; it has a Greek cross carved upon it at each end, which have been defaced by the Turks. Close to it is a mosque, formerly a Greek church, built by the same empress. Underground is a long flight of steps, leading to an ancient fountain, still flowing. A small dirty creature, in an untidy Turkish dress, by profession a priest, was elicited, who had the

key of the mosque, and, for a small number of piastres, consented to admit us. The marble doorways of the original Greek church are retained, but we found the whole whitewashed, so as to conceal the sculptured cornice, of which, however, a fragment was visible. The cupola, which is of gilt mosaic, is also entirely whitewashed. The equipment is very bare; and the altar turned in a slanting direction, for the worshippers to face Mecca; with carpets spread around. Pigeons flew about through the mosque.

We then came to a little bank, where Constantine Palæologus is said to have fallen, sword in hand, as became the last of the Cæsars, at the taking of Constantinople, by Mahomet II, in 1453.

A strange sort of alley adjoining, composed of wooden sheds, inhabited by shoemakers, led to a little spot, like a small back court, about sixteen feet by ten, surrounded by walls, where were two small mounds, with a few flat stones or tiles over them, and a little gravestone at the head and feet of the largest; one small tree was growing there, surrounded by weeds,—and

this is said to be the lowly grave of the last Constantine and one of his family. In another enclosure, close by, is another grave,—covered with nettles and rubbish, with a similar stone at the head and feet,—pronounced to be that of the Arab slave who killed him. The story runs, that Mahomet II offered a large sum of money to whomsoever should bring the emperor's body, and the Arab claimed the reward. Mahomet gave the slave the money, but ordered him to be beheaded, for not having brought Constantine alive. But it is impossible now to ascertain the truth as to the emperor's end: Gibbon describes him as perishing in the battle, and two janissaries claiming the honour of his death.

From hence by the mosque of Sultan Mahomet to that of Laleli, built by Mustapha III, into which we first looked through the windows, from its cloisters, which are very fine, with large marble columns, and as usual a fine fountain of water in the centre of the square, which is paved with marble. Two priests, who were reading the Koran at a window, did

not oppose our looking in at the door, which was as much as we could expect; and no opposition being made, we entered, first putting on our slippers, which we had fortunately brought with us. We found a handsome building, very large, with fine columns, and no ugly interruptions of pews or organ, as in our churches, but the whole like a vast cathedral, with the space left clear. Turkey carpets cover the floor, and a few priests might be seen in various corners reading the Koran, during which they frequently use an odd rocking motion. Numbers of coloured lamps are suspended in rows, at a small distance above one's head. The whole has an air of simplicity, silence, and solemnity. The height of the dome is very great, and there are several rows of richly-worked windows, one above another,—which is the case in all the mosques, there being usually three or four tiers of windows, commencing from the ground, to admit as much light as possible. The large entrance doors, of Saracenic work, are very fine, and are in precisely the same style of stalactite arches as at Granada,

but not so elaborately worked. The details of the minarets, and their balconies, are very rich and beautiful; aided by the effect of the surrounding enclosure, and fine trees. The mosques are considerably cleaner than the Roman Catholic churches; no dogs are admitted, and indeed few private apartments are so spotless, as no one is allowed to enter with shoes on, which are always left at the door.

From hence we went, by various streets, and a row of book and paper shops, to the mosque of Sultan Bajazet, which resembles the others, and is very handsome, but its great peculiarity is a charitable foundation for the support and nourishment of at least ten thousand pigeons, which filled the cloisters, and were receiving food from a respectable Mussulman sitting there.

In the open space, adjoining this mosque, and exactly opposite to the entrance to the court of the Seraskier's palace, is a building with a window, whence the Sultan's firmans are read to the public.

The Tower of the Janissaries, now called the

Seraskier's Tower, is near this, in a large enclosure, with a flock of various kinds of sheep grazing; among them, some of the Caramanian breed, with the enormous tails, which are said to be exquisite food. This place contains many irregular buildings, now chiefly used as offices of the seraskier, or commander-in-chief of the forces; among them is the criminal court of justice, daily presided over by the grand vizier.

The Tower of the Seraskier is a remarkable feature in the town,—it is round, and of great height. The lower door was opened to us by a convict with irons on his legs; the prison is close by. We mounted by a solid wooden staircase with very steep steps, to the top, from whence we emerged into a circular room, built round a thick column, inhabited by soldiers; one portion was allotted to the kitchen, and the rest fitted up as divans, on a sort of wooden counter; the mattresses being rolled up ready to be placed thereupon, as radii emanating from the column which forms the centre: an open part is kept as a passage round, where two soldiers are constantly marching, and looking

watchfully out of the windows, the object of their being kept here being to give the alarm in case of fire, which they effect by means of a crane which runs out at the top of the tower, from which a telegraphic machine of simple construction, in shape like a large balloon, is suspended. This balloon hangs outside the tower to the distance of a few feet from the ground, but when the alarm is to be given, it is raised by a pulley to the crane above, and turned in the direction in which the fire has broken out; and at night when the ball cannot be perceived, the signal is made by a regulated number of cannon for each district, commencing with one shot for the most distant suburb, and rising to seven, which denote that the fire has arisen in Stamboul itself.

The view from hence is magnificent, over the whole of Constantinople, and all its appendages of Galata, Tophana, and Pera, on the other side of the Golden Horn, Scutari, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, with the seraglio and mosques at our feet.

Our next point was to the Suleimanieh, built

by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1550, which exceeds all the other mosques in size and beauty, though they are all built on the same plan; the cloisters here are very fine, with splendid columns of porphyry, granite, and cipollino, but as prayers were going on, and a good many people assembled, we thought it prudent to move on; the best description of this mosque, which we visited more fully afterwards, is to be found in Sir Grenville Temple's Travels in Greece and Turkey, which gives a very clear picture of them all.

In a royal burial place, in one of the streets we passed through to-day, one of the sarcophagi of marble, filled with flowers, was a complete verification of Giulio Romano's picture in the Vatican. At the landing-place a great many handsome caiques were awaiting the pachas, and other exalted individuals, their masters; who, coming in the morning to Constantinople on business, are in the afternoon swiftly conveyed back to their beautiful habitations on the banks of the Bosphorus. The principal Imaum, a venerable old man, with a long white

beard, dressed entirely in green, with a turban of the same color, rode down to the edge of the pier, followed by his attendants on foot; as he passed along the streets, all the people crowded round to receive his blessing, and upon entering his caique he also bestowed it on the rowers, who all rose to receive it.

The usual Turkish salutation is courteous and graceful, it consists in touching the forehead, the mouth, and the heart with the right hand, sometimes adding, — "Salaam Aleikum," — Peace be with you. The Turks generally rise early to transact business; those of high rank breakfast about nine o'clock, dine, which is their principal meal, at sunset, and go to bed early; passing the day, when not officially employed in business, in smoking, and doing as little as they can.

As we returned through the streets, we heard a noise, as of hounds in full cry; this was occasioned by a party of fifteen or twenty dogs, who took much amiss the inroad of a man on horseback, and the aggrieved animals were biting his horse's heels, and showing their displeasure by

every variety of howling and barking. These unfortunate animals are however to be pitied, and it is melancholy to see large families of undrowned puppies cast entirely on their own resources, at an age when they are incapable of providing for themselves; those advanced in age are easily distinguished by the limping action and "honourable wounds" gained in the nightly battles in which they are engaged. Old, young, and middle-aged, the poor beasts are really a sad spectacle, and the howling and yelling, which commences regularly at ten o'clock every evening, when they begin to prowl about for their food, is dreadful, and echoes to our more distant position on the water. The late Sultan gave an order for their general destruction, but this was abandoned at the solicitation of the Turkish ladies, who could not consent to part with them, considering them in the light of guards as well as scavengers.

May 20.—Took a walk in the morning with Sir Baldwin and Lady Walker through the bazaar; and in the afternoon we set out to see the subterranean cisterns of Greek construction, near

Sta. Sophia, which serve as an immense reservoir of water, vast and curious, most solidly constructed, and vaulted with arches like the Piscina Mirabile at Baiæ, but of much greater extent. Our descent was made by steps under a private house. Corinthian columns support the roof of this great area, which extends like one vast catacomb under a large portion of the town. Some thousands of houses are built over it, and each is provided with a pump supplied from this reservoir beneath. Many attempts have been made to discover the termination of these cisterns, by persons going in boats, with ropes to ensure their finding their way back again; but after a considerable advance, the torches go out, thus obliging them to return, and the size and extent of these underground cisterns remain unknown.

We pursued our way by the tomb of Selim, and by the beautiful mosque of Sultan Achmet, to a small mosque of Sta. Sophia, formerly a Greek church: and then to another very large subterranean reservoir, called the Cistern of the Thousand-and-One Columns; it may have as

many, for they are in three tiers, one over the other, but choked up with earth to the centre of the second tier. In one corner of this reservoir, now dry, and used as a place for spinning silk, is a large wall built up, behind which were thrown many hundreds of the bodies of the Janissaries after their massacre by Mahmoud II, on the 15th and 16th of June, 1823.

The extirpation of the Janissaries had been contemplated by the sultan for some time previous to the blow being struck; he had taken care to win over to his side some of the most influential in that formidable body; the other members, whose power rendered them equally to be dreaded, having been quietly disposed of by other means.

Among the imperial projects of reform, it was intended to remodel the discipline of the Janissaries, to restrict their growing strength, and to diminish and regulate their pay. This was for some time the subject of much negociation and discussion; but as might be expected, and was perhaps desired, resistance was at last opposed to such coercive measures, to which

they were wholly unaccustomed,—for their body had long been so powerful, that it rested with their voice, when united, not only to give laws to the nation, and to direct the councils of the Sultan, but even to decide whether the reigning prince was to continue to preside over the destinies of the empire, or to give place, by death or deposition, to another. And Mahmoud, who had witnessed the murder of his cousin Selim, and the wavering tenure by which his brother held the throne, determined to assert his authority, and to extirpate his rivals in power, or perish in the attempt. A bold and reforming spirit, a vigorous frame, and a ruthless mind, aided his decision, and awarded him success. The edict went forth, and the almost total destruction of the Janissaries ensued. They were put to death by hundreds in their barracks, in the Atmeidan, and other parts of the town. Ten thousand persons are supposed to have been thus slaughtered in the course of six weeks, and ten thousand more were banished to different towns in Asia. The streets of Constantinople flowed with blood,

and for many days the boats navigating the Bosphorus were impeded by the floating bodies.

By some, this tremendous instance of determination on the part of the Sultan has been considered as the salvation of the empire, and an era from whence to date its rising energies; while to many it is at least questionable whether the annihilation of so powerful and energetic a force, now replaced by undisciplined boys, has not lopped off the right arm of the empire, undermined the foundations of the Turkish power, and hastened its progress to decay.

In passing by the tomb of Mahmoud II on our return, we were allowed, by the good-nature of one of the priests, to go into the nicely dressed and neatly kept garden, and through the corridor to the threshold of the mausoleum, which looked quiet and beautiful, and where he who caused the death of thousands now sleeps himself in silence.

In an enclosed space, not far from the bazaars, adjoining the court of the mosque of Sultan Orosman, is a porphyry sarcophagus, intended

by Constantine Palæologus for his last resting-place; but he being slain in fight, and consigned to a nameless grave, its purpose was not fulfilled, the sarcophagus is unoccupied, and Constantine probably lies in the neglected spot we saw yesterday. He had also built a church here, which was destroyed by his infidel conquerors.

May 21.—Mahomet consecrated this day, Friday, to the observance of the Sabbath, as a mark of gratitude to the Supreme Being for the creation of man, which took place on the sixth day. This institution was also in conformity to his general system of admitting nothing analogous to Christianity or Judaism in his code; for this reason, Friday is not even observed as a day of repose or of rejoicing, and it is only during the time of prayer that the Mahomedans are required to abstain from labour and occupation: the rest of the day is employed like any other in the week.

Lady Walker paid us an early visit, and proposed to us to accompany her up the Golden Horn, to the mosque of Ayoub, as the sul-

tan was to perform his devotions there, coming from the Sweet Waters of Europe, where he was staying. We were soon ready, and rowed under the long bridge, and passing the Admiralty, took up a good position at the end of the Golden Horn. After waiting some time, the procession arrived a little before twelve, consisting of six beautiful caiques, white and gold,—the oars gilded and painted blue and white; the Sultan's boat was the third, the two former being filled with his officers, who precede him, to be ready for his reception; and the three last contained the chamberlain, and pachas of high rank. The sultan's barge was rowed by twenty-eight men, in the usual handsome dress of the boatmen; and the velocity with which they impelled these graceful boats, — which, light, narrow, and of great length, flew along the surface of the water,—made the whole thing appear like a fairy creation. The sultan's caique, and the one which followed, had canopies of pink, and red, and white velvet, with gold fringe; he was dressed in the usual frock-coat, and fez, and covered with a large military cloak, and

seated on a sofa, in the guise of a throne, under the canopy. The prow of his caique extends considerably in advance of the rowers, and not far from the point is a golden bird with extended wings, and a little behind it was placed a little boy dressed in white, on his knees, with his hands joined as in prayer, facing the sultan. The troops were stationed on the shore to receive him, with his officers and saddle-horses, one of which he mounted to proceed to the mosque which is close by; when he appeared, the band commenced playing, and when he landed, a salute was fired from the artillery ground opposite. The whole scene was very beautiful, nothing being equal to the gracefulness of the royal boats.

In the afternoon we went to the building at Pera, called the Tekiè, near Le Petit Champ des Morts, to see the performance of the Whirling Dervishes, which takes place on Tuesdays and Fridays at two o'clock. Our shoes and boots were left at the door, and we entered, some with slippers, and some without. The building is an octagon, with a central enclosure divided off by

a partition from the space around, allotted to the audience, something like the late circus at Astley's; like that popular theatre, too, it was very crowded, and the heat excessive. In the wall are lattices for the Turkish women, and above a gallery is carried round the room, with a seat appropriated to the Sultan. We sat down on the ground, close to the balustrade which separated us from the Dervishes, who were sitting round with their backs to us, about twenty-two in number, in shabby old cloaks and high felt caps, and bare feet. The priest, dressed in green, with a green shawl twisted round a grey felt hat, was seated cross-legged on a small carpet opposite the entrance, and reciting a prayer; after which began some very nasal kind of singing, or rather humming, from the gallery, succeeded by the sounding of a drum and some sort of wind instrument, with no particular tune, something like the drone of a bagpipe, at one point of which the Dervishes all fell like a shot on their faces, and shortly after they rose, threw off their cloaks, and appeared in tight waistcoats and long white

petticoats. The old priest got up, walked very slowly round the circle three times, all the others following and bowing very low each time they moved in procession by his seat, crouching down, and twisting round as they passed, so as not to turn their backs to it. They then in the most pious and exemplary manner began to spin, most of them keeping their eyes shut, with their arms extended,—their long flowing garments spreading out in the whirl,—but always keeping clear of each other. They began by twirling slowly, but got on quicker by degrees. The chief stood still in his place, and another priest kept walking about between them, always without touching them; there were sixteen going round at the same time, and about half-a-dozen who did not feel spinnable stood by the side. They continued for some time without any pause;—when they stopped, they bowed to the priest, and stood with their hands crossed on their breast; they took four fits of spinning, tolerably long each time, the movement being a rapid twirl, with a slow progress round the circle. One Dervish was most remarkable,

with his eyes shut, and his head inflexibly bent on one side. Several were young, and they all looked very thin, pale, and exhausted. At the conclusion of the ceremony there was a great deal more bowing, and each went up to the old priest, and kissed his hand, and in turn kissed the hands of all the others; they then all stood round the circle, while the inferior priest moved forwards, reciting a prayer, with his arms extended, which lasted some time; the old chief then advanced, murmuring something, and ending with a prolonged imitation of the wind in a chimney, which they all echoed in a long and dismal howl; the scene concluded with a fresh series of bowing on the part of the old priest, in the direction of Mecca, when the whole procession filed off. One performer, however, was too much bored to wait till the end, and had some time before made his escape over the railing.

Strange as it may seem, these people are held in the highest veneration as saints, are very rich, and the pious Mussulmans often make great bequests to the sect, which is admired and adored everywhere. One detachment has a

room appropriated to them in the Beshiktash Palace, where they perform once a week, and the sultan sometimes attends the service himself. The audience remained sitting the whole time, except at one period of the prayer, when we were ordered to stand up by the officer on duty, who with some soldiers was stationed at the door.

Our shoes and boots had remained at the outer door in perfect safety, and we proceeded on a long walk through the Armenian and Frank burying-grounds above Pera, with beautiful views over the Bosphorus, and sea of Marmora, with the Princess's Islands, bounded by Mount Olympus, and the mountains of Asia Minor; and the day being, as I observed, Friday, the Turkish Sunday, numbers of people were come out for the day, to recreate themselves among the tombs, which are always the theatre of their amusements; nor do they seem to attach any melancholy ideas to them. Numbers of men were carrying about refreshments of sherbet, cakes, &c. The Turkish women, as usual, were sad objects, their faces

covered, all but their eyes, with white muslin, and muffled entirely in large cloaks or Feridgees of various colors, and shuffling about in yellow Hessian boots, generally with yellow slippers over them. The Armenians wear red slippers, the Greeks black, and the Jews blue.

We crossed some high downs, quite out in the country, and stopped for some cakes and lemonade, as the day was sultry, at a café kept by a Greek on the top of a bare hill, with fine views from it. Upon this high ground were numbers of small white marble columns of various sculpture, each having been erected wherever the late sultan Mahmoud had made any remarkable shot: he was a powerful man, and a distinguished marksman with a bow and arrow. Beyond the slope of this open ground was a pretty valley, with a small pleasure palace of the sultan in the middle of it, surrounded by trees; at the door were two arabas with scarlet roofs decorated with gold fringe, and evidently royal; a little page was sitting in one, richly dressed in a crimson velvet jacket and a long white petticoat embroidered in silver; the attendants were

bringing two pair of grey oxen with ornamented caparisons to harness to the carriages, which, as we learnt, had brought six of the sultan's ladies and their maids for a day's amusement to this place, and they were issuing from the door in their white veils and long cloaks, when, on our appearance being observed, they were sent in again by two hideous black slaves, —one in green, the other in blue uniform,—and we received an order from the blacks to move on. As it appeared clear that the ladies would not be liberated till we disappeared, we continued our way slowly, and from a little distance saw them enter their conveyances.

The carriages, which came on at a slow pace, preceded by a shabby-looking man on foot, passed us,—an important-looking man in green leading the oxen of the first carriage, which was the most decorated, and contained the six ladies, all covered up with their veils and black cloaks;—they seemed amused, and eager to look at us. The second carriage contained the attendants, in coloured cloaks, and the page. One of these, thinking her veil not guard sufficient, carefully

held up her hand to her face, the others were not so scrupulous. The black guardians, seemingly very cross and venomous, rode one on each side of the carriage, on two poor-looking grey horses.

As our walk led in the same direction, we afterwards fell in with the train crossing a road, much to the amusement of the ladies, and on descending by a short cut across the hills, we saw the party meet a detachment of lancers, who drew up in line to salute them as they passed. These ornamented carriages and grey oxen, winding up and down the hills, looked very oriental.

After a long round, we descended into the town, and came upon the Beshiktash palace, a very handsome building of white marble on the banks of the Bosphorus, finished by the last sultan just before he died. The kitchen is very large, to judge by the roof, which consists of a number of domes, and the numerous chimneys are constructed as single columns, and have an odd effect..

The street here is wide and handsome, and

divides the palace from a large piece of ground at the back of it, laid out as a mixture of park and garden. We here again fell in with the arabas, as they did not stop at the new palace, but were going on to the Dolmabatchè, there being a different harem at each palace, the fair inhabitants being about three hundred in all. They slowly drove up to the large gateway of their abode, after passing through the long street, the soldiers presenting arms as they passed, and the Turks carefully looking another way, through respect, as they met them. When they arrived, a number of negro guards came out to receive them; and as they drove through their melancholy gateway and high walls, one of the ladies in the first carriage made us a sign of adieu, as if she had seen us for the last time.

They seemed to have wide countenances, with the eyes dark and set far apart,—some with light auburn hair. Returning by the streets of Tophana, which to-day were tolerably clean and dry, we looked into the mosque of Sultan Mahmoud II, near the artillery ground.

In the middle of the square of Tophana, close to the artillery ground, stands the beautiful fountain of the mosque of Ali Pacha, a French renegade, who built it. It is covered with arabesques, which, from the grace of their form, and beauty of colouring and gilding, resemble enamel; the late sultan, in his mania for what he considered improvement, deprived it of its deeply projecting and ornamented roof, which constituted one of its greatest beauties, and which is now replaced by a little iron railing round the top.

We returned to the landing-place at the artillery ground, after our long and entertaining expedition from ten o'clock till seven.

CHAPTER XXI.

BAZAARS—OUTER COURTS AND GARDENS OF THE SERAGLIO—AYOUB—STREET OF TOMBS—SULTAN—CANNON FOUNDRY.

"The unrivalled mart
Of Asia's wealth, and Europe's costly art."

Fitzgerald.

May 22.—This being Saturday, it was a favorable day for the bazaar, as it is freed from the Jews, who are intolerable plagues, interfering and advising, regulating prices, &c. We set off for it soon after nine, and found it curious and amusing; it is an immense covered building, secured with an iron roof in case of fire, and divided into numbers of small alleys, the principal ones diverging from one common centre, and branching off in innumerable ramifications, like a labyrinth; each street, or portion of a street, is devoted to some particular branch

of manufacture. Shawls, slippers, china, furs, embroidery, are all kept distinct, and each shop has an open counter, in one corner of which the merchant sits, coiled up on carpets and cushions, and very often, if not in great practice, in a sound sleep. Some of the streets, or rather passages, are very narrow, and all generally crowded with loungers and purchasers, and are infinitely amusing, reminding one of the Arabian Nights. One bad custom is, that persons on horseback are allowed to ride through these narrow alleys, though they seldom avail themselves of the privilege; but sometimes you have to make way for a mounted pacha, followed by attendants on foot; the horse tramples on the dogs, which abound there as everywhere else; and they, in crawling away from the horse, get kicked by the passengers, and the howling and barking re-echo through the vaulted roofs.

After making some small purchases at various shops, principally at Mustafa's, the perfumer, we went to the private magazine of some of the Armenian Broussa silk merchants. These magazines are of great extent, round court-yards

appropriated to them, where each one lodges in the khan above, and has his goods in a small room of his own. In one of them we passed some time, the merchants reclining on their cushions, and smoking their pipes;—they gave us seats, and then the discussion began between them and our laquais Giovanni. One must betray neither impatience to be gone, nor anxiety about the goods in question, as after beginning by asking a preposterous sum, they drop so much every quarter of an hour, till at last they come to the reasonable and acknowledged price, which is well known from the first to both parties. This makes the discussion the more absurd and superfluous. Very often, however, the purchaser is obliged to give a spur to the business, by getting up, as if to go away; he is then recalled with the exclamation of "chick mas!"—"don't go!" and this is sometimes practised two or three times before the fortunate conclusion, when both parties being agreed, both are delighted, and the purchaser is begged to come again,—the shop-keepers not having the slightest shade of compunction or shame,

on thinking of their original demand. Very often, after a large purchase, they end by asking for a small backshish, or present of five piastres, which makes them quite happy.

On proceeding to another merchant, we were invited into his back room or magazine, where such business can be carried on much more quietly than in the bazaar, where all passengers have a right to take a part in the discussion, and frequently stop in crowds to give their opinion and advice. Our last friend had a beautiful collection of embroidered cashmere table covers, used in Turkey for counterpanes; and when he with his partner had brought us to his dark little apartment, he disposed of himself on the floor, on a pile of cushions (the whole room being lined with cushions for sale), and gave us some seats. Then began a long and awful conversation, carried on in perfect amity between Giovanni and the merchant; in the midst of it the latter ordered coffee for us, which was seasonable (though it was without sugar or milk), as I was nearly asleep, not understanding one word of the dialogue. As we bought several

things, it ended in our having them wonderfully cheap; and after counting out the interminable piastres into a wooden tray, we parted highly charmed with each other, they begging us to return again, which we complied with at another opportunity.

We went next to the district of the boatmen's marine jackets, and to some others, and then prepared to depart. The bazaars are filled also with people selling food and refreshments of all kinds. Pilau was going about in a large wheelbarrow; and there are endless trays of sherbet, lemonade, cakes, biscuits, and bread of various kinds, nice little saucers of some composition of rice, and excellent looking cream or curds. It is difficult to walk along the sloping, narrow, slippery, uneven pavement, meeting all these various trays and impediments among the crowds of people on foot, and occasionally one on horseback, taking up the whole width of the pavement; but the whole proceeding is so amusing and curious, that the difficulties appear trifling; and if provided with more than ordinary patience, one may calculate, on an average, on pass-

ing about an hour at each shop, and the owners never appear to expect less, or to be in any hurry to get rid of you when all is over.

Although no language is spoken by the Turks but their own, Italian is in very general use with the Greeks and Armenians; and as many of the latter are merchants, and have shops in the bazaars, it will be occasionally useful in making purchases. In travelling in Greece, it is almost indispensable.

As we were entering our boat, the governor of the town, a very old man, with a white beard, drove down to the landing-place in an English-looking open carriage, to embark in his caique, the prettiest of all species of conveyance, with the beautifully dressed rowers, who skim over the water with so much speed that they are but too soon out of sight.

A miniature steam-boat, about twelve feet long, passed our ship this evening,—made, as we afterwards found, by Bekir Pacha, who had been educated in England, and is at the head of the manufactory of muskets and small-arms.

May 23.—Divine service, as usual, at eleven,

being Sunday; and we afterwards rowed over to the Stamboul custom-house quay, to take our walk. First, to the golden gate of the Seraglio, where our entrance was not opposed. The stone on which Ali Pacha's head was exposed in 1822, is near the second gate of the first large court;—here Giovanni negociated for our entrance, and a young soldier conducted us into the next enclosure, where a peculiar etiquette required that we should not keep up our parasols; and we passed through a grove of plane trees and cypresses, with an avenue up the centre, on the left side of which is a building with a cloister or colonnade in front, with an immense overhanging roof, much gilded and decorated, shaded by trees: it was in these apartments that the great dinners used to be given by the sultan to the newly-arrived ambassadors, who were previously entertained with the oddly imagined spectacle of the troops publicly receiving their pay, that their eyes might be dazzled with the magnificence, and their minds impressed with the liberality, of the Turkish court.

A path through some ruined outhouses conducts to the kitchen, an enormous vaulted building, with numerous fires in various parts, like a blacksmith's forge on an extended scale. There is an open piece of ground, like a small Champ de Mars, for exercising troops, just above the gardens, beautifully situated on the steep banks of the Bosphorus, the seraglio rising like a fortress above them, the whole overhanging the sea, with the most exquisite views.

The gardens are not well kept, but are full of fine trees, planes, Judas trees now covered with purple flowers, and cypresses of extraordinary size and beauty. Those who have seen the latter only in England, can have no idea of the enormous size to which they here attain, or of the rich dark green and velvet-like hue of their coloring. A small garden above, into which strangers are not allowed to enter, is kept in better order for the ladies of the harem. I never could make out if any of the ladies of the old seraglio still remain in this palace, as the present court never comes here. By some the

question was answered affirmatively,—by others, in the negative,—and I never could get a clear account. By the low wall below, we saw the little door which leads to the wooden pier, from whence unknown numbers have been by night silently dropped into the Bosphorus, to be never more heard of. It is simply a small draw-bridge, thrown forward from the garden wall over a deep part of the sea.

We left the gardens by a lower gate, which opened on the sea-side at the Seraglio Point, and by the quays and lower part of the town made our way round again to the fruit bazaar,—full of all sorts of dried fruits, figs, raisins, dates, oranges, and endless varieties of nuts,—where we found some very good small Smyrna raisins without seeds. We also stopped at a shop to taste a favourite sweetmeat, which appeared to be a mixture of vermicelli, thin treacle, and bad water; it was impossible to swallow this pernicious composition.

Our boat was waiting at the long bridge; and on our way to Sir Baldwin Walker's, farther up the Golden Horn, we were passed by

the Sultan and his suite in a light green and gold barge, which he uses when he does not go in state; he was sitting in it, with four pachas, and covered with a red umbrella, which he held himself. He landed at the arsenal, followed by attendants in boats, carrying packages, which denoted that he was going to dine there, pastorally, I believe, on the grass.

We went on our way; and finding that Sir Baldwin and Lady Walker were gone to Therapia, we crossed over, and landed near the mosque of Ayoub, which is held so sacred, that no Christian on any pretence whatever is allowed to enter it. It takes its name from Ayoub, or Job, the standard-bearer of the prophet Mahomet, who was killed A.D. 688 at the first siege of Constantinople by the Saracens, and was buried here. The place of his interment being revealed in a vision to Mahomet II, he erected this mosque over his grave. Here also lie the remains of the unfortunate sultan Selim, the cousin of Mahmoud II, who was assassinated in the seraglio in 1808. It is in this mosque that the sultans, upon their acces-

sion to the Ottoman throne, are girded with the sword of empire: it is a beautiful and picturesque old building, in the centre of a marble square, with a fountain, and surrounded by superb trees, among which two planes especially, and a horse-chesnut, are of a size almost incredible. The high hills beyond are covered with forest trees, cypresses, and tombstones as thick as they can be placed.

Following a steep paved pathway about half a mile, in the midst of this beautiful medley of trees and tombs, we arrived at a little village on the top; when turning to the right, we enjoyed from the summit of the hill the most gloriously beautiful view we had yet seen. To the left, we looked up to the Sweet Waters of Europe; in front, down the Golden Horn, over Pera, Galata, and Tophana; to the right, over Stamboul and its suburbs; and beyond Stamboul, on the right, lay the Sea of Marmora and the Asiatic mountains; houses, gardens, and woods, extended at our feet; and the seraglio, mosques, and minarets glittering in the sun.

After remaining for a time to contemplate this

glorious prospect, we descended by a circuit, which led to the same road again, and then entered the Street of Tombs,—so called from its being bordered entirely with gardens containing the tombs of sultans, saints, and great people, very magnificent, and richly gilded. Some of the tombs—those of sultanas, I believe—are covered with aviary-like frames of gold wire, and surrounded by flowers and plants. There were some regular mausoleums, like those in other parts of the city, shaded by fine trees, and well supplied with fountains. The stillness and melancholy magnificence of this street are very impressive, and congenial to its high and solemn destination.

In rowing home, we met the Sultan in his boat, returning to his palace of the Sweet Waters of Europe, after his dinner at the arsenal; we passed very close; and as we approached, curiosity made him raise his red umbrella, and we saw him very distinctly; he seemed dark, grave, and gentleman-like in appearance, with a long face, and much older-looking than he really is. He was in his usual dress of the frock-coat and fez,

which, by the bye, is not becoming to the Turks, who are not tall or well-made, like the Greeks; their ancient costume of a full flowing dress and turban was much better suited to their less athletic figures.

May 24.—We went in the morning with a large party to the cannon foundry, which is close to the artillery yard, as Captain W. of the artillery had communicated to us from Mehemet Ali Pacha, the governor of Tophana, that he had arranged the casting of eight nine-pounders and four smaller ones to take place this morning, to which he invited us. We met at the foundry Halil Bey, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, a young Turk who spoke English well, having been five years in England to study the construction of cannon at Woolwich, and who is now superintendant of the works here. We saw the whole process, from the enormous furnace in which the metal had been fusing for eight hours, to its final escape through various little conduits which conduct it boiling and raging to the moulds, where it remains till it is cool and hard. Before the liquid metal

was liberated from the furnace, all the persons engaged in the work assembled, and a Mahometan priest recited a prayer. The heat and glare were excessive; and if there had been a particle of damp in any part, we should have been sent up through the holes in the roof, which makes it rather a nervous operation for the manager; all, however, succeeded perfectly. This foundry was built by Sultan Selim II.

Mehemet Ali was there, — a stout man, with a mild, good-natured countenance, in the braided frock coat and fez cap; and after the performance was over, he invited us to his apartment belonging to the artillery, where he comes for business, to have coffee with him. We were taken up stairs into a pleasant and cool room, with a broad sofa along the line of windows looking to the sea, with common sofas and chairs round the other part of the room. He placed us on the sofa, and seated himself in an arm-chair, though I suspect he would have preferred his own cushions on the divan. After sitting for some time, and conversing through the medium of Halil Bey, who acted as inter-

preter for us to the pacha, pipes were brought in, and given to the gentlemen; his own was of jasmine wood, which is the most valued, of considerable thickness, and four feet long, with a circle of diamonds: the others were of cherry-wood, and one was set with diamonds and sapphires; the mouth-pieces of all were of amber.

Coffee was brought in, and served in the usual manner;—that is, a man brings it on a tray, poured out in a number of little cups, with silver or gold stands, covered with a coffee-mat, which is red, blue, green, or any other colour, embroidered and fringed with gold. When the attendant enters, he cleverly disposes of the mat over one shoulder, and hands round the coffee,—which in this instance was very hot and extremely good, with some sugar in it, out of consideration for the feelings of us Franks;—when the coffee is dispatched, another servant comes, and dexterously takes away the empty cup, placing one hand flat on the top, and the other below the under cup;—this ceremony over, we took leave of the pacha, who was very good-natured, begging us to come to

his apartments as often as we liked, when we wished for a resting-place on shore. His council chamber is a large room, covered with matting, and containing some little models of cannon, and various instruments, which Halil Bey showed us; we then descended through the long artillery room, by which we are allowed to enter the town. This building—which is divided from the cannon foundry by a street running from the mosque of Sultan Mahmoud II to the square and fountain of Tophana, extending almost to the edge of the water, and forming one side of the artillery yard—is between two and three hundred feet long, and proportionably broad. Here is carried on the process of boring the cannon brought from the foundry, which is done by means of a steam-engine of twenty-horse power, after the metal has been left three or four days in the moulds to cool, and has become perfectly solid. This establishment is kept in neat order, under the superintendance of an Englishman.

CHAPTER XXII.

MANUFACTORY OF SMALL ARMS—TURKISH SEVENTY-FOUR — SULTAN'S PROCESSION WITH HAREM — BAZAARS—BULGURLU—CEMETERY OF SCUTARI—HOWLING DERVISHES—CAVALCADE FROM BEIROUT —CHALCEDON—SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes."

Gray.

May 25.—Captain W. and Mr. D. again went early with us—Captain Kudriaffsky of the "Montecucculi," and Lieutenant A. of the "Magicienne," being of the party—to see the manufacture of small arms, managed by Bekir Pacha, who had also studied that branch for some years in England, and spoke English as well as Halil Bey. Bekir is one of the few pachas who are really of good family, as in Turkey rank generally arises from merit, fa-

vouritism, or chance. He received us at the musket manufactory, close to the palace of Dolmabatchè, where at the landing place about a dozen dogs were fighting over the dead body of a horse, or other animal, that they were dragging—a horrid spectacle—out of the water.

Bekir first showed us a little galvanic battery, with which he electrified some of the soldiers, who were called up suddenly to undergo this agreeable process, with which they were somewhat and excusably surprised, as they were knocked over by the shock.

The process of filing and boring the gun barrels is carried on in a large room, and the pistols are made in an extensive building, beyond which is the armoury where they are kept, but which was not then full,—so many had lately been sent to Syria and Bulgaria: eighty pistols and as many guns can on an emergency be completed in a day; the men work as much or as little as they please, and are each paid according to the quantity of work they bring to Bekir, who examines every part, and tries each pistol and musket with his own

hands; he has been here fourteen months, and has already effected great improvements. In the former state of affairs, the fire-arms were so constructed that they commonly burst in the men's hands: of six thousand pistols, three thousand had performed in this manner; and we saw many baskets full of the remnants of both stocks and barrels. Among the workmen were many Egyptians, who had deserted from Mehemet Ali; they were easily distinguishable by the difference of countenance. Some were exactly like the Egyptian statues, with the broad mouths and gentle countenances peculiar to their country from the earliest times.

From a large room above, are fine views towards the Dolmabatchè palace, and up the Bosphorus, which apartment is intended for the Sultan, when he comes to inspect anything connected with the establishment. The only seat in the room was an embroidered sofa for him, and immediately opposite to it was a tube about seven feet high, with a star at the top of it, all arranged by Bekir, and lighted at pleasure with gas, which he performed

for our edification. The first time the Sultan saw it, he was so bewildered, that he retired to a corner and said his prayers. Bekir was English enough to dispense with the pipes, and wished to give us coffee; but we had no time to stay longer; and we went on board a Turkish seventy-four man-of-war, close by, commanded by Mustafa Bey, who had also studied in England with the two gentlemen already named. His ship was old, and coarsely fitted up, but clean, and as well arranged as other ships; the young gunners are sent here to be taught their profession. As Captain W. and Mr. D. are now officially established here, and approved of by the Sultan, it is likely the system of improvement will be carried on successfully; but till the upper classes learn foreign languages, and gain a few ideas beyond the common routine of Turkish life, the progress of intellect can be but slow.

Nine young Turks, however, were sent for five years' study to England, of whom five have been found capable of being placed at the head of responsible departments.

The natural riches of the country, in copper mines, are immense; and they have a coarse sort of semiligneous coal, the use of which has been hitherto restricted to the service of government.

May 26.—There are eighteen enormous men-of-war at anchor in the Bosphorus; among others, the "Mahmoudieh," one hundred and forty guns, stationed opposite the palaces of Dolmabatchè and Beshiktash; and early this morning these ships and all the others were preparing for the passing of the Sultan and his harem, from the Sweet Waters of Europe to the Dolmabatchè palace, their royal course being close by our vessel. At nine A.M. there came five boats, filled with the ladies,—about seven in each, their eyes only visible, and one or two black slaves guarding them. About eleven, the sultan's procession passed, formed by the beautiful boats of white and gold, like enamel, which we saw at Ayoub. The Sultan was on his throne in the third, and we had a very good view of him, as he made a sort of bow in acknowledgment of the cheers from our ship.

The whole procession glided over the water with the greatest swiftness. His own men-of-war were decorated with flags from top to bottom, and the yards completely manned, including the bowsprits, and to the very tops of the highest masts; the men all in white dresses and fez caps. As the Sultan approached, cannon were fired from all the batteries on shore, and from the ships; our Austrian neighbour, the "Montecucculi," and the artillery yard, thundered away at a great rate; and as soon as he had passed, each man-of-war commenced in its turn, and this was continued all up the Bosphorus, till his landing at the palace, when both the European and Asiatic shores commenced echoing to each other most magnificently: it was altogether a scene of indescribable effect, and one which cannot be seen elsewhere.

As we were setting out on a bazaar expedition, another royal barge appeared, preceded by an official one; this was also white and gold, and as beautiful as the others; but instead of the throne, there was a small square apartment entirely surrounded by Venetian blinds,

looking like a gilded cage, and extremely pretty; the scarcely visible occupant was the Sultana Validè, the mother of the sultan, who is still young, and said to be very handsome. On the front of the little golden cage outside sat two blacks, and the boat had twenty-four rowers. The sultana was saluted by the Austrian brig, and by the artillery yard, and went on her way to the Beglierbey palace, occupied by her, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

Landing at Stamboul, we commenced by the Egyptian bazaar, which is well worth seeing, being a large building, entirely arranged with streets, for the sale of gums, drugs, spices, medicines, and grain from Egypt and other places, with an agreeable smell of frankincense pervading the whole. We went through the usual process of the bazaar, and made our way to-day to the shops of the silversmiths and jewellers (who are principally Armenians), which we had not seen before. These shops are innumerable, bordering a long street, the owner of each sitting or lying on cushions, behind a little wooden counter on which is a small

glass case, with a few articles in it, some only of which are of value; and this is all the show they make, having sometimes very good things wrapped up in a bit of calico, or in a chip-box, either in a bundle under their cushion, or in the little back room behind; but they are often so slow in taking the trouble to produce their goods, and so absurd in their demands when they do, that the length of the negociation renders it better, if anything of much value is in question, to take some other means of procuring it. For the manufactured silver articles there is an established price,—three and a halt or four piastres per drachm; and if the merchants sell under weight, they are liable to lose their heads on the spot, as they explained to us. Their little machines, worked in silver and gold, for containing rose water, or burning pastilles, are very pretty. In returning home, the grand vizier passed us on horseback; he was a respectable looking old man with a grey beard, and a large retinue of people on foot followed him.

May 27.—Set out about eleven, and rowed

up the Bosphorus, under the palaces of Dolma-batchè and Beshiktash; both very beautiful, the latter apparently of white marble, though some part is of wood, with gilt iron railing, marble terraces, and steps down to the water, with gardens and park behind.

We crossed the strong current in the middle of the Bosphorus; and landing a little above Scutari, we walked literally "across the country," which was very beautiful, covered with verdure, with little roads and tracks, over a pretty valley, and up a steep hill, with hedges filled with flowers, — among them cistuses, white, lilac, and yellow, vetches of all colours, a profusion of wild roses, devil-in-a-bush, a beautiful plant of yellow jasmine, a very dark purple strong-smelling lavender, carpets of thyme, and quantities of unknown flowers, one of them singularly pretty, like the flower of flax, which however it was not. In mounting a little lane between high banks, we found a very compact little tortoise about an inch and a half long, so young that his shell was not yet hard; we made a prize of him, and

he grew and throve extremely well, and reached England afterwards in safety. The heat would have been excessive, had it not been cooled by the north wind, which almost always blows here. The walk over this boundless expanse of hills and valleys, with so much wildness, and yet well cultivated in parts, and intersected with vineyards, and everything brilliantly green, was one to which I look back with the greatest delight. The charm increased as we ascended the mountain of Bulgurlu, which was covered at its summit with short turf and flowers, and also a group of cedars and planes on the top, from whence the view on all sides (it is impossible not to dilate on the views) is inexpressibly exquisite;—on one side, over the whole of the city of Constantinople, Scutari, the sea of Marmora, and the distant Asiatic mountains; and on the other, up the Bosphorus, and its brilliantly gay and beautiful shores, to the bay of Therapia and the Giant's Mountain.

We rested on the summit for some time, and then descended by a regular, though not so picturesque a road,—passing the house where

Sultan Mahmoud died, but which not having been inhabited or repaired since that time, is falling to ruin,—till we came to one of the enormous forests of cypresses, overshadowing millions of tombs, which forms the approach to Scutari, and by which the road leads to Persia and the East. We sat down and rested on a little wall by the side of the road, while some of our party went to ascertain where the howling dervishes were to perform.

Two men came up with some baggage compressed into a small space, and asking us whether we would have some ice, we condescendingly accepted, as the idea was agreeable after a long hot walk, though where it was to come from was not very obvious. But one of the men, who looked like an itinerant pedlar, produced a little machine from his travelling apparatus, and provided us in a moment with small glass cups with gilt edges, china saucers, and pewter spoons, all perfectly clean, and some excellent plain cream ice, extremely well made, and of the colour of English cream. Each little cup is sold for half a piastre, *i. e.* one penny and half a farthing.

We bought some bread, which they carry about in the shape of large rings, and had an excellent repast.

While some of us remained reposing under the cypresses of the Scutari cemetery, the others went to the howling dervishes, and found that the performance took place in a square chamber, where the first part of the ceremony appeared to consist of prayer; after which the dervishes commenced a sort of hymn, the high-priest being in the centre, about thirty kneeling in a semicircle behind him, and all turned to the same side of the room. They rose up, and made their obeisance in succession to the high-priest, kissing his hand, and walking round in a circle;—next, they ranged themselves by the wall or partition, which was fixed around for the lookers-on,—there being a special division for the Christians,—and commenced taking off their upper garments; afterwards they sang rapidly a variety of discordant airs, mingled with shrill ejaculations on the part of one of five or six persons, who placed themselves, not in the line, but more towards the centre of the room,

and soon arrived at a sort of howl or grunt, bending their bodies and tossing their heads in the most uncouth and violent manner, acting, in short, more like wild beasts than human creatures. After this had lasted some time, one of the men bounced forward, and fell down in a real or pretended fit; two of them stretched him out, and covered his face with a towel, as he lay flat on his back on the ground, till the howling gradually ceased; he was then pulled, and raised, and turned round and round, and his elbows bent, till he had recovered his senses, and was again put in his place. The howling then recommenced; but as our friends had seen quite enough, they left the place, completely disgusted with the spectacle.

A caravan of forty people passed us on mules and horses, with baggage, we knew not where from,—probably from Persia; and soon after another cavalcade, with a good many men on horseback, each leading a horse, and all armed with swords and long muskets. Giovanni accosted one of these wild-looking people, and learned that they belonged to the brother of

General Jocmus, and that they had come from Beyrout: having been two months on the road, they must have been considerably rejoiced to arrive at Stamboul, as Constantinople is always called by the inhabitants. Some of the horses were valuable, but looked much drawn by their journey.

From one end of the cypress forest there is a fine view over a beautiful district on the edge of the sea of Marmora, covered with houses and gardens, at the point of which is a lighthouse adjoining the village of Kadi-keui, formerly the site of Chalcedon.

Chalcedon, formerly called Procerastis and Colbusa, was a city of Bithynia, situated opposite Byzantium, and built by a colony from Megara, one hundred and forty-eight years after the foundation of Rome.

It was called "the city of the blind" by several ancient historians,—referring to the answer received by the founders of Byzantium previous to the building of that city, when they consulted the oracle of the Pythian Apollo as to an appropriate spot for the purpose. They were desired

to lay the foundation of the city opposite to "the habitation of the blind," by which Chalcedon was designated, whose inhabitants earned this appellation from having founded their city on a desert and barren soil, without perceiving the superior advantages of the opposite shore, where the Byzantines established themselves a few years later.

In the times of the early Christians, Chalcedon was famous for a council held there against Eutyches. The walls of this city were razed to the ground by command of the emperor Valens, to punish the inhabitants for having taken part with Procopius, who proclaimed himself master of the empire of the east, gained many victories, and whose title of emperor was so universally acknowledged, that Valens would have relinquished the imperial purple, had it not been for the interference of his friends. However, Procopius was at length defeated in Phrygia, and deserted by the army that had followed his fortunes. He was beheaded A.D. 366, in the forty-second year of his age, after an usurpation of about eight months.

The materials of the walls of Chalcedon being taken to Constantinople, were made use of in building the aqueduct of Valens.

Passing by the tombs of the horses of the sultans Amurath and Othman, and then through the long street of Scutari,—full of shops, like a bazaar and market united, crowded with people,—we found our boat at the quay, had a beautiful row across the Bosphorus, and returned home, after one of the most delightful days I ever remember to have passed.

The strawberries are extremely good, and at this season begin to be very plentiful; they are of a half red and half white species.

May 28.—A severe north wind and rough sea made us abandon our project of going up the Bosphorus to the Sweet Waters of Asia. The caiques were fearfully tossed about, and two of them were swamped near our ship, but no one was drowned.

It was Friday (the Mahometan Sunday), and we betook ourselves to the more tranquil navigation of the Golden Horn, to visit the Sweet Waters of Europe, which are situated far up

the river Kiathana, anciently Barbyses, at the head of the Golden Horn. Numbers of herons were fishing on the banks, and quantities of horses were picketed in the meadows, which is the method of sending them to grass for five or six weeks; the people who have them in charge live in tents among them.

As the sultan had left this palace two days ago for the new palace, there was free access to the valley, which is narrow, and bounded by green hills. The principal point of attraction was a large meadow, filled with people, who had come either in boats or in carriages, and were sitting about, eating, drinking, and smoking. Some of the ladies were practising the latter indulgence, reclining on cushions in their arabas, drawn by grey oxen. The Turks' ideas of amusement are very reasonable, and well suited to their climate, and the beautiful scenery of their country;—a green field with trees, and a running stream or fountain, are all they require. Here they pass the day in separate parties of men and women, bringing their pipes and their dinners, or purchasing refreshments on the spot,

amused by itinerant musicians or story-tellers, who collect large groups around them. Nothing can be prettier or more picturesque than such scenes, which close with dusk, when all wend their way home. There being no evening amusements, the day ends with a slight supper about ten o'clock, and they then retire to rest.

The palace of the European Sweet Waters is an irregular fabric, surrounded with fine ash and plane-trees, and built on the river, in the midst of green meadows, but having a desolate appearance, the grass and nettles growing up to the very windows, and without any garden.

Having sent our boat away, we took a long walk home across the hills, with some rain, a high wind, and a good deal of dust; and descended through Pera to the Tophana artillery ground, our point of embarkation for the yacht.

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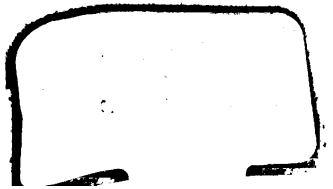
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